SONGS SPIRITUAL

SEELEY D. KINNE

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"Make His Praise Glorious"

Psalms, Hymns and

SONGS SPIRITUAL

Pentecost Latter Rain
Song Book

Editors:
CHAS. A. SQUIRE
SARAH L. SQUIRE
SEELEY D. KINNE

Publisher
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FOREWORD

Songs Spiritual

was first published in 1910 in obedience to what was believed to be a direction from the Lord. Effort was made to obtain the songs that had been inspired and given in the Holy Spirit. A considerable number of these songs are in the book and a number of new ones have been inserted in this edition. Also some others which have been particularly used by the Spirit in our meetings.

It is intended to be an aid to that glorious worship in the Spirit that is coming forth in connection with the restoration of the true church with gifts and powers of the Spirit, the preaching of the gospel of deliverance and of the kingdom and a preparation for the rapture and soon coming of Jesus Christ.

"I will sing with the Spirit and with the understanding also."

SEELEY D. KINNE.

783.9 Music, Hymnals.
Kin.

Psalms, Hymns and Songs Spiritual

THE FATHER—WORSHIP—PRAYER—PRAISE

1 New Doxology.

D. W. GRIFFIN. S. D. KINNE.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul be - neath the sky, And praise the Maj - es - ty on high, With all the saints .. and heav'nly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.
2. With blaz - ing worlds be - yond the skies, Be- yond the reach of mor - tal eyes, Sing prais - es to .... Al - might - y God, For His all - wise cre - a - ting Word.
3. Al - though it be with fee - ble breath, Be- gin to praise Him now by faith, And from a stream.. so faint and slow, Will burst an o - cean in its flow.
4. O praise the Lord for all He's done, For all His bless - ings, one by one, And see His good - - ness, mountains high, Fill all the earth and sea and sky.
5. With hearts and lips in ho - ly flame, O let us mag - ni - fy His Name, Till all the earth.... re - stored a - gain, Shall praise our God in glad re - frain.

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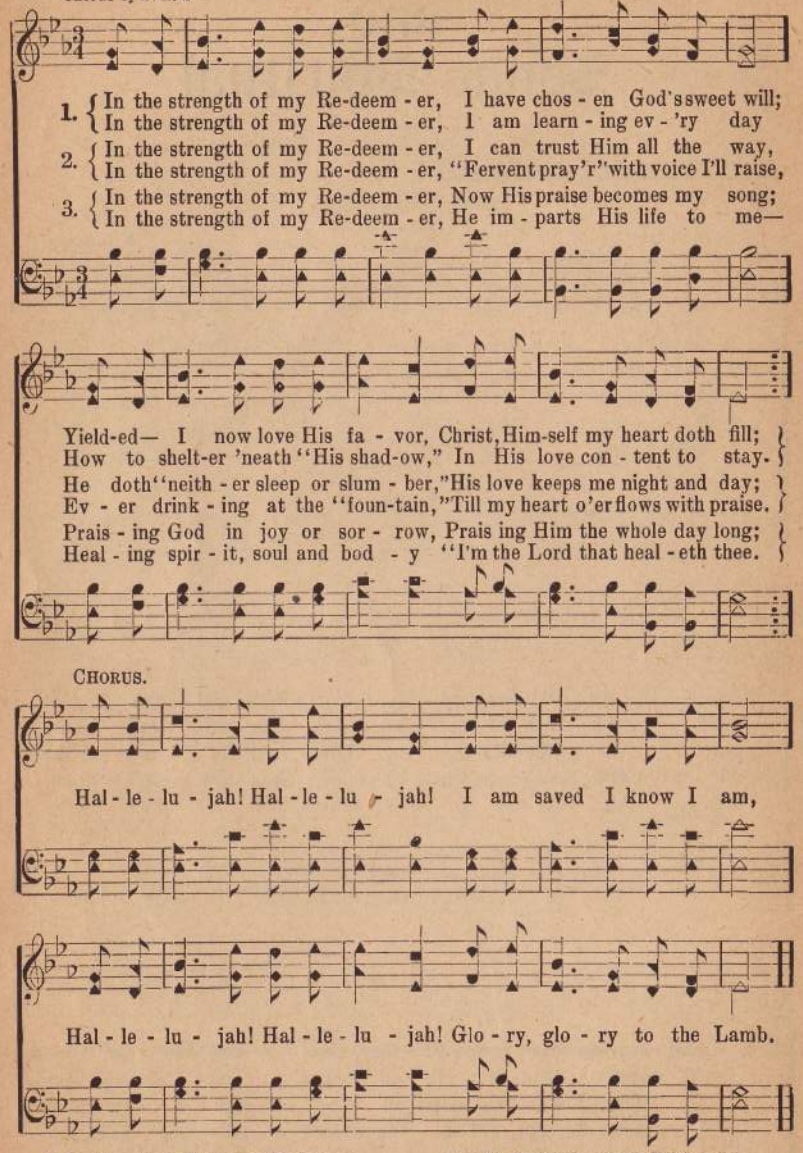
My Redeemer.

Mrs. R. B. Y. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." S. L. S.
Chorus by S. L. S



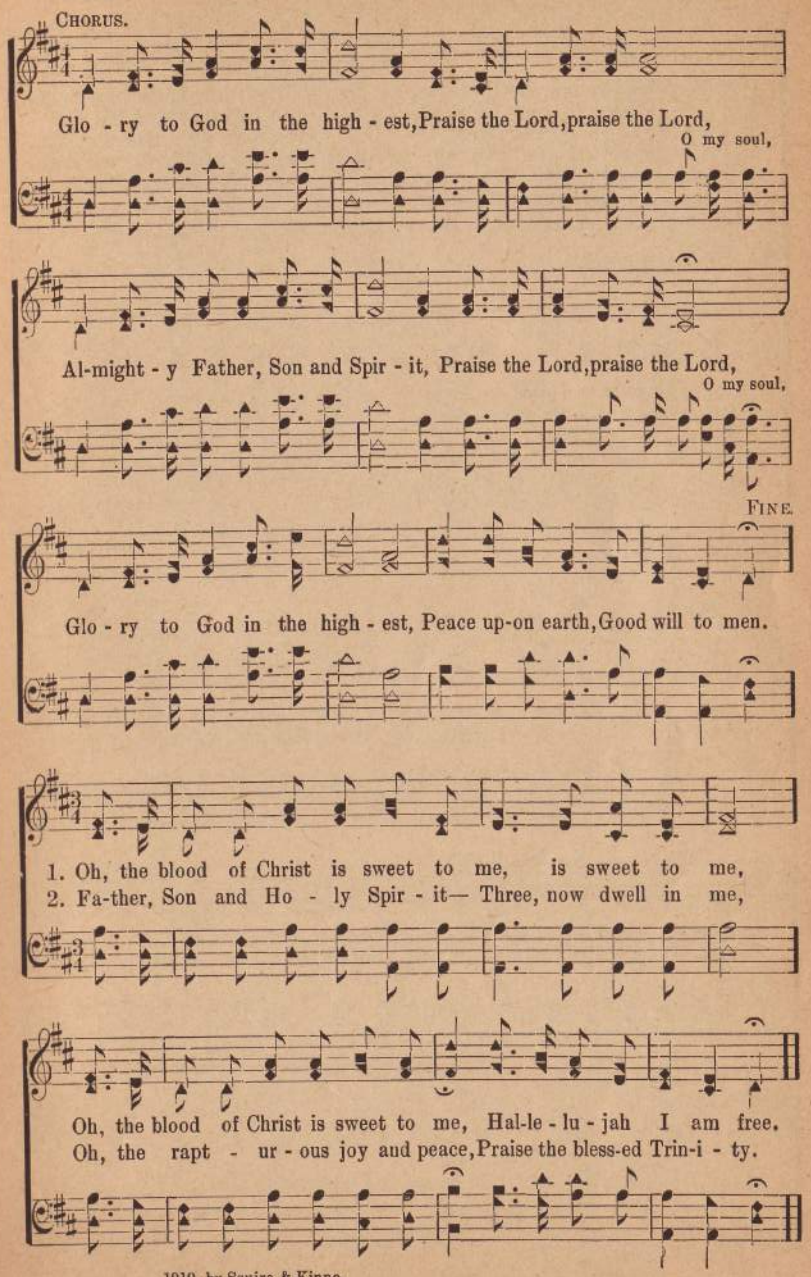
4 In the strength of my Redeemer,
At His feet I'll ever stay,
Feasting on His word of promise—
He will never let me stray;

In the strength of my Redeemer,
I have found the Bread of Life,"
And while feeding thus upon Him,
Jesus ends all care and strife.

Coyyright, 1910, by Squire & Kinne,

Glory to God in the Highest.

S. D. K. S. D. K.



1910, by Squire & Kinne.

Praise Jehovah.

S. L. S. Ps. 148. Rev. 5: 12. S. L. S.

1. Praise Je-ho-vah! praise His name, Let heav'n and earth His praise pro-claim,
2. Praise Je-ho-vah! crea - tures all, Storm - y winds that heed His call—
3. Praise Je-ho-vah! praise His name— All His works His praise pro-claim.
4. Praise Je-ho-vah! peo - ples all, Praise His name both great and small,
5. Praise Je-ho-vah! for His pow'r— Ja - cob's seed, praise ye, this hour,
6. Hal - le - lu - jah! praise His name, Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain,

Sun, and moon and stars on high; All ye hosts a - bove the sky.
Trees and ce-dars, mountains high; Things that creep and fowls that fly.
Hail and fire, in earth and sky; Ye who dwell with Him on high.
Kings and princ - es of the earth; All that at His word give birth.
Saints and an - gels praise the Lord; Let Is - rael praise with one ac - cord.
Strength and wisdom, might and pow'r, Un - to Him who reigns each hour.

CHORUS.

1-5. Praise ye the Fa-ther and the Son, Oh, Hal - le - lu - jah praise His name;
6. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

D. C.

Praise ye the bless-ed three in one, He comes, He comes on earth to reign.
Praise Him a - bove ye hea"'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost!

CODA. *after last chorus.*

Lo! He comes, Je - ho - vah! comes, He comes with pow'r and glo - ry.

1910. by Squire & Kinne.

Stand On the Promises.

Mrs. M. E. C. Mrs. E. F. CUNNINGHAM.

1. I will stand on the prom-is - es of God, I will stand on the
2. I will stand on His prom-is - es by faith, I will stand on His
3. I will rest in the word of the Lord, I will rest in the
4. I will trust in the pre-cious blood of Christ, I will trust in the
5. I will wel - come the bless ed Ho - ly Ghost, I will wel-come the

prom - is - es of God, He is true, He is true my God, I will
prom - is - es by faith, He is true, He is true my God, I will
word of the Lord, He is true, He is true my God, I will
pre-cious blood of Christ, He is trut, He is true my God, I will
bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost, He is true, He is true my God, I will

CHORUS.

stand on the prom-is - es of God.
stand on His prom-is - es by faith. I will sing prais - es to Him
rest in the word of the Lord.
trust in the pre-cious blood of Christ.
wel - come the bless-ed Ho - ly Ghost.

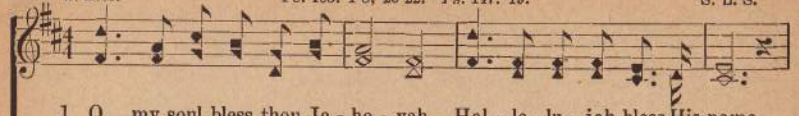
as I go, I will sing prais-es to Him as I go, He is

true, He is true my God, I will sing prais-es to Him as I go.

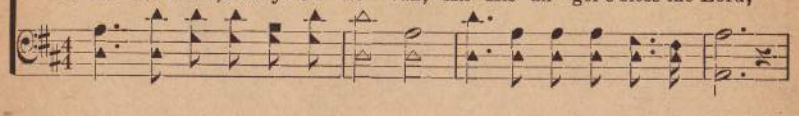
1910, by Squire & Kinne.

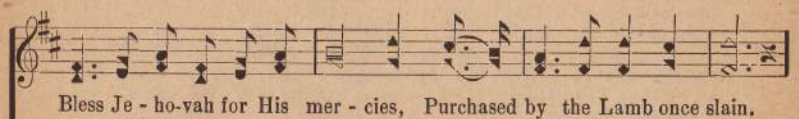
Bless thou Jehovah.

S. L. S. Ps. 103: 1-8, 20-22. Ps. 147: 19. S. L. S.

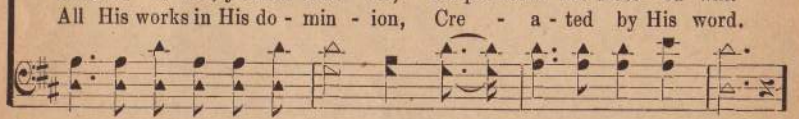


1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, Hal - le - lu - jah bless His name,
2. He for - gives all my trans-gres-sions, All my pain and sick-ness heals,
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am ev - 'ry whit made whole,
4. Mos - es learned the way be-fore us, Judgments came thro' Israel's race,
5. Bless Je - ho - vah, ye that heark-en, All His mes-sage to ful - fill,
6. All His hosts, bless ye Je - ho - vah, All His an - gel's bless the Lord,

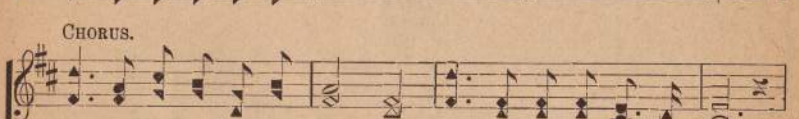




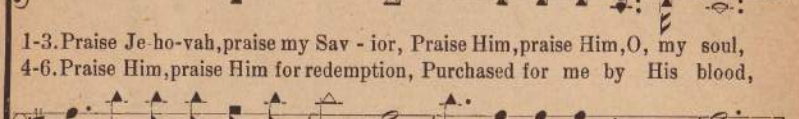
Bless Je - ho-vah for His mer - cies, Purchased by the Lamb once slain.
He re-deems me from des-truc - tion And with lov - ing kind - ness deals.
He doth fill my mouth with good things And to youth re - news my soul.
He is mer - ci - ful and right - eous, Ev - er-more a - bounds in grace.
Bless Je - ho-vah, ye that hast - en, To per-form His bless - ed will.
All His works in His do - min - ion, Cre - a - ted by His word.

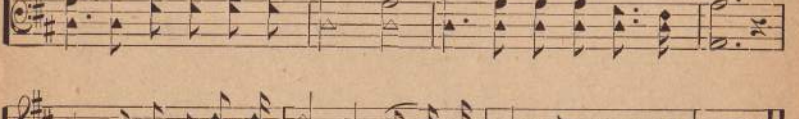


CHORUS.



1-3. Praise Je-ho-vah, praise my Sav - ior, Praise Him, praise Him, O, my soul,
4-6. Praise Him, praise Him for redemption, Purchased for me by His blood,





He who heals all my dis - eas - es, Sanc - ti - fies and keeps me whole.
Praise Him, praise Him, my bap-tiz-er, Is - ra - el's King and com-ing Lord.

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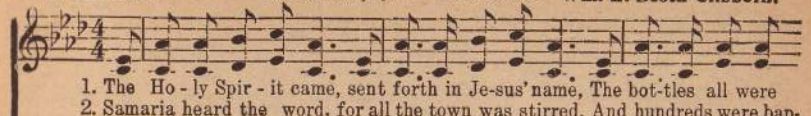
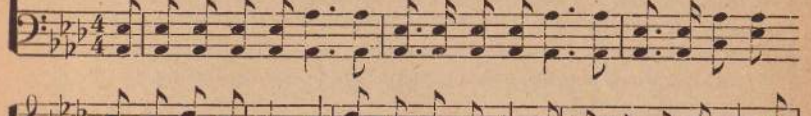
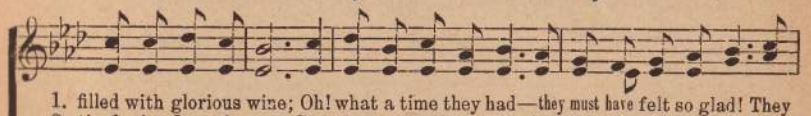
Pentecostal Music.

W. E. B. C. Copyright, 1919, by W. Booth-Clibborn Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn.

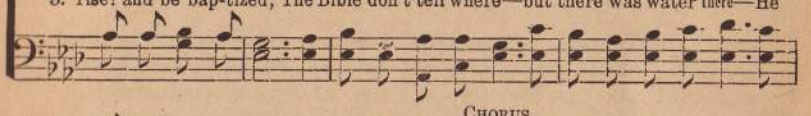


1. The Ho - ly Spir - it came, sent forth in Je-sus' name, The bot-tles all were
2. Samaria heard the word, for all the town was stirred, And hundreds were bap-
3. Cor- nel - ius he was just—be born a - gain he must! So Si - mon Pet - er
4. Proud Saul made no de-lay to per-se-cute this way, Whilst on his way to
5. Look up! dear brother Paul, and now the scales will fall, Why tarriest thou? A-

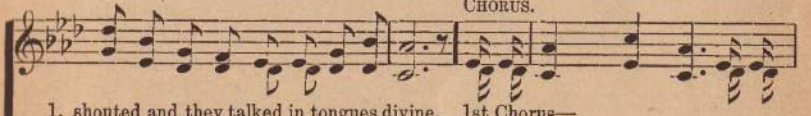




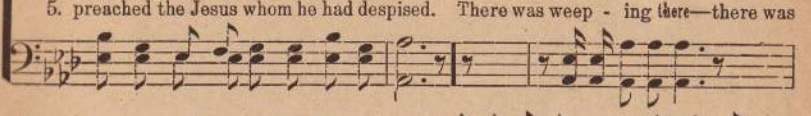
1. filled with glorious wine; Oh! what a time they had—they must have felt so glad! They
2. tized in Je-sus' name; Some can-not understand why t'was thro' Peter's hand, They
3. nothing doubting came; The Jews were sure surprised, for they were all bap-tized, And
4. town, God knocked him down; 'Twas hard for him to kick against the gospel prick, He
5. rise! and be bap-tized; The Bible don't tell where—but there was water there—He

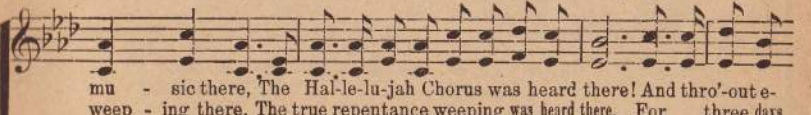


CHORUS.

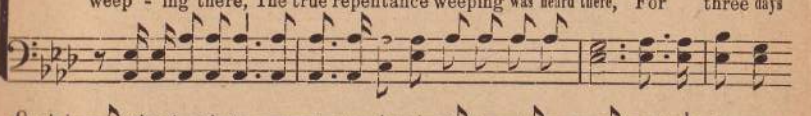


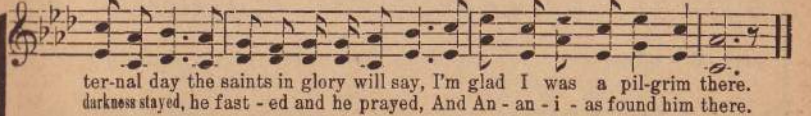
1. shouted and they talked in tongues divine. 1st Chorus—
2. got the Ho - ly Spir-it just the same. There was mu - sic there—there was
3. wa - ter was ap-plied in Je-sus' name.
4. fought the fight of faith and won the crown. 2nd Chorus—
5. preached the Jesus whom he had despised. There was weep - ing there—there was



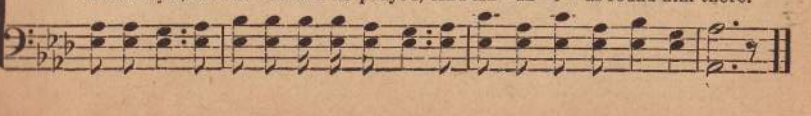


mu - sic there, The Hal-le-lu-jah Chorus was heard there! And thro'-out e-
weep - ing there, The true repentance weeping was heard there, For three days





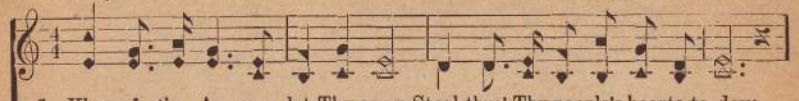
ter-nal day the saints in glory will say, I'm glad I was a pil-grim there.
darkness stayed, he fast - ed and he prayed, And An - an - i - as found him there.



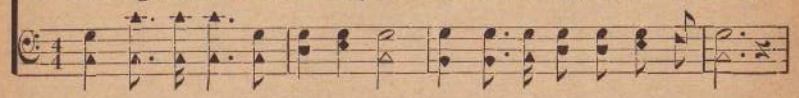
8 King of the Ages.

B. M. C. A. S.

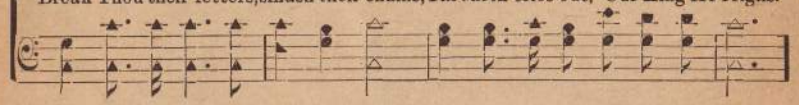
Majestic.



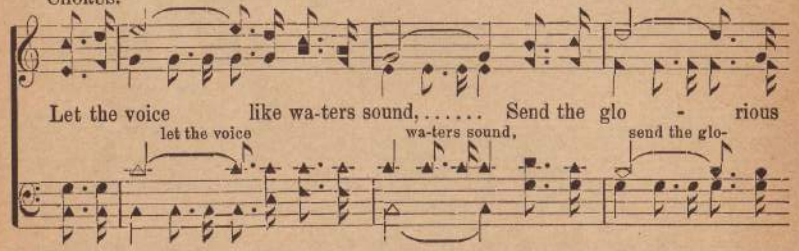
1. King of the A - ges, let Thy sway, Steal thro' Thy people's hearts to-day;
2. King of the A - ges, un - to Thee; Bend we our hearts and bow the knee;
3. King of the A - ges, send Thy sons, With flaming hearts and fiery tongues;
4. King of the A - ges, first and last, Light up the future, blot out the past;
5. King of the A - ges, fire Thy brands, In dis-tant hearts and distant land;
6. Let Kings bow down and own Thy pow'r, Now in this day, this ver - y hour;



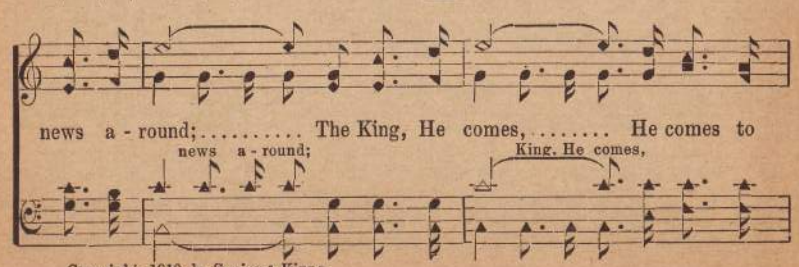
King of the A - ges, un - to Thee, Raise we our glorious ju - bi - lee.
Send forth Thy voice, Thy people free, Till glo - ry rolls from sea to sea.
Loud to proclaim that Thou art nigh, Glo - ry and praise to God on high.
The dead - ly past of sin and shame, Come Thou, Lord Jesus, come and reign.
Till Je - sus name and precious blood, Sweeps thro' the world, a might-y flood.
Break Thou their fetters, smash their chains, Till earth cries out, "Our King He reigns."



CHORUS.



Let the voice like wa-ters sound, ... Send the glo - rious



news a - round; ..... The King, He comes, ... He comes to

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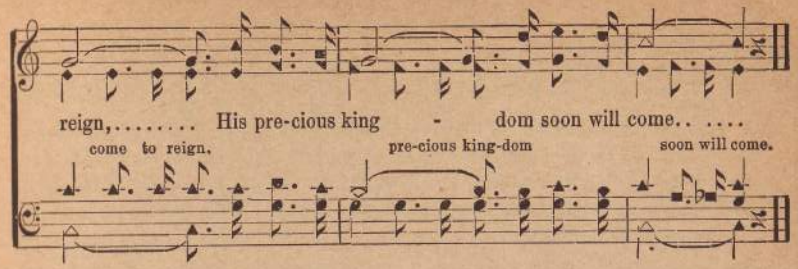
King of the Ages.

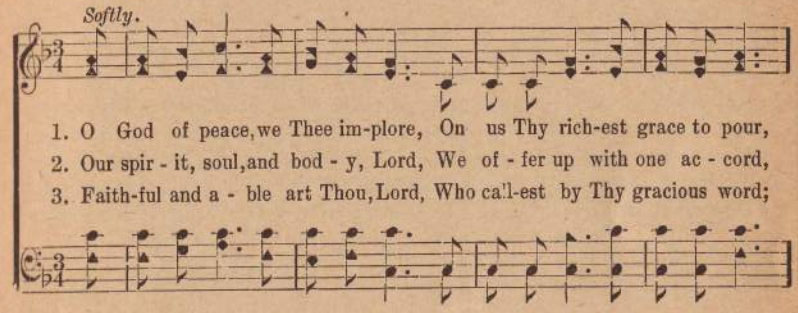


reign, ... His pre-cious king - dom soon will come.. ....

9 Entire Sanctification.

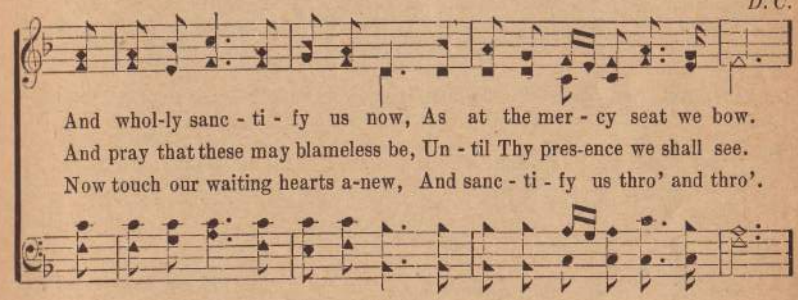
A. W. ORWIG. S. L. S.

Softly.



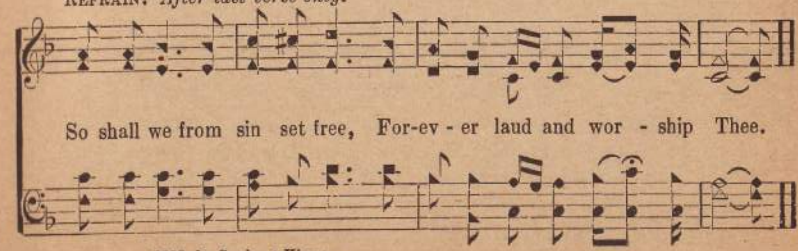
1. O God of peace, we Thee im-plore, On us Thy rich-est grace to pour,
2. Our spir - it, soul, and bod - y, Lord, We of - fer up with one ac - cord,
3. Faith-ful and a - ble art Thou, Lord, Who call-est by Thy gracious word;

D. C.



And whol-ly sanc - ti - fy us now, As at the mer - cy seat we bow.
And pray that these may blameless be, Un - til Thy pres-ence we shall see.
Now touch our waiting hearts a-new, And sanc - ti - fy us thro' and thro'.

REFRAIN. *After last verse only.*



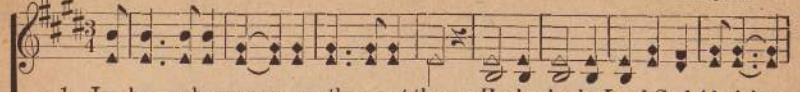
So shall we from sin set free, For-ev - er laud and wor - ship Thee.

1910, by Squire & Kinne.

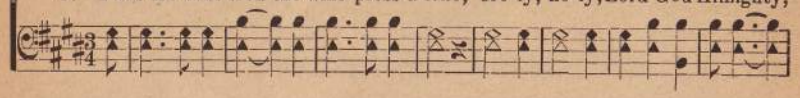
Seraphim's Song.

Isa.—6: 1-4. 9: 6-7.
Rev. 4th Chap. Ezek.—1: 4-28.

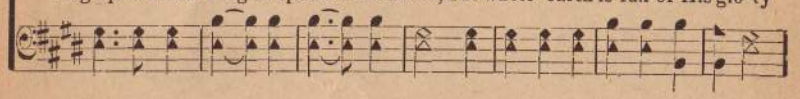
S. L. S. SARAH L. SQUIRE.



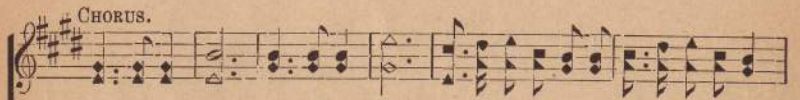
1. Je - ho - vah was seen on the great throne; Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty;
2. Lift - ed up high in - to the heav'n; Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty;
3. Ser-a-phims flew near to His side; Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty;
4. Li - on of Judah with sceptre and crown; Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty;
5. 'Twas He that trod the wine-press a-lone; Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty;



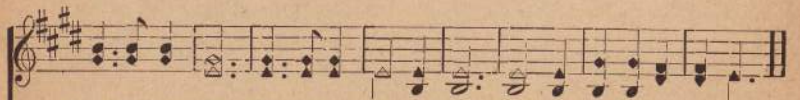
He rules the world and He a - lone, The whole earth is full of His glo-ry.
Life is - sues forth thro' Spirit's seven, Heav'n and earth are full of His glo-ry.
Moved were the door-posts by one that cried, The whole earth is full of His glo-ry.
Clothed with white raiment the Elders bow down, Heav'n and earth are full of His glo-ry.
High priest and King in splendor He shone; The whole earth is full of His glo-ry



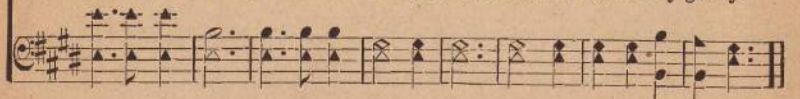
CHORUS.



We will praise Thee, We will praise Thee, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly. is the Lord of hosts;



We will praise Thee, We will love Thee, The whole earth is full of Thy glo-ry.



6 Thousands of angels join the refrain,
Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Heav'n and earth are full of His glory.

7 Wonderful Savior, God's only Son,
Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;
Which was, and is, and is to come,
The whole earth is full of His glory.

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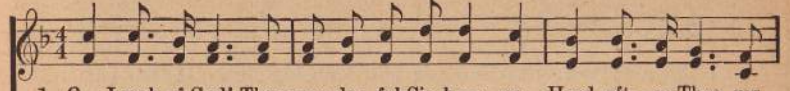
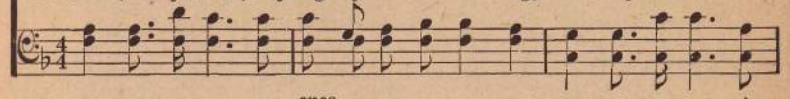
No. 11. Lamb of God.

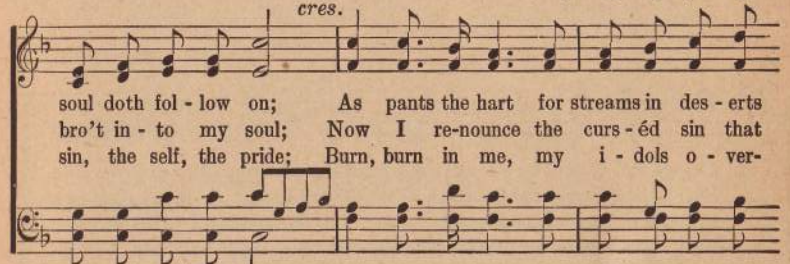
USED BY PERMISSION OF SALVATION ARMY.

C. B. C. Catherine Booth-Clibborn.

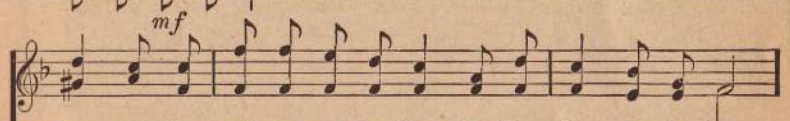


1. O Lamb of God! Thou won-der-ful Sin-bear - er, Hard aft - er Thee my
2. I mourn, I mourn the sin that drove Thee from me, And black-est dark-ness
3. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, Thy might-y aid be - stow - ing, De-stroy the works of

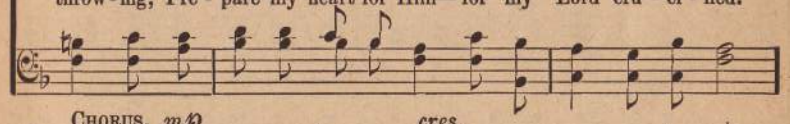


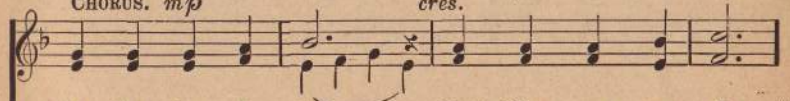


soul doth fol - low on; As pants the hart for streams in des - erts
bro't in - to my soul; Now I re-nounce the curs - éd sin that
sin, the self, the pride; Burn, burn in me, my i - dols o - ver-

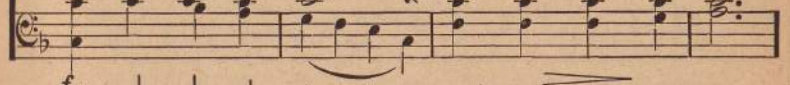


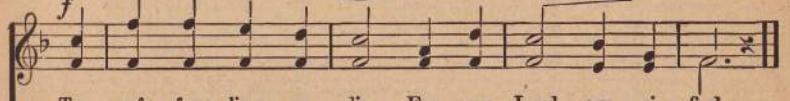
drear - y, So pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life - giv - ing One.
hin - dered, And come once more to Thee to be made ful - ly whole.
throw - ing; Pre - pare my heart for Him—for my Lord cru - ci - fied.



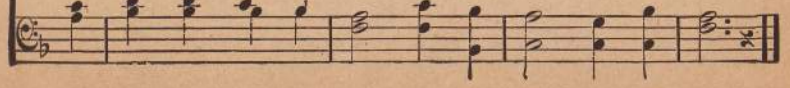


At Thy feet I fall,..... Yield Thee up my all,



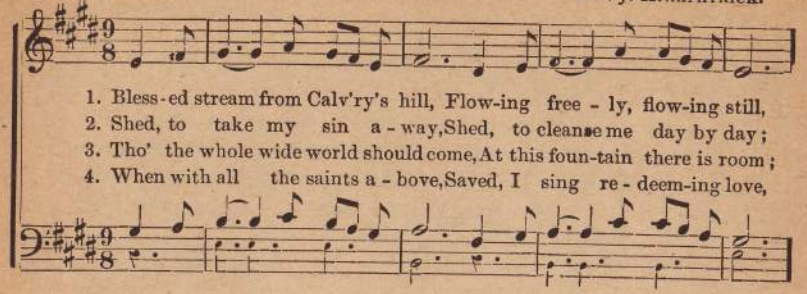


To suf - fer, live, or die, For my Lord cru - ci - fied.

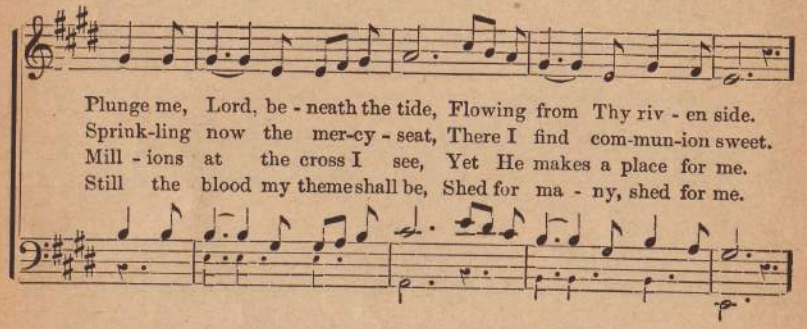


Precious Blood of Calvary.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

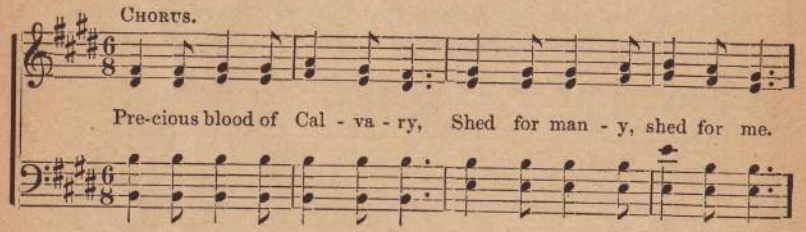


1. Bless-ed stream from Calv'ry's hill, Flow-ing free - ly, flow-ing still,
2. Shed, to take my sin a - way, Shed, to cleanse me day by day;
3. Tho' the whole wide world should come, At this foun-tain there is room;
4. When with all the saints a - bove, Saved, I sing re - deem-ing love,

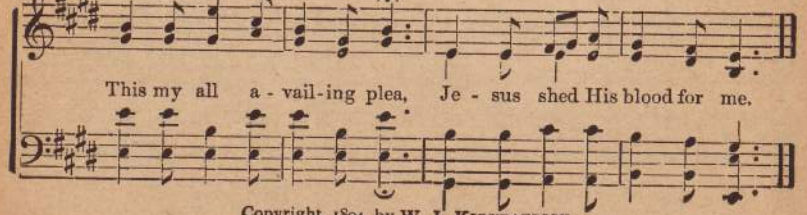


Plunge me, Lord, be - neath the tide, Flowing from Thy riv - en side.
Sprink-ling now the mer-cy - seat, There I find com-mun-ion sweet.
Mill - ions at the cross I see, Yet He makes a place for me.
Still the blood my theme shall be, Shed for ma - ny, shed for me.

Chorus.



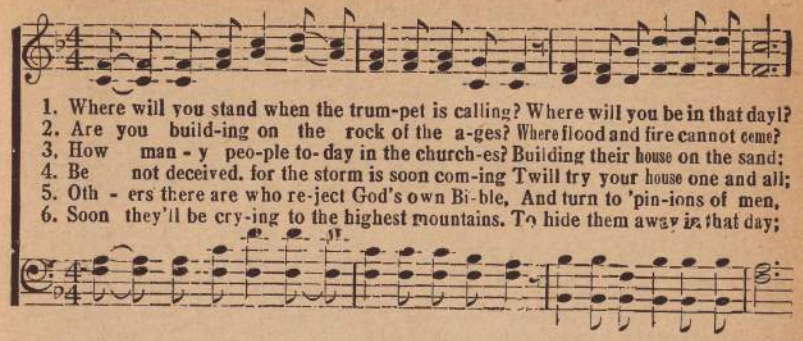
Pre-cious blood of Cal - va - ry, Shed for man - y, shed for me.



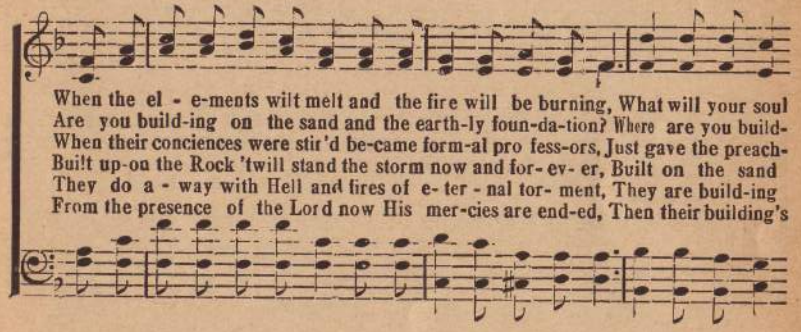
This my all a - vail-ing plea, Je - sus shed His blood for me.

Copyright, 1894, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 13. Where Are You Building?

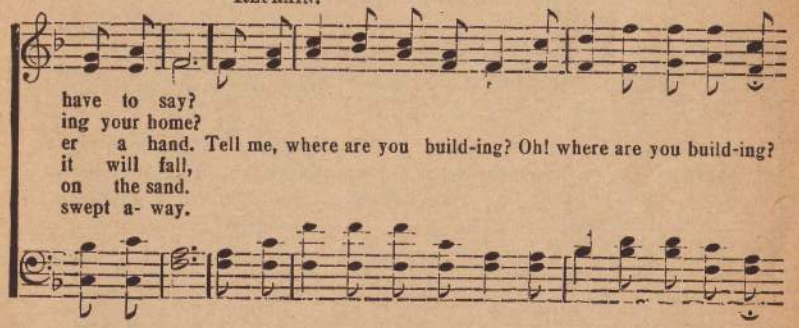


1. Where will you stand when the trum-pet is calling? Where will you be in that day!?
2. Are you build-ing on the rock of the a-ges? Where flood and fire cannot come?
3. How man - y peo-ple to-day in the church-es? Building their house on the sand:
4. Be not deceived. for the storm is soon com-ing Twill try your house one and all;
5. Oth - ers there are who re-ject God's own Bi-ble, And turn to 'pin-ions of men,
6. Soon they'll be cry-ing to the highest mountains. To hide them away in that day;

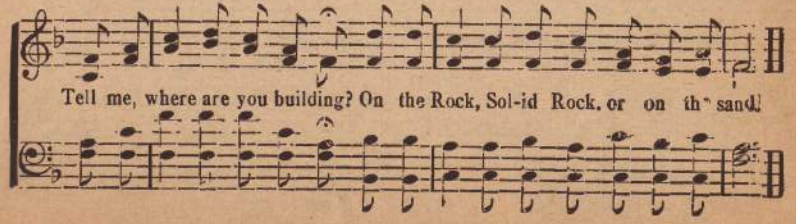


When the el - e-ments wilt melt and the fire will be burning, What will your soul
Are you build-ing on the sand and the earth-ly foun-da-tion? Where are you build-
When their conciences were stir'd be-came form-al pro fess-ors, Just gave the preach-
Built up-on the Rock 'twill stand the storm now and for- ev- er, Built on the sand
They do a - way with Hell and fires of e- ter - nal tor- ment, They are build-ing
From the presence of the Lord now His mer-cies are end-ed, Then their building's

Refrain.



have to say?
ing your home?
er a hand. Tell me, where are you build-ing? Oh! where are you build-ing?
it will fall,
on the sand.
swept a- way.



Tell me, where are you building? On the Rock, Sol-id Rock, or on th" sand!

14 Glory, Glory.

Not too fast.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, glo-ry to God in the high - est Glo - ry,

glo - ry, worship His name and adore: Glo - ry, glo - ry,

glory to God in the highest, Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him forevermore.

15 O Hallelujah,

Indianapolis Assembly.

1. O hal-le-lu-jah, O hal-le - lu-jah, O hal-le-lu-jah, O hal-le-lu-jah,
2. I have the vict'ry, I have the vict'ry, I have the vict'ry, I have the vict'ry,

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

I love Je - sus He's my Sav - ior, Je-sus smiles and He loves me too.

3 I'm going thro', etc.
4 I'm an overcomer, etc.
5 O I will praise Him, etc.
6 I'm going to heaven, etc.

16 Lord, I Believe.

Arr. by F. M. G. and A. F. I. By per.

1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is whis-p'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho'
2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the strength of Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some - how I find when the
3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo - ple say, "I'll fight till I die, and will ne'er run a - way;" But when by temp - ta - tion so
4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the
5. Then let us re-mem-ber in run - ning this race, That faith is not feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a-round us seems

dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a - way.
waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a-float.
fierce - ly as-sailed, They left off be - liev - ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.
con - flict with sin, In - stead of be - liev - ing they faint and give in.
dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev - ing, and win in the fight.

CHORUS.

Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! Savior, raise my faith in Thee, Till it can move a mountain; Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.

17 Launch Out.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. B. SIMPSON AND R. K. CARTER.

A. B. Simpson. R. Kelso Carter.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A
2. O man - y, a - las, on - ly stand on the shore, And
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
4. O let us launch out on this o - cean so broad Where

bound-less and fath-om-less flood: Launch out in the deep, cut a-
gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven - tured its
lin - ger so near to the shore, The surf and the slime that beat
floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; O let us be lost in the

way the shore-line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
depths to ex - plore Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
o - ver the strand Sweep o'er them their floods ev - er - more.
mer - cy of God Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

CHORUS.

Launch out..... in - to the deep, O let the shore-line
O launch out in the deep,

go; Launch out, launch out in the o-cean di-vine, Out where the full tides flow.

18 Praise and Hallelujah.

Elim Home, Rochester.

1. God in heav - en, Thou dost hear us, While we bow low at Thy feet;
2. I will an - swer when I hear thee, I will tell thee what to do;
3. I will heal thee, yes, 'tis Je - sus, Say-ing, child, bring all to me,
4. Call, then, on Me, O My chil - dren, I'll sup - ply thy ev - 'ry need;

CHO.—Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, He is al - ways just the same;

Thou dost hear Thy chil - dren pray-ing, And to Thee it is most sweet.
I will heal thy ev - 'ry sick - ness, And in tri - al bring thee thro'.
For I bore thy ev - 'ry sick - ness, Long a - go on Cal - va - ry.
I will fill thee with my Spir - it, And will sat - is - fy in - deed.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise and hon - or to His name.

5 Are you hung'ring for the fullness,
Child of Mine, leave a'l to Me,
I will satisfy thy longings,
I am working now in thee.

6 I will guide thee, sweet the promise,
Child of Mine, be not afraid,
Hand in hand we'll walk together,
Thro' the sunshine or the shade.

19 Praise the Lord.

Mrs. B. W. Mrs. BESSIE WOODWARD.

1. Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord,
2. Bless-ed be His ho - ly name, Bless-ed be His ho - ly name,

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, Praise, O praise the Lord.
Bless - ed be His ho - ly name, Praise, O praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

3 Laud and magnify His name,
Praise, O praise the Lord,

4 Glory be to God on high,
Praise, O praise the Lord.

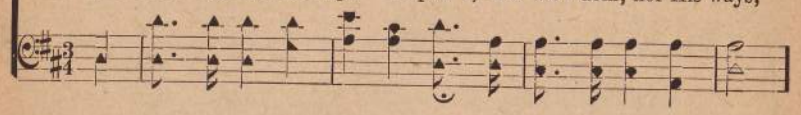
5 Watch and pray He cometh soon,
Praise, O praise the Lord.

6 May our lamps be trimmed and brigth
Praise, O praise the Lord.

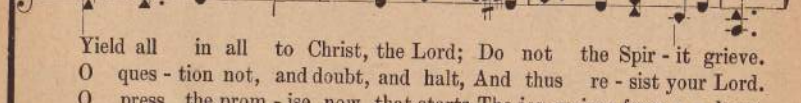
20 Receive Now.

D. W. GRIFFIN. S. D. KINNE.

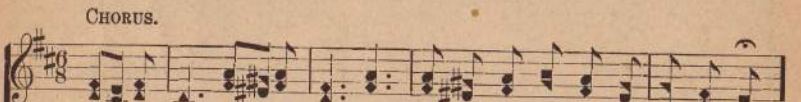
1. Re - ceive the prom-ise now, my friend The Word of God be - lieve,
2. The hand of faith reach out just now, And touch the liv - ing Word;
3. Just now yield to the Spir - it's touch, Quench not His gracious love;
4. Speak not a-gainst the Spir - it's pow'r, His wis - dom, nor His ways;



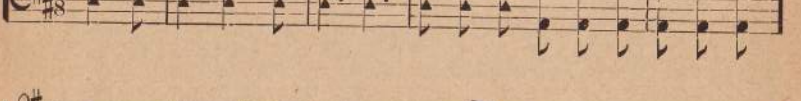
Yield all in all to Christ, the Lord; Do not the Spir - it grieve.
O ques - tion not, and doubt, and halt, And thus re - sist your Lord.
O press the prom - ise now that starts The joy-springs from a - bove.
Let sim - ple faith the prom - ise prove, And fill your soul with praise.



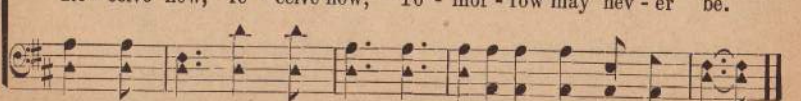
CHORUS.



Re-ceive now, re - ceive now, The Spir - it so pa-tien-tly waits for Thee,



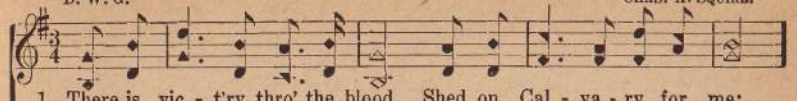
Re - ceive now, re - ceive now, To - mor - row may nev - er be.



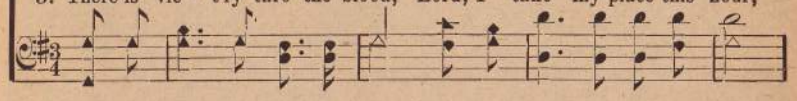
Owned by Squire & Kinne.

21 Victory thro' the Blood.

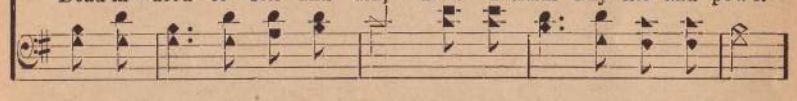
D. W. G. CHAS. A. SQUIRE.



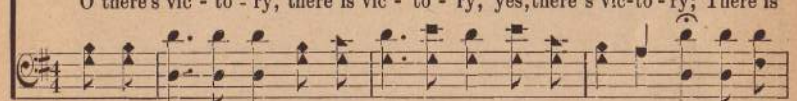
1. There is vic - t'ry thro' the blood, Shed on Cal - va - ry for me;
2. There is vic - t'ry thro' the blood, All my guilt is wash'd a - way;
3. There is vic - t'ry thro' the blood, Ev - 'ry claim a - gainst me paid,
4. There is vic - t'ry thro' the blood, O - ver sick - ness, pain and death,
5. There is vic - t'ry thro' the blood, Lord, I take my place this hour,



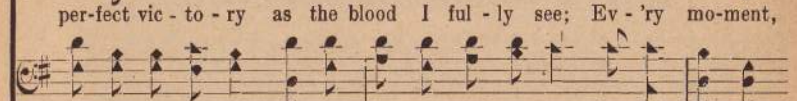
Je - sus took my place and died, And I know that I am free.
With a con - science pure and clean, I can walk from day to day.
Sa - tan spoiled of all His pow'r, And can - not make me a - fraid.
As I bold - ly take my stand, Trust-ing Je - sus for each breath.
Dead in - deed to self and sin, Now I claim Thy life and pow'r.



CHORUS. *rit.*

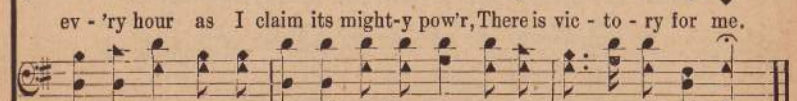


O there's vic - to - ry, there is vic - to - ry, yes, there's vic-to - ry; There is

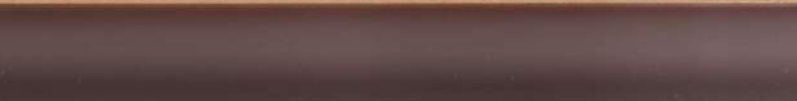


per-fect vic - to - ry as the blood I ful - ly see; Ev - 'ry mo-ment,

rit.



ev - 'ry hour as I claim its might-y pow'r, There is vic - to - ry for me.



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Jesus' Blood Covers Me.

D. W. G. — D. W. Griffin.

1. For the world in blind-ness 'neath a ty - rant's rod, Was a foun-tain
2. Je - sus was my ran - som on the cross that day When cre - a - tion
3. Hav-ing once for - ev - er met the law's de-mand, He, my High Priest,
4. Death has lost its ter - rors, sin has lost its pow'r; Thro' the Lamb once

o - pened in the heart of God, And a stream of mer - cy, e - ven
trembled and the vail gave way, And when all man's glo - ry tru - ly
ev - er sits at God's right hand, And His worth and pow - er is at
of - fered all the curse is o'er; Not a foe can en - ter at the

*Chorus.

un - to blood, And in love it cov-ered me.
passed a - way In the blood that cov-ers me. O that fount-ain o-pened
my command, Thro' the blood that cov-ers me.
sprinkled door, For the blood it cov-ers me.

in the heart of God, That bless - ed cleansing, heal - ing flood, And a

stream of mer-cy flows for e - ven me, I was bound but now I'm free.

*Jesus blood covers me. may also be sung as chorus with old tune.
By permission of D. W. Griffin, owner.

Power of Jesus' Blood.

D. W. G. — S. D. K.

1. If the blood of bulls and goats, Sprinkled by a car - nal priest, Un-der
2. Not a - lone de - fil - ing guilt, But the man of sin as well, Was with
3 Pow'r to make the foul-est clean, Pow'r to set the cap-tive free, Is pro-
4. Ev - 'ry vic - to - ry was won For us on the hallowed Cross, Nothing
5. All the saints with harps and crowns, Ev'ry ser-aph 'round the throne, Myriad

law the sense of guilt re - moved, How much more, thro' simple faith, shall the
Je - sus ful - ly cru - ci - fied; Count-ed in the spot-less Lamb in the
vid - ed in the pre - cious blood; Pow'r to make and keep us new, now and
need disturb the soul a - gain; All my life is now in God, ev - 'ry
an - gels in the ranks of God, With the whole cre - a-tion new in the

precious blood of Christ, Cleanse us now to serve the liv - ing God?
Fa-ther's ho - ly will, At the cross I tru - ly bled and died.
thro' e - ter - ni - ty, In the mer - it of the Son of God.
gain and ev - 'ry loss, Glo - ry, hon - or to the Lamb once slain.
slain and ris - en One, Sing the tri - umph of the Sav - ior's blood.

Chorus.

And the blood of the Son on the cross, Flowed out a crimson cleansing tide,

Je-sus' blood a-vails for sin for - ev - er, And will nev - er lose its pow'r.

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Pass Me Not By.

S. D. K. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. While show-ers fall on all around, O my Je - sus, pass me not by;
2. So pines my heart for touch Di-vine, Oh, my Je - sus, hide not Thy face,
3. So poor I am and needy with-al, Take oh take my full long-ing heart,
4. Re - joic - ing hope doth now as - pire, Love en-kind-ling by sa - cred fire,
5. In heav'nly fruits—may I a - bound, Seal'd with Jesus' own precious blood,

Flood all my soul's thrice-parched ground Oh, my Je - sus, pass me not by.
In me Thy pow'r and love en-shrine, Fill me, Je - sus, with Thy great grace.
Sweet Spir-it's pow'r on me now fall, Break O break and change ev'ry part.
Faith's zeal in-crease, in - flame, inspire, While my soul mounts higher and high'r.
With sa - cred fragrance all a-round, Un - til I am caught up in God.

CHORUS.

Pass me not by, Pass me not by, Oh, my Je - sus, pass me not by,

Others Thou doest meet, at the mercy seat, Oh, my Je-sus, pass me not by.

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The Healing Touch.

F. E. H. "Jesus touched Him."—Matt. 8: 3. F. E. H.

1. On - ly a touch and the blind - ed eyes see And wor - ship
2. On - ly a touch, the suf - fer - er cried, And press - ing
3. On - ly a touch as the mul - ti - tude wait, A moth - er
4. On - ly a touch for He's ev - er the same, Our Sav - ior

the heal - er di - vine; On - ly a touch and the lep - er is free,
her way to the Lord; On - ly a touch, then His vir - tue ap - plied
re-ceived back her boy; On - ly a touch, and from death's o-pen gate,
has conquered, what peace; On - ly a touch and we're healed in His name,

CHORUS.

From lone - ly and loathe-some con - fine.
In heal - ing her health was re - stored. On - ly a touch of
He ris - es to life, health and joy.
From sick - ness a bless - ed re - lease.

bod - y and soul, Then free-dom from sick-ness and sin; On - ly a

touch, then ful - ly made whole, When Je-sus the heal - er comes in.

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Refuge.

. D. K. S. D. K.

1. There's not a pain or a sor - row, Up - on a hu - man heart,
2. There's not a friend like the Sav - ior, Who'll bear thy ev - 'ry grief;
3. There's not a sigh nor a tear-stain, Burst-ing from long-ing eye,
4. There's not an hour of an - guish, By grave of si - lent friend,
5. There is no fear of the judg-ment, When storms of wrath shall roll;

But Je - sus' glo - ri - ous mor-row, Will bid all an-guish de - part,
He'll share thy bur-den and la - bor, And send thee lov-ing re - lief.
But Je - sus' bless-ed love - touch, Will soothe and an-swer the cry.
But Christ thy heart-aches will ban - ish—His tears with thine own shall blend.
We will make tri - umph - ant as-cent; We'll gain the heav-en - ly goal.

There's not a sin or a shad - ow, Dark'ning our earth - ly way;
There's no in - firm - i - ty in thee Break-ing thy faith and rest,
There's not a dart nor a mis - sile, Hurled by sa - tan - ic art,
There's none so de-filed and bro - ken; Sore-pressed, un-clean, as- tray,
No soul in crea - a - tion's cor - ners; If washed and freed from sin,

But the glo-ri-ous man of Sor - row, By His blood can wash a - way.
But the gra-cious man of Calv - 'ry, Hath borne in His pierced breast.
But the beau-ti-ful Son of Dav - id, By His grace can heal the smart.
But the sweet-scented Rose of Sharon, Can per-fume it all a - way.
But the blessed Bride-groom's chariots Will stop and take him in.

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Jesus Found Me.

Mrs. F. C. H.. Cho. by JESSIE WENGLER. Mrs. F. C. HOFFMAN.

1. I'm so glad that Je-sus found me, Wan-d'ring in the wilds of sin,
2. Once I thought my case was hope-less, For the Dev-il told me so,
3. So I turned my back on Sa - tan, With the Lamb of God to go,
4. And I glad - ly tell poor sin - ners, Christ is just the same to- day,

That He called me back and cleans'd me, Mak-ing pure my heart with-in.
Je - sus came to me and whis-pered, I can make you white as snow.
To the land of won-drous beau-ty, Where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.
Hav-ing no re - spect of per - sons, Sav-ing all who come His way.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name;

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! He is ev - 'ry day the same.

5 Then get ready for the coming
Of the Bridegroom in the air,
When the angel sounds the trumpet,
That shall call us over there.

6 Then we'll all go up together,
To the King's prepared feast;
When He gathers up His jewels,
From the west and from the east.

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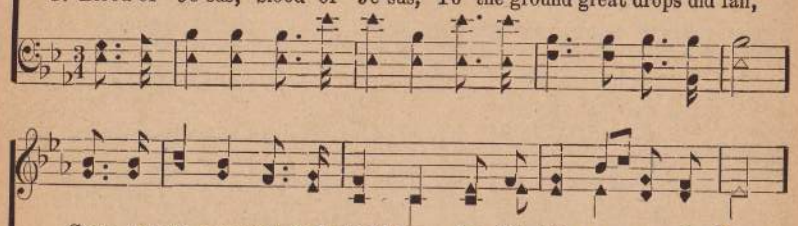
Blood of Jesus.

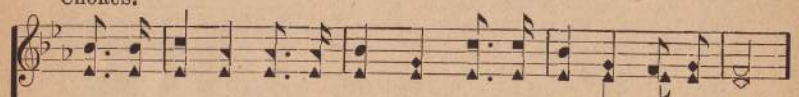
LOUISE WATSON. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. Blood of Je-sus, blood of Je-sus, Shed on Cal-vary's tree for me,
2. Blood of Je-sus, blood of Je-sus, When the foe would lay me low,
3. Blood of Je-sus, blood of Je-sus, I will laud and praise thy pow'r,
4. Blood of Je-sus, blood of Je-sus, May my lips the sto - ry tell,
5. Blood of Je-sus, blood of Je-sus, To the ground great drops did fall,

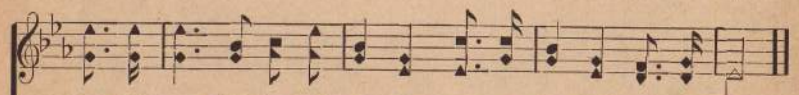


Cov - er me, pro-tect and shield me, So I'll hide se - cure in Thee.
When His fie - ry darts fly thick-est, Quenched they are—in crimson flow.
Wounded Lamb of God Thou freed'st me, I will love Thee and a - dore.
Of its price-less worth, its rich - ness, Bring-ing joy—un - speak-a - ble.
When He wres-tled in the con-flict Gainst hell's hosts and braved them all.

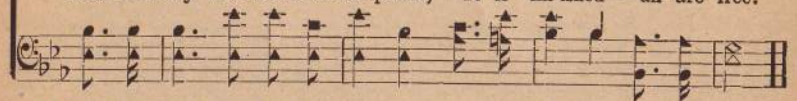
CHORUS.



Blood of Je - sus, Blood of Je - sus, Nailed up - on the cru - el tree,



Hear Him cry with shout tri-um-phant, "It is fin-ished"—all are free.



6 Blood of Jesus, blood of Jesus,
See Him in Gethsemane,
Casting, off the works of darkness,
Rising strengthened, calm and free.

7 Blood of Jesus, blood of Jesus,
Shall we let such love go by?
Lord, forgive us, O, Lord teach us,
Now to take complete supply.

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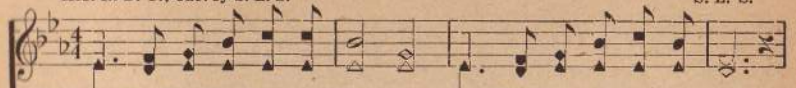
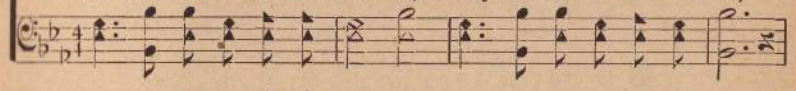
Heart Longings.

Ps., 107: 9, 29.

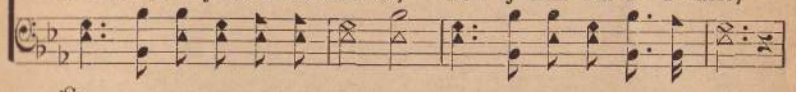
Mrs. R. B. Y., Cho. by S. L. S. S. L. S.



1. How I've long'd to know my Sav - ior, In His love and un-ion sweet,
2. How my hun - gry soul hath thirst-ed To be sat - is - fied in Him,
3. When by grace, I dared to take Him, To ful-fill in me His word,
4. I am whol-ly yield-ed to Him, To be mould-ed like His Son,
5. Oth - er Lords have had do- min- ion, They shall live in me no more,

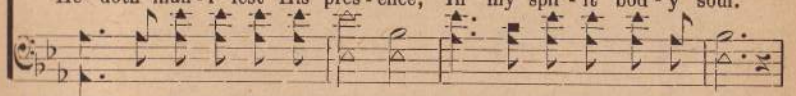


How I've groan'd with-in my spir - it, On - ly His dear face to meet,
And that He would send His spir - it, That my lamp may not grow dim,
Then His ver - y pres - ence speak-eth, Words that I had nev-er heard,
And I know that He will keep me, By His Spir-it "till He come,"
Je - sus is my Lord and Mas-ter, On - ly Him will I a - dore,



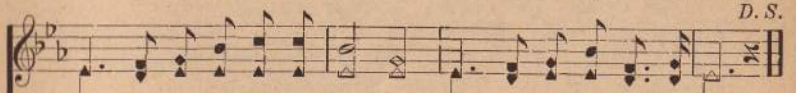
:S:

How my ach-ing heart has lan-guished Just to lean up - on His breast,
How I've loved His word that speak-eth, Just by sim - ple faith to take,
When I learned to cease my cry - ing; Then it was I saw His face,
Now He fills my soul with glad - ness, Turns dark night in - to the day,
He doth man - i - fest His pres - ence, In my spir - it bod - y soul.

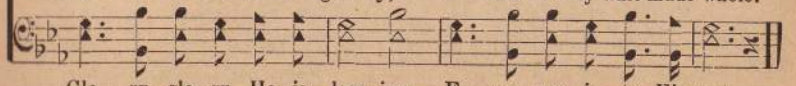


Cho.—Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I am lean-ing on His breast;

D. S.



And to know that He was lov - ing, Ev - en me in - to His rest.
All that He has purchased for me, Bo - dy, soul—for His dear sake.
And while list-'ning to His plead-ing, My heart e-choed—all of grace.
Stills the waves and storms and tempests, Comes in - to my heart to stay.
And to Him be all the glo - ry, I am ev -'ry whit made whole.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, He is lov - ing, E - ven me in - to His rest.

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The Victory Side by Faith.

D. W. Griffin. S. D. Kinne.

1. I be - lieve in the blood of my Sav - ior, In the liv - ing
2. I be - lieve in the blood of my Sav - ior, And the temp - ter
3. I be - lieve in the blood of my Sav - ior, For His blood has

Word a - bide, Live a - bove all the pow'rs of dark - ness, With my
flies a - pace, And the chains He has forged are break - ing Thro' the
made me free, And I yield all my life to Je - sus, Who

Chorus.

Lord on the vic - t'ry side.
pow'rs of re - deem - ing grace. On the vic - t'ry side, on the
has o - ver - come for me.

vict - 'ry side, In the strength of the Lord are we; On the

vict - 'ry side, we will bold - ly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

By permission.

Come to Jesus.

Mrs. R. B. Y.
Cho. by S. L. S.

Matt. 11: 28. Ps. 55: 22.

S. L. S.

1. Come to Je - sus, tempests toss'd one, La - den with the cares of life,
God will take your griefs and sorrows, All your heart-ache sin and pain,
2. Come to Je - sus, He's your Sav-ior, Trust His lov - ing pard'ning grace,
Tar-ry for Him, He'll not fail you! Seek His prom - ise to ob - tain,
3. Come to Je - sus, He is call - ing, Lay your bur - dens at His feet;
He doth watch your "night of toiling," For vain pleasure, store and gain,

Life so tired— way so drear - y—Come and He will end your strife,
Wash you in the blood of Je - sus: Cleanse your heart from ev - 'ry stain.
Come and shelter 'neath His shad-ow, He will show His smil - ing face,
He will fill you with His Spir - it, He will send the "lat - ter rain."
Cease your anxious, care-ful plan-ning, He will all your tri - als meet,
Come, and cast your care on Je - sus, And re - ceive the "lat - ter rain."

Chorus.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! To the Lamb that once was slain,

He has pur-chased thy re - demp-tion, On the cross bore all thy sins.

4 Come to Jesus, harvest ripens—
Come to-day and make your choice,
Give your life and time to Jesus,
Tune your ear to hear His voice,
Trust Him with your soul and body,
All there is of heart and brain,
God is waiting to receive you,
In this time of "latter rain."

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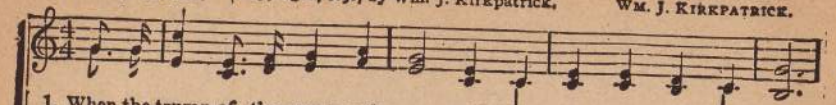
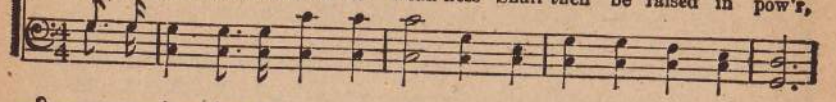
32 In the Twinkling of an Eye.

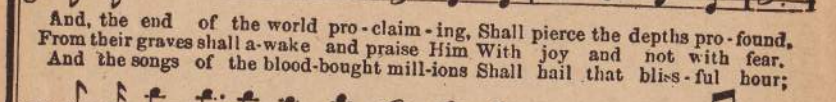
FANNY J CROSBY. Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



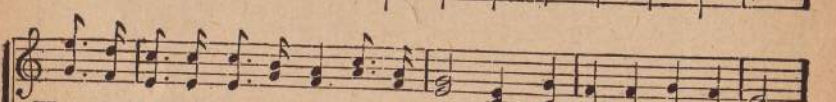
1. When the trump of the great arch - an - gel Its might - y tones shall sound,
2. When He comes in the clouds de - scend - ing, And they who loved Him here,
3. O the seed that was sown in weak-ness Shall then be raised in pow'r,



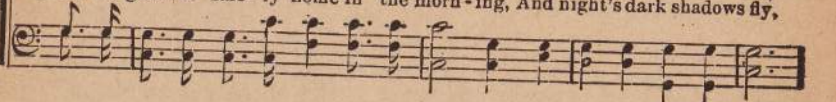
And, the end of the world pro - claim - ing, Shall pierce the depths pro - found.
From their graves shall a-wake and praise Him With joy and not with fear.
And the songs of the blood-bought mill-ions Shall hail that bliss - ful hour;



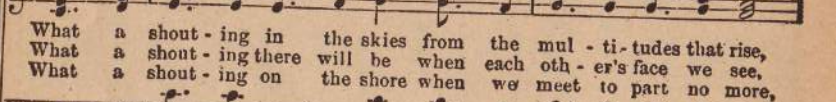
When the Son of man shall come in His glo - ry, With all the saints on high,
When the bod - y and the soul are u - nit - ed, And clothed no more to die,
When we gath - er safe - ly home in the morn - ing, And night's dark shadows fly,



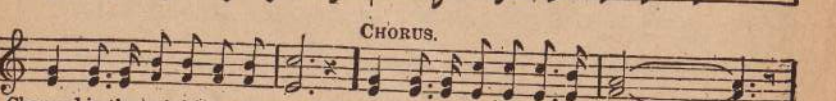
What a shout - ing in the skies from the mul - ti - tudes that rise,
What a shout - ing there will be when each oth - er's face we see,
What a shout - ing on the shore when we meet to part no more,



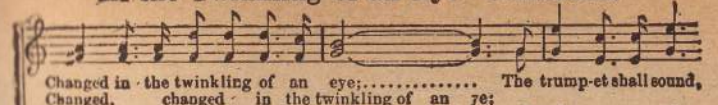
CHORUS.



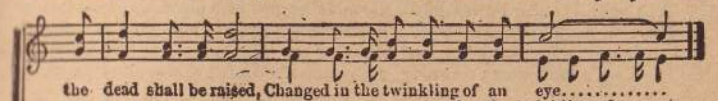
Changed in the twinkling of an eye. Changed in the twinkling of an eye.....
Changed. changed in the twinkling of an eye,



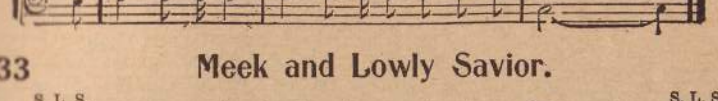
In the Twinkling of an Eye—Concluded.



Changed in the twinkling of an eye;..... The trump-et shall sound,
Changed, changed in the twinkling of an eye;

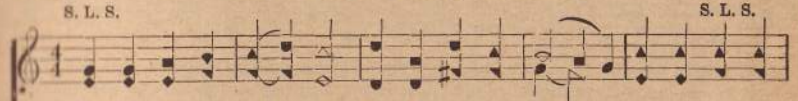


the dead shall be raised, Changed in the twinkling of an eye.....
in the twinkling of an eye.

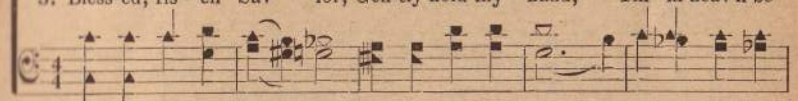


33 Meek and Lowly Savior.

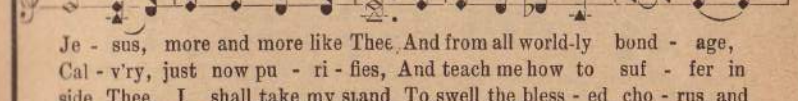
S. L. S. S. L. S.



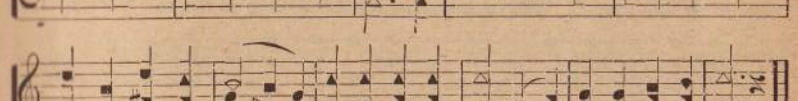
1. Meek and low-ly Sav - ior, Who from sin sets free, Make me bless-ed
2. Wounded, dy-ing Sav - ior, Thy blest sac - ri - fice, Thou hast made on
3. Bless-ed, ris - en Sav - ior, Gen-tly hold my hand, Till in heav'n be-



Je - sus, more and more like Thee, And from all world-ly bond - age,
Cal - v'ry, just now pu - ri - fies, And teach me how to suf - fer in
side Thee, I shall take my stand To swell the bless - ed cho - rus and



give me sweet re - lease, On - ly Thou canst cleanse me, on - ly Thou give peace.
qui - et-ness like Thee, Fill me with Thy Spir - it—strengthened I shall be.
help the ransomed sing, Thro'-out coming a - ges—prais - es to our King.



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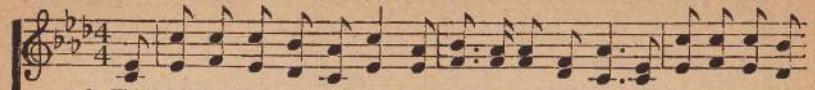
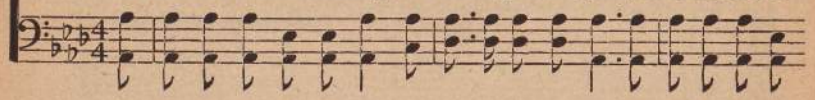
34 Behold the Bridegroom Cometh.

W. E. B.-C. Copyright, 1919, by W.E. Booth-Clibborn. W. E. Booth-Clibborn.



1. This is God's trib-u-la-tion, that's why the world's at war—He'll punish ev'ry
2. The Gen-tile Dis-pen-sation will end in troublous times, With frightful des-o-
3. Then shall the sun be darkened, the moon turned into blood, The human heart be
4. The rich have heaped up treasure by ways unfair and foul; They're living now in
5. Our heav'nly Bridegroom's coming! His eyes are flaming fire! O how the Bride is
6. The Lord's millenium's dawning, a thousand peaceful years; Je-ru-sa-lem's re-

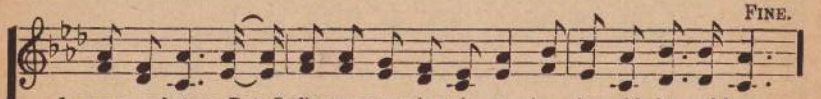


:S:

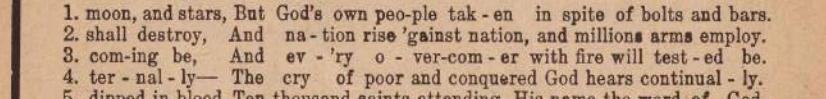
1. na-tion with death as ne'er be-fore; The heavens shall be shaken, the sun, the
2. la-tion and international crimes; The sword, disease, starvation and earthquakes
3. hardened as when God sent the flood; For as the days of No - ah so shall His
4. pleasure, but soon they'll weep and howl; Their gold and silver cankered they'll beg e-
5. yearning! He's all her heart's desire. Up-on His charger rid - ing, His vesture
6. joic-ing shall wipe a-way all tears; An ev - er - last-ing kingdom will Je - sus

D. S.—lest someone

FINE.

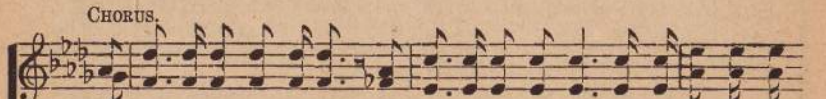


1. moon, and stars, But God's own peo-ple tak - en in spite of bolts and bars.
2. shall destroy, And na - tion rise 'gainst nation, and millions arms employ.
3. com-ing be, And ev - 'ry o - ver-com - er with fire will test - ed be.
4. ter - nal - ly— The cry of poor and conquered God hears continual - ly.
5. dipped in blood, Ten thousand saints attending, His name the word of God.
6. bring that day, In righteousness and wisdom He'll reign and rule His way.

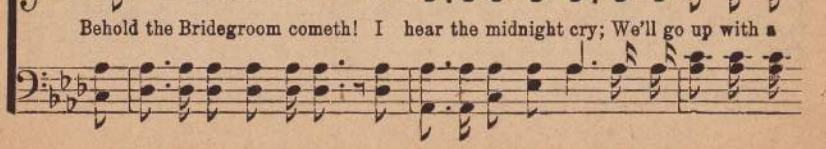


take your crown; For the lukewarm and backslider won't wear the marriage gown.

CHORUS.

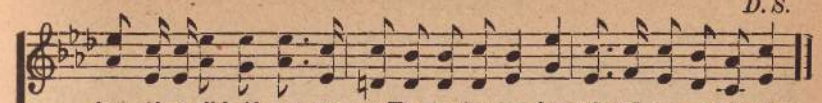


Behold the Bridegroom cometh! I hear the midnight cry; We'll go up with a

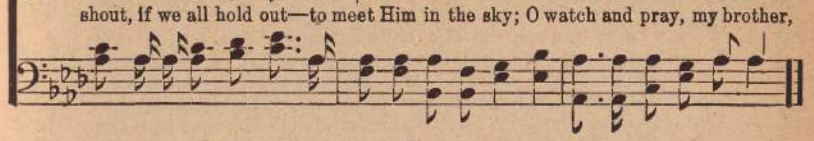


Behold the Bridegroom Cometh.

D. S.

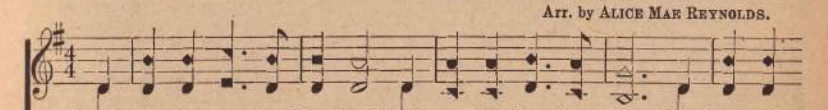


shout, if we all hold out—to meet Him in the sky; O watch and pray, my brother,

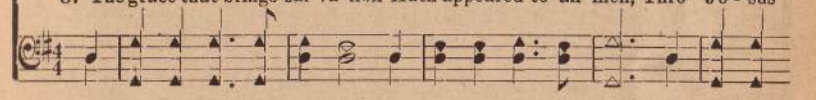


35 Christ, the Only Doorway.

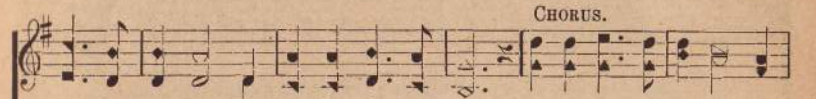
Arr. by Alice Mae Reynolds.



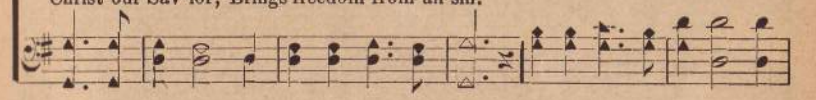
1. I am the ten - der Shep-herd, I hear my Sav - ior say, My sheep I
2. Be-ware of all the hire-lings, They care not for the sheep, They fleece but
3. But Je-sus tired and foot-sore, While here on earth He roam'd, No place could
4. He once was rich in glo - ry, But yet He be - came poor, That we might
5. The grace that brings sal-va-tion Hath appeared to all men, Thro' Je - sus

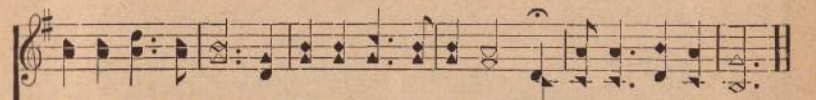


CHORUS.

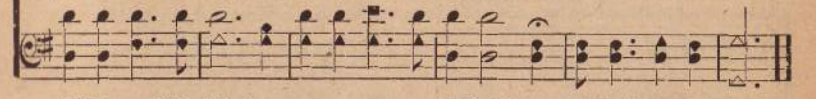


love them dear-ly, Just fol - low all the way.
fail to feed them, They're bleating in the street. Christ the on-ly door-way, Re-
find for ref - uge, While searching for His own.
share a man - sion, And reign for-ev - er - more.
Christ our Sav-ior, Brings freedom from all sin.





peat it o'er and o'er; Re-ject-ing ev - 'ry false way, Come en-ter by the door.



6 The world is full of sorrow,
Jesus said it should be so,
But He's coming back to-morrow,
Then our hearts will overflow.

7 But joy comes in the morning,
When Christ as our King,
Dispelling all the darkness,
A thousand years to reign.

Property of Squire & Kinne.

36 We will Walk Through the Streets of the City

G. T. H. Owned by G. T. Haywood Music arr. by G. T. Haywood

1. We now walk thru the val - ley and shad-ow, Thru a world full of la - bor and strife; But some day we shall walk with our Sav-ior Robed in
2. There'll be no pain, sin, sick-ness nor sor-row In that cit - y where nights nev-er come; Where the an - gel of death nev - er en-ters In our
3. From the North, East and West they shall en -ter And from the South too a host shall a - rise; Then will child-ren of A - bra-ham gath-er To hold a re-
4. Then we'll wade thru God's e - ter - nal glo-ry, Thru the fields of His un - end - ing love; Viewing scenes ev - er ris - ing be - fore us E - ter-ni-
5. Let us then be kind true and faith - ful, To our Sav - ior Re- deem-er and King; Do - ing all He gives us to do glad - ly, And His

CHORUS

ev - er - last - ing life. We will walk thru the streets of the cit - y, ...
blest e - ter - nal home.
un - ion in the skies.
ty a - long can prove,
prais-es ev - er sing. of the cit - y

Where our loved ones have gone on be - fore; We will go thru the
have gone on be-fore;

gates of the cit - y, ... En - ter to go out no more.
of the cit - y, no more.

37 Sing His Praise.

I. O. B. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY BROWN BROTHERS. I. O. Brown.

1. Forward move, ye sol-diers of the liv - ing God, Sing His praise,
2. Shout a-loud, ye peo-ple, and His name a - dore, Sing His praise,
3. Be a val - iant sol-dier, rout-ing ev - 'ry sin, Sing His praise,
4. When the battle's o - ver and the con-flict's won, Sing His praise,

Sing His praise,

sing His praise; Lift the blood-stained banner where the saints have trod,
sing His praise; He shall gain the conquest, reign for - ev - er - more,
sing His praise; Christ, the great Je-ho - vah, will be sure to win,
sing His praise; Sor-row will be end - ed and our joy be - gun,

sing His praise;

CHORUS.

Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise, sing His
Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise.

praise, Let the glo - ry in your soul, sing His praise; Sing His
sing His praise, sing His praise;

praise, sing His praise, While the endless a-ges roll, sing His praise.
Sing His praise, sing His praise, sing His praise.

38 Joy Unspeakable.

Copyright owned by R. E. WINSETT, East Chattanooga, Tenn.

B. E. W. 1 Pet. 1: 8. B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. I have found His grace is all complete, He sup - pli - eth ev - 'ry need;
2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace with - in;
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv - ing in the realm of grace;
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo - ry roll!

While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed....
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw-ful gulf of sin....
Oh, the Saviour's presence is so near, I can see His smil-ing face....
It is like a great o'er-flow-ing well, Springing up with-in my soul....

CHORUS.

It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.

39 Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in ho-ly converse With Christ, my Lord alone, I seem to hear the mil - lions That sing around His throne:— Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men. Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men, A - men.
2. They pass'd thro' toils and trials, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's conquest, And sing the vic-tor's song.
3. My soul takes up the chorus, And pressing on my way, Communing still with Je - sus, I sing from day to day.
4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high; And thro' eternal a - ges I'll shout be-yond the sky.

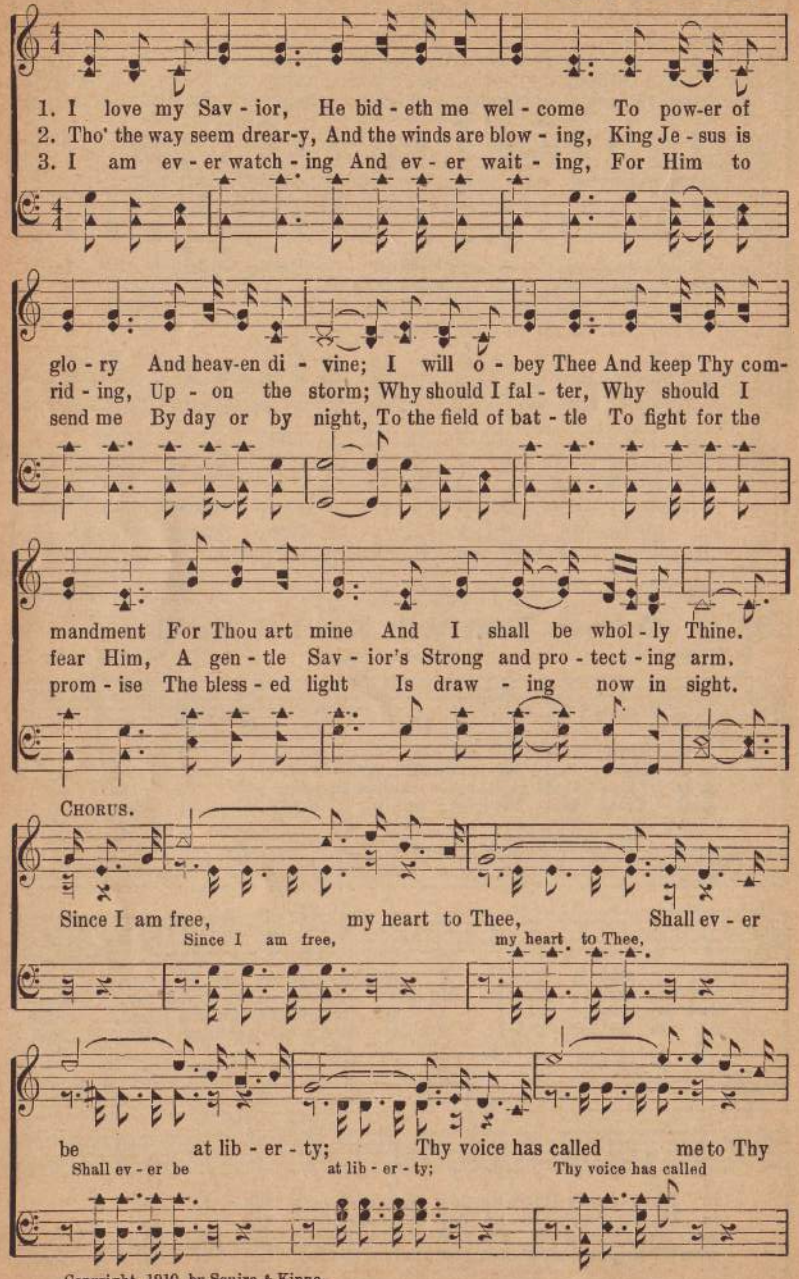
39½ O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

G. MATHESON, 1882 ST. MARGARET. 8s, 6. A. L. PEACE, 1889

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, . . . I rest my weary soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, . . I yield my flick-'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
3. O Joy that seek-est me through pain, . . I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, . . I dare not ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - men.

Since I Am Free.

Arranged by ZELLA BEVERLIN.



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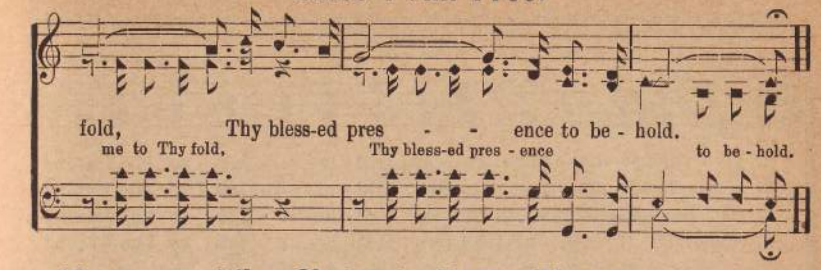
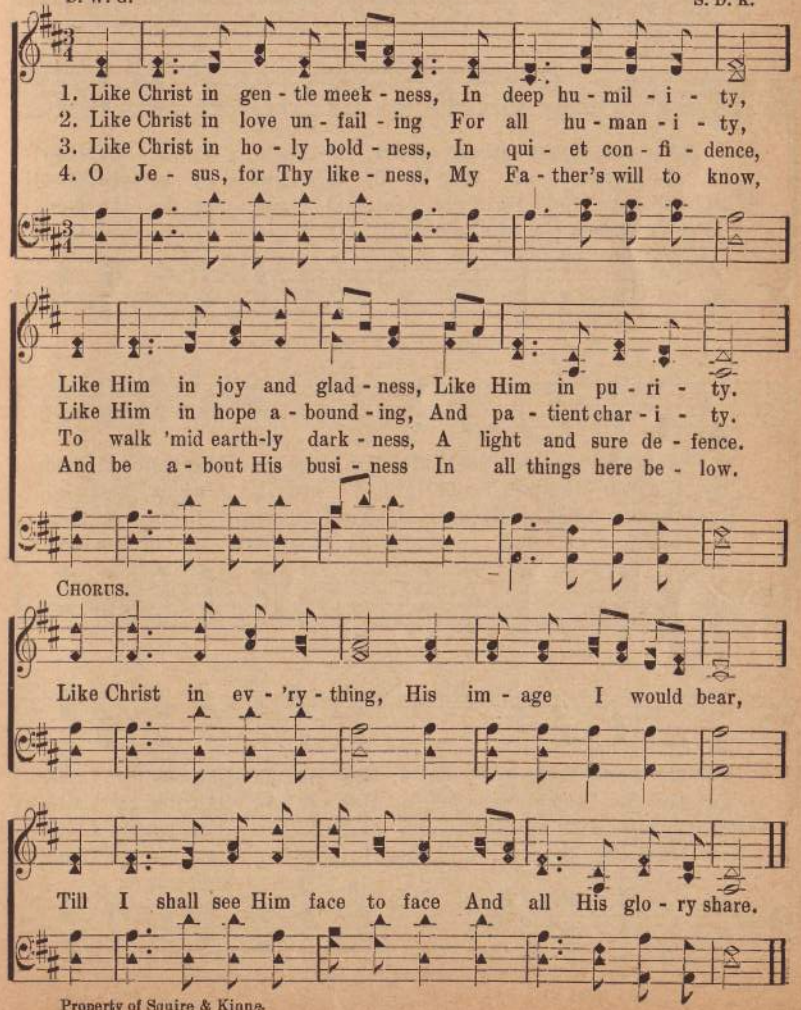
Since I Am Free.



41 Like Christ in Every Thing.

D. W. G. S. D. K.

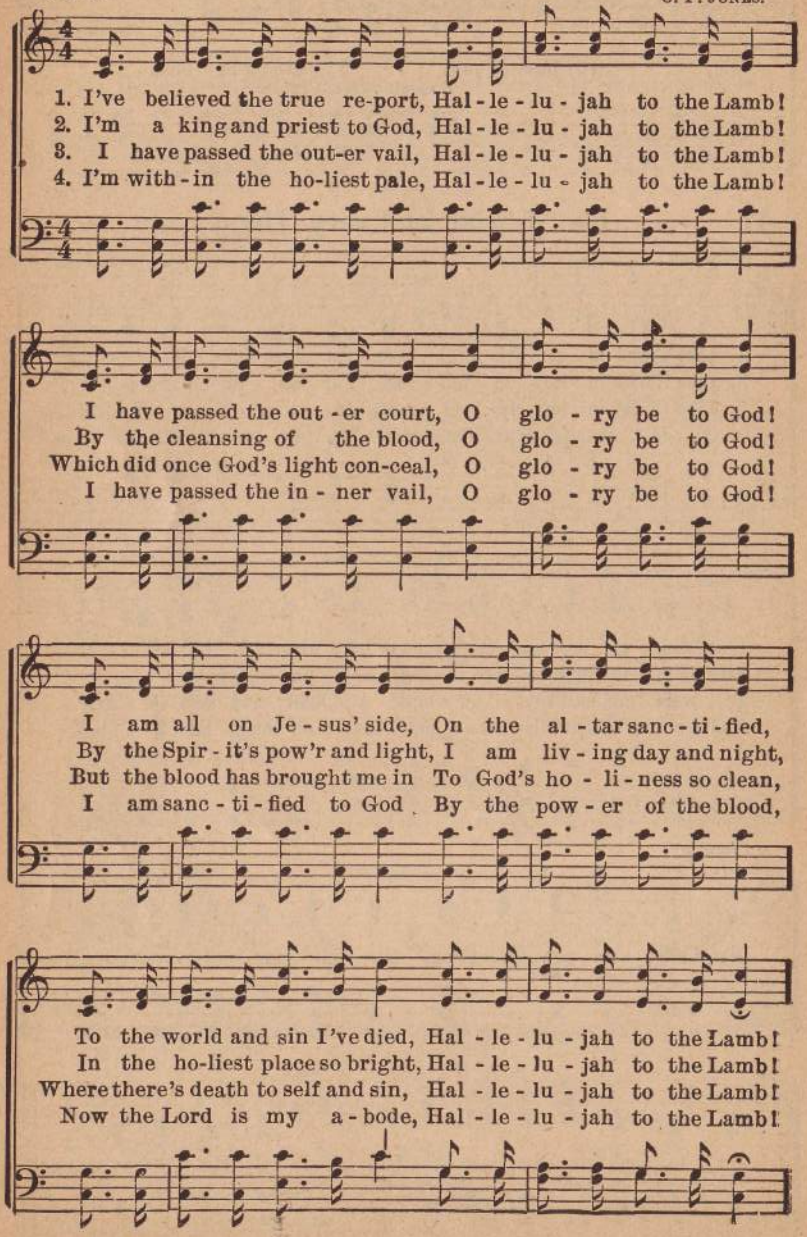


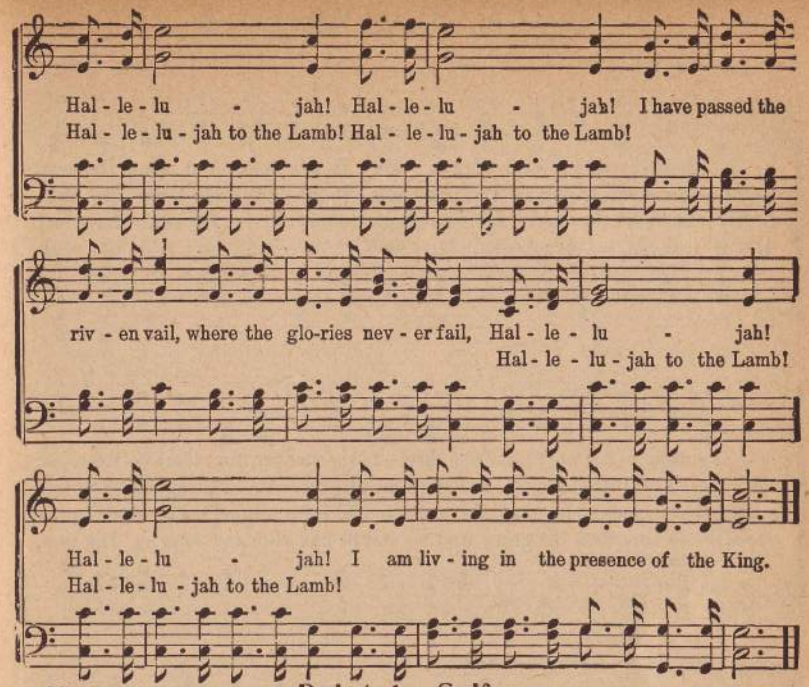
Property of Squire & Kinne.

42 I've Believed the True Report.

"Having therefore, brethern, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near with a true heart and full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10:19-22.

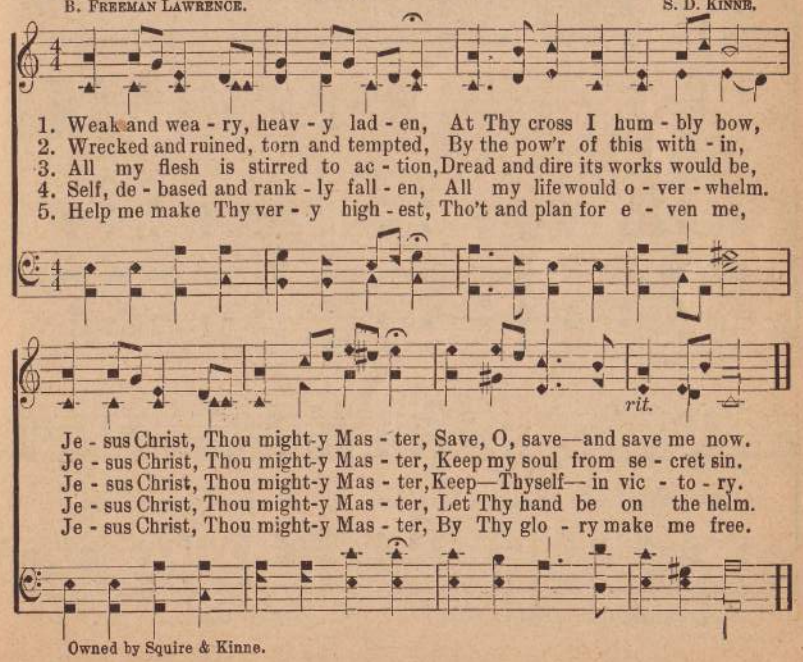
C. P. J. C. P. JONES.





43 Dying to Self.

B. FREEMAN LAWRENCE. S. D. KINNE.



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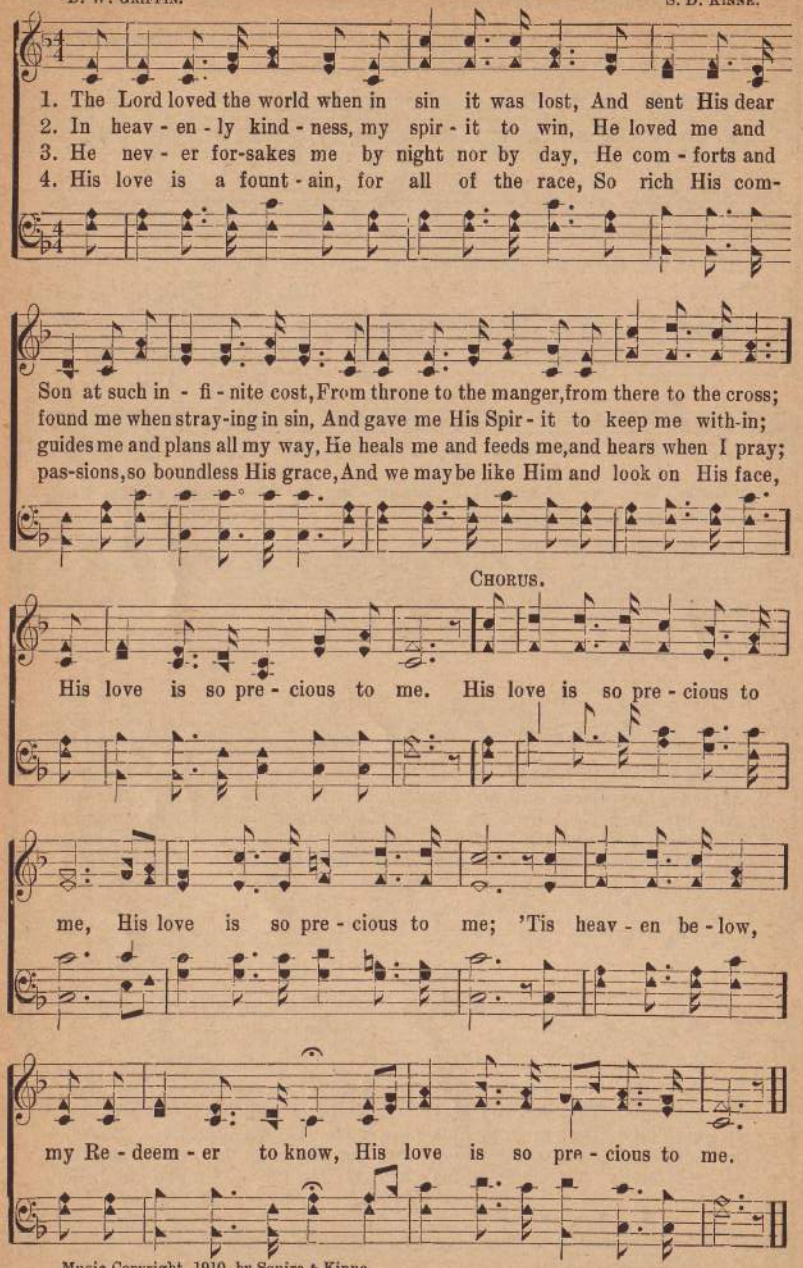
44 His Love is so Precious to me.

D. W. Griffin. S. D. Kinne.



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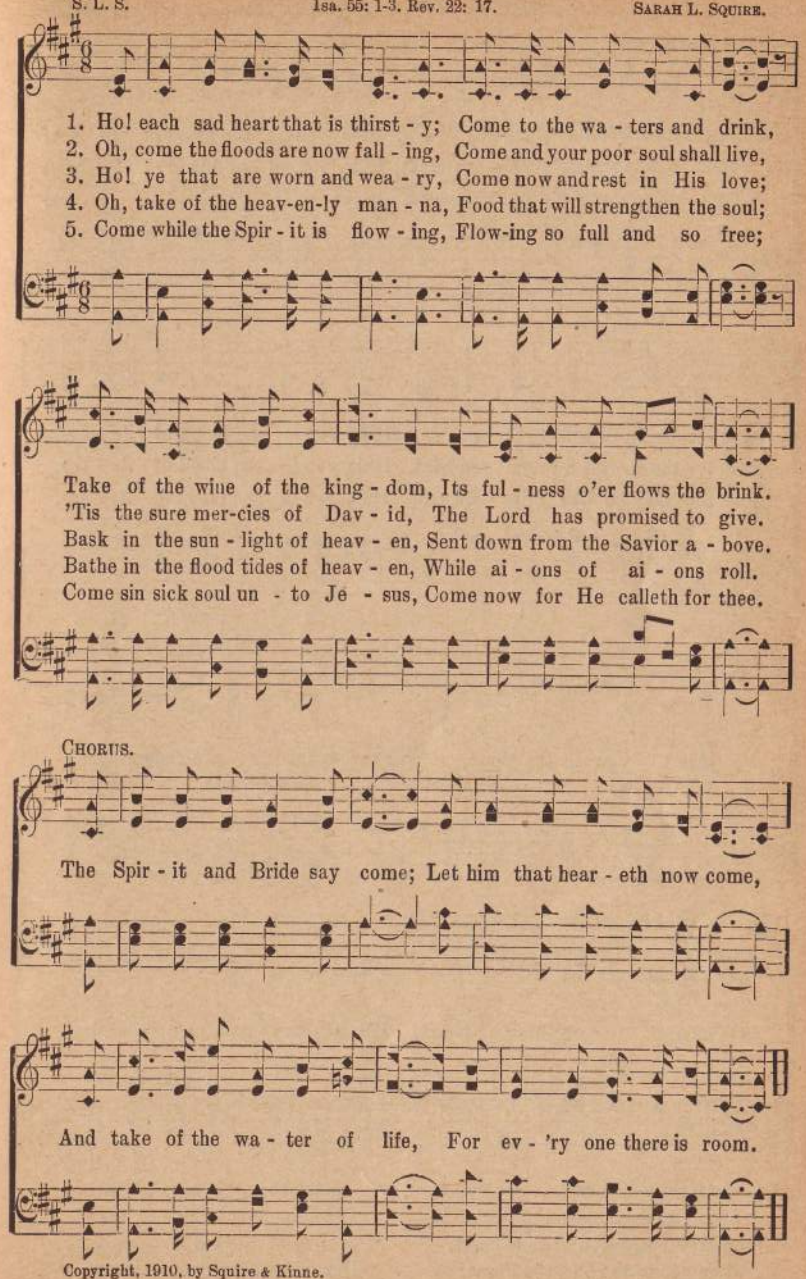
45 Come to the Waters.

S. L. S. Isa. 55: 1-3. Rev. 22: 17. Sarah L. Squire.



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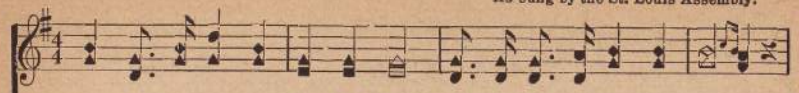
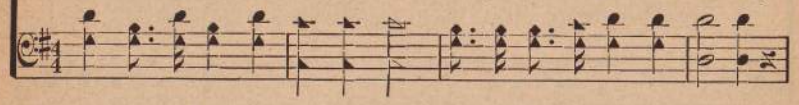
Hide You in the Blood.

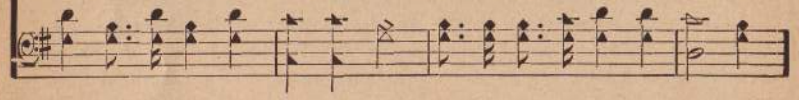
As sung by the St. Louis Assembly.



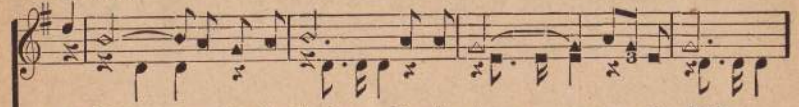
1. Come from the loathe-some way of sin; Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
2. Come to the shelter's safe re-treat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
3. Come for your sins the Lord has bled, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;



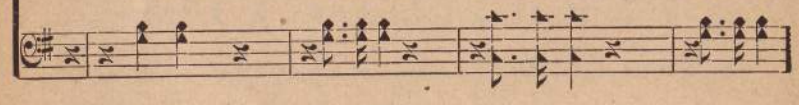
Come for the Lord will take you in, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come for the storms a-round you beat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come tho' they be like crim - son red, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.



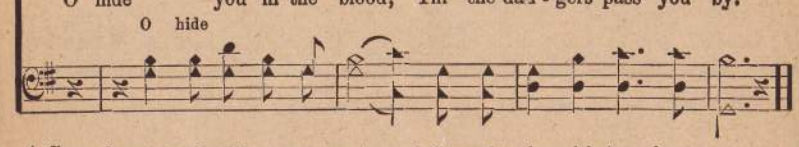
CHORUS.



O hide you in the blood, For the storms are raging high,
O hide in the blood, For the storms rag-ing high,



O hide you in the blood, Till the dan - gers pass you by.
O hide

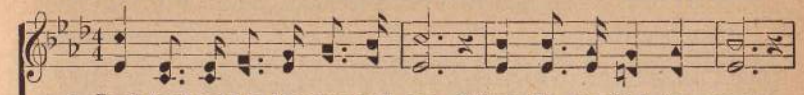


4 Come from your burden, come apart,
Hide you in the blood of Jesus;
Give Him possession of your heart,
Hide you in the blood fo Jesus.

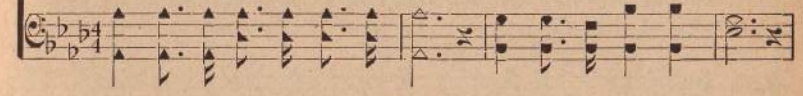
5 Come for the crisis hour is near,
Hide you in the blood of Jesus;
The King of kings will soon appear.
Hide you in the blood of Jesus.

Looking Unto Jesus.

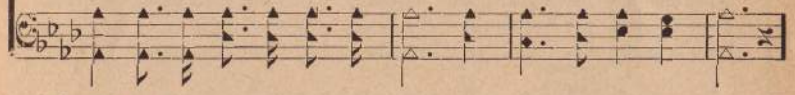
JOHN T. BODDY. Four Essential Looks. SEELEY D. KINNE.



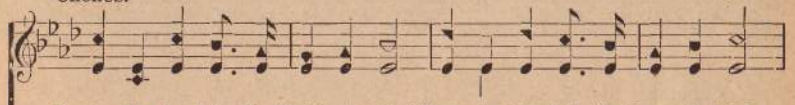
1. Look backward to the cross and see, Where Je - sus died to save,
2. Look up-ward to the throne of grace, Where now He in - ter - cedes,
3. Look now with-in, and see Him there, En - throned up-on thy heart—
4. Then look toward the part - ing cloud, To see the Lord de - scend,



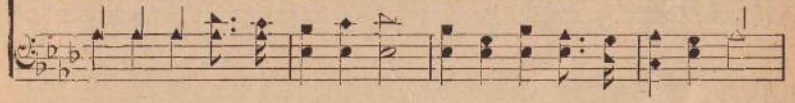
Thy cap - tive soul and set it free, To tri - umph o'er the grave.
And mark the sweet-ness of that face, That with the Fa - ther pleads.
The Ho - ly One, ex-ceed - ing fair, Who loves thee as thou art.
Whose welcome shout, re-sound-ing loud, Shall our pro - ba - tion end.



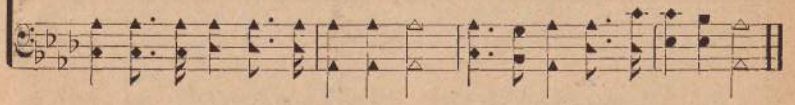
CHORUS.



Look, then look to the Christ who died, Trust, just trust in the Cru - ci - fied,



Rest, sweet-ly rest un - der His strong wing; Hope then hope in the coming King



5 And gathering up to meet Him there,
The dead in Christ shall rise,
And we who are alive shall share,
Their rapture in the skies.

6 Where glorified, we'll ever sing,
And praise the Prince of Peace—
The consort of our heavenly King,
Whose reign shall never cease.

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God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. MARTIN. W. S. MARTIN.

1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be-neath His wings of lov a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea-ry one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way,

He will take care of you, God will take care of you.
take care of you.

Copyright, 1906, by John A. Davis.

Isn't It Grand?

May also be sung to tune "Heavenly Sunlight."

HARRIET M. WASSON. S. D. and B. S. KINNE.

1. Still are the fount-ains where He doth lead, Green are the pas-tures
2. Why should we doubt Him? Why should we fear? On-ly per-mit Him
3. Claiming each prom-ise in the blest word, Dai-ly a-bid-ing
4. Art thou a tem-ple, fit for the Lord? Can He there live in
5. Count all thy loss-es, gain-ing at last, All of thy cross-es

where He doth feed; Saved and re-joic-ing, ev-er I am!
to thee draw near; Gird on His ar-mour, ev-er to stand,
safe in the Lord; Ev-er a ves-sel at His com-mand,
per-fect ac-cord? Art thou sur-ren-dered to ev-'ry com-mand?
joys un-sur-passed; Grow-ing in Je-sus, grow-ing in grace,

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to Je-sus! Is-n't it grand? Je-sus my Shep-herd,

out in the cold Sought me and bro't me safe to the fold: Now I am

hid-ing safe in His hand, Glo-ry to Je-sus! Is-n't it grand?

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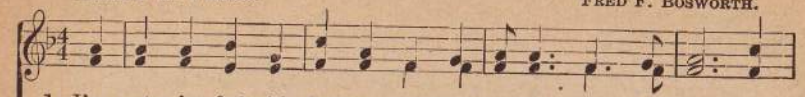
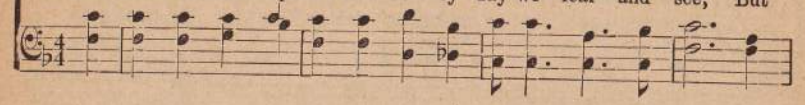
Satisfying Jesus.

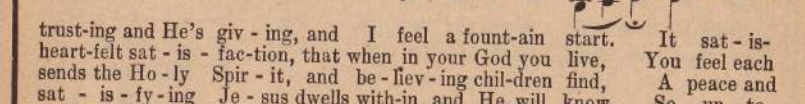
HARRIET M. WASSON. FRED F. BOSWORTH.



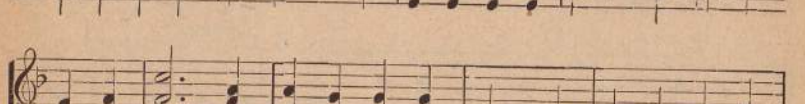
1. I'm sat - is - fied with Je - sus, for He's liv - ing in my heart, I'm
2. The world may scorn this treas-ure, but the world can nev - er give The
3. This sat - is - fy - ing Je - sus is a sol-ace to man - kind: He
4. Tho' test - ed as by fire we should not dis - cour - aged grow; This
5. The bil - lows of temp - ta - tion ev - 'ry day we fear and see; But



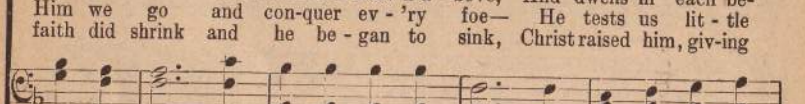
trust-ing and He's giv - ing, and I feel a fount-ain start. It sat - is-
heart-felt sat - is - fac-tion, that when in your God you live, You feel each
sends the Ho - ly Spir - it, and be - lev - ing chil-dren find, A peace and
sat - is - fy - ing Je - sus dwells with-in and He will know. So un - to
Pe - ter came to Je - sus on the rough and rag-ing sea, And when his



fies the soul, it cleans-es and makes whole; A Com-fort - er and
day and hour that all - suf - fi - cient pow'r, That in thy soul is
joy that com - eth down from heav'n a - bove, And dwells in each be-
Him we go and con-quer ev - 'ry foe— He tests us lit - tle
faith did shrink and he be - gan to sink, Christ raised him, giv-ing



treas-ure for a long - ing soul.
dwell-ing like a bloom-ing flow'r.
liev - er like a Heav'n-ly Dove.
chil-dren, for He loves us so.
faith as a con - nect - ing link.



6 So unto earthly children with the hardened stony heart
This satisfying Jesus offers you a better part.
But if you still will wait, these words shall be your fate:
Depart, I never knew thee, thou art now too late.

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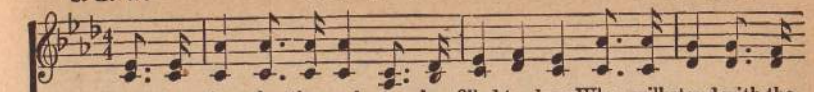
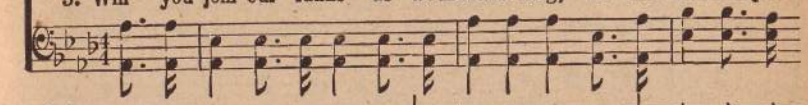
Can the Master Count On You?

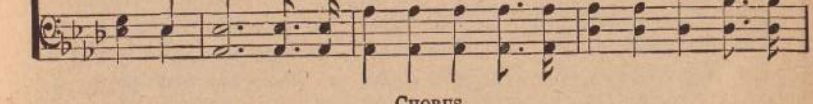
C. B. W. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY C. B. WIDMYER. C. B. Widmyer.



1. There's a place in the ranks to be filled to-day: Who will stand with the
2. Will you stay in the fight when the bat-tle's on, When your comrades are
3. Will you join our ranks as we march a-long, To the mansions pre-

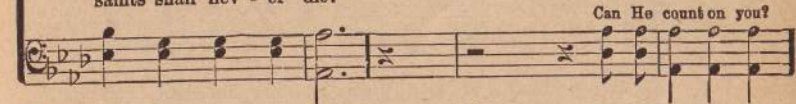


"Tried and True?" 'Mid the bat - tle's din and the can-non's roar, Can the
fall - ing fast? Can He count on you till the bat - tle's o'er, To be
pared on high, To a - dore our King 'mid the blood-wash'd throng, Where the



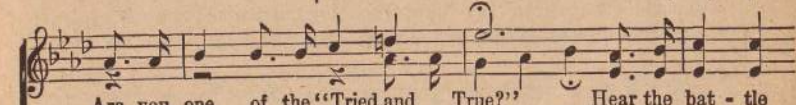
CHORUS.

Mas - ter count on you?
true till the ver - y last? Can the Mas - ter count on you?
saints shall nev - er die?

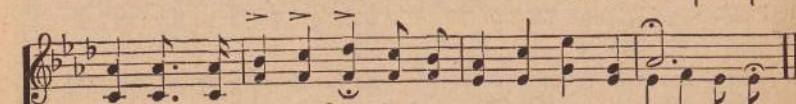


Can He count on you?

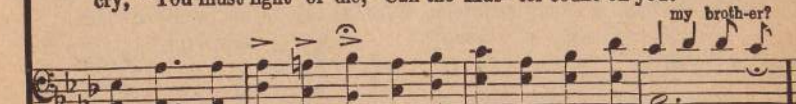
Are you one of the "Tried and True?" Hear the bat - tle



of the "Tried and True?"



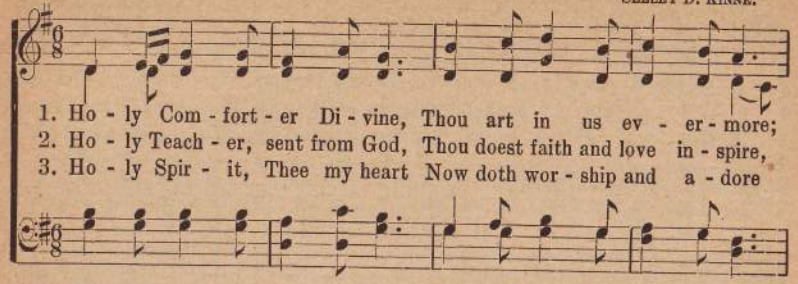
cry, "You must fight or die;" Can the Mas - ter count on you?



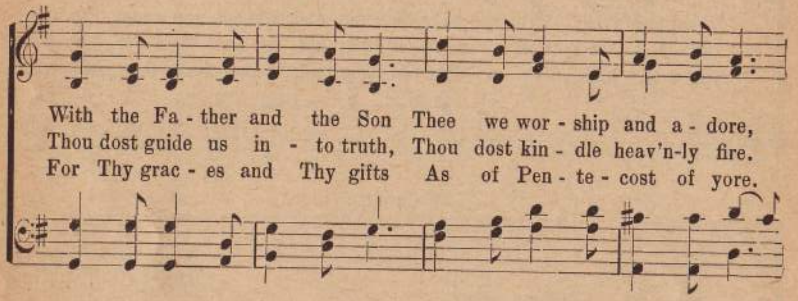
my broth-er?

52 Worship of the Spirit.

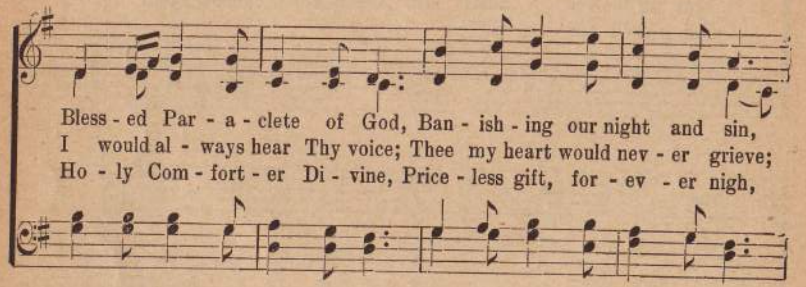
D. W. Griffin. Seeley D. Kinne.



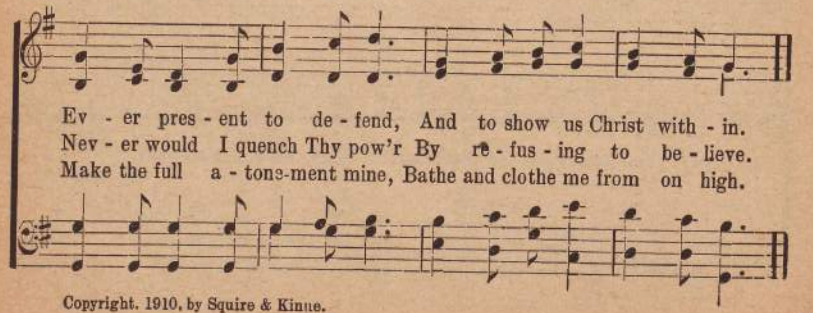
1. Ho - ly Com - fort - er Di - vine, Thou art in us ev - er - more;
2. Ho - ly Teach - er, sent from God, Thou doest faith and love in - spire,
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Thee my heart Now doth wor - ship and a - dore



With the Fa - ther and the Son Thee we wor - ship and a - dore,
Thou dost guide us in - to truth, Thou dost kin - dle heav'n-ly fire.
For Thy grac - es and Thy gifts As of Pen - te - cost of yore.



Bless - ed Par - a - clete of God, Ban - ish - ing our night and sin,
I would al - ways hear Thy voice; Thee my heart would nev - er grieve;
Ho - ly Com - fort - er Di - vine, Price - less gift, for - ev - er nigh,



Ev - er pres - ent to de - fend, And to show us Christ with - in.
Nev - er would I quench Thy pow'r By re - fus - ing to be - lieve.
Make the full a - tone-ment mine, Bathe and clothe me from on high.

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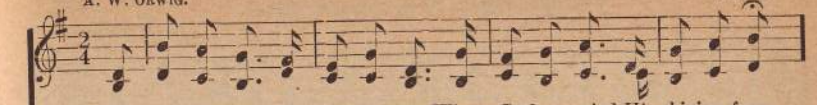
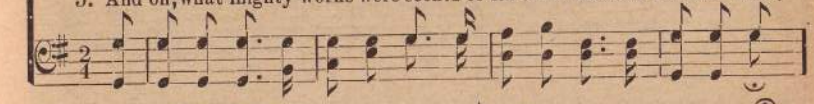
53 The Upper Room.

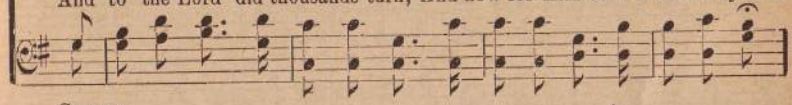
A. W. Orwig. S. L. S.



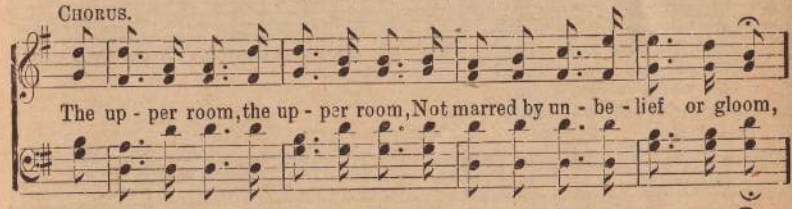
1. The up-per room, O sacred place, Where God revealed His shining face,
2. And when the news was noised abroad, What had been done by the dear Lord,
3. Then the a-pos - tle Pe - ter told A - bout the prom-ise made of old,
4 "But this is that," he cried a - loud, What Jo - el long a - go a - vowed,
5. And oh, what mighty works were seen! For sin there was con-vic-tion keen,



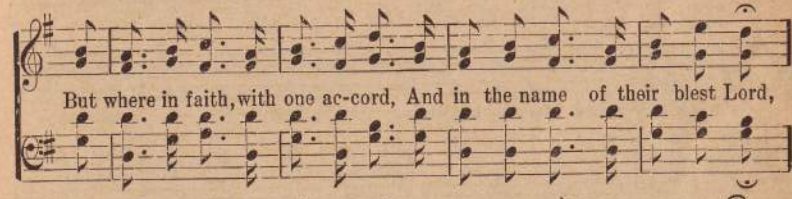
And on the day of Pen - te - cost, Poured out the promised Holy Ghost.
All were amazed at what they heard, Some mocked and some with praise were stirred.
That God His Spir - it would pour out, And bade the peo-ple not to doubt.
That when the Spir - it would de - scend, Both signs and wonders would attend.
And to the Lord did thousands turn, And now for Him their hearts did yearn.



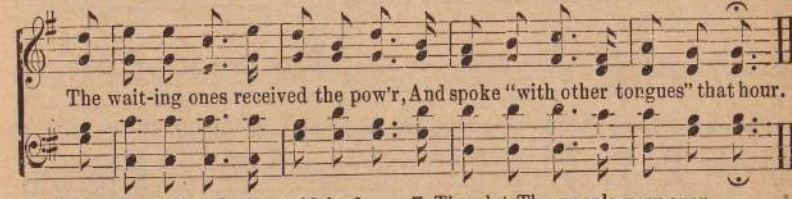
Chorus.



The up - per room, the up - per room, Not marred by un - be - lief or gloom,



But where in faith, with one ac-cord, And in the name of their blest Lord,



The wait-ing ones received the pow'r, And spoke "with other tongues" that hour.

6 O Lord if we Thy flock would feed,
And unsaved souls to Thee would lead,
The Spirit's fullness we must know,
And with His pow'r be all aglow.

7 Then let Thy people very soon
All find their blessed "upper room,"
Where Pentecostal fire will fall,
And God shall be their all in all.

By permission of A. W. Orwig.

A Glorious Church.

Copyright, 1892, by R. E. Hudson. By per.

R. E. Hudson.

1. Do you hear them com - ing, broth - er,— Throng-ing up the steeps of light, Clad in glo-rious,shin-ing gar-ments,—Blood-washed
2. Do you hear the stir - ring an - thems Fill - ing all the earth and sky? 'Tis a grand,vic - to - rious arm - y, Lift its
3. Nev - er fear the clouds of sor - row, Nev - er fear the storms of sin,— We shall tri-umph on the mor - row, E - ven
4. Wave the ban - ner, shout His prais - es, For our vic - to - ry is nigh! We shall join our conq'ring Sav - iour, We shall

Chorus.

garments,pure and white? 'Tis a glo-rious church,with-out spot or wrin - kle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb; 'Tis a glo - rious church, with-out spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

ban-ner up on high!
now our joys be - gin.
reign with Him on high!

Song of the Spirit.

Mrs. A. D. Crane. S. L. S.

1. Once I walked a-lone in dark-ness, Burdened with my load of sin;
2. He has filled me with His pres-ence, And has told me things to come;
3. Je - sus car-ries all my bur - dens, Guides me by the light of day;
4. Do not doubt it, O my peo - ple, Do not grieve God's Ho-ly Son;

Now my Sav-ior walks be-side me, And my heart is pure with-in.
Oh, my heart now thrills with praises, To the Fa-ther and the Son.
While the Ho-ly Ghost with-in me, Speaks thro' me the words I say.
For the com-fort-er He prom-is-ed In His word, has sure-ly come.

Chorus.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! To the Lamb for sin-ners slain,
He was pierced for our re-demp-tion, And on Him was laid our stain.

5 He has brought to us a message,
How that Jesus soon will come;
And will gather all his Chosen,
To their bright eternal home.

6 O get ready, O get ready,
Do not let the call go by;
Soon we'll meet our blessed Savior,
Soon we'll greet Him in the sky.

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The Lamb is the Light

T. H.

Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

1. Fair - er light than sun and moon Shines on yon world a-bove; Whence its rays of
2. In that sum-mer land so bright, That realm of peace and love; Ne'er can fall the
3. There the saints im-mor-tal reign With Je - sus ev - er - more; We shall nev - er

gold - en noon? "The Lamb is the light there-of," Hear the voice of sa-cred writ Of
shades of night, The Lamb is the light there-of, Fol - low on till day be done, Then
weep a - gain As oft we had wept be-fore, Ev - 'ry tear stain shall be dried By

D. S.—I am wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing

that blest home a - bove, "God's own glo - ry light-eth it, The Lamb is the
like a soar-ing dove, Fly a-way where Christ the Son, The Lamb is the
Fa-ther's hand of love, Ev - 'ry long-ing sat - is - fied, For He is the

For His word of love, Call - ing all His ransom'd where The Lamb is the

FINE. CHORUS

light there-of." O, glo - ry to Je-sus! Praise, praise His dear name;.....
His dear name;

light there-of.

D. S.

All glo - ry to Je - sus! My heart with His love is a-flame.....
Hal-le - lu - jah!

WAITING ON THE LORD.

C. F. W.

C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Wait-ing on the Lord for the prom- ise giv - en; Wait - ing on the Lord
2. Wait-ing on the Lord, giv - ing all to Je - sus; Wait - ing on the Lord
3. Wait-ing on the Lord, long-ing to mount high - er; Wait - ing on the Lord,

to send from heav-en; Wait-ing on the Lord, by our faith re-ceiv - ing;
till from sin He frees us; Wait-ing on the Lord for the heav'nly breez-es;
hav-ing great de - sire; Wait-ing on the Lord for the heav'nly fire;

CHORUS.

Wait - ing in the up - per room. The pow - - er! the
The Pen - te- cost - al pow'r! the

pow - - er! Gives vic-t'ry o - ver sin, and pu - ri - ty with-in; The
Pen-te -cost- al pow'r! The

pow - - er! the pow - er! The pow'r they had at Pen-te-cost.
Pen-te-cost-al pow'r! the Pen-te-cost-al pow'r!

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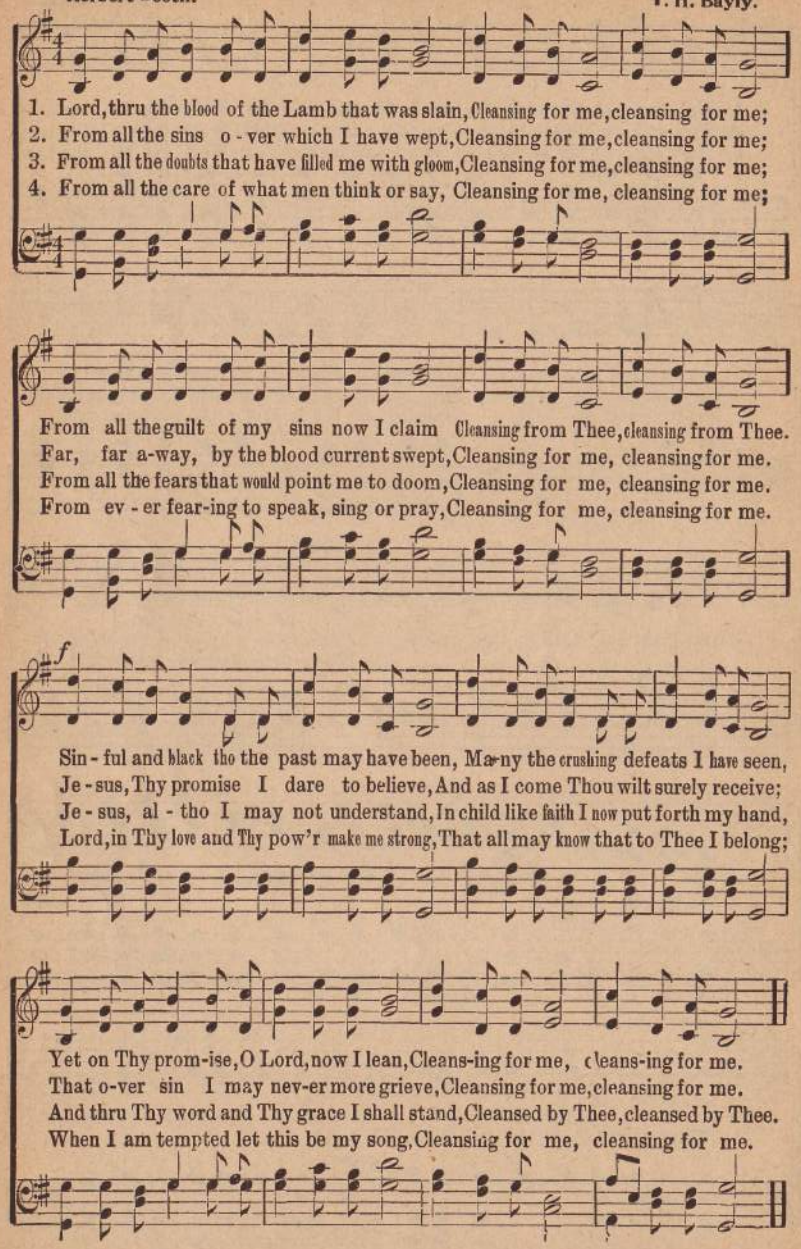
Cleansing for Me.

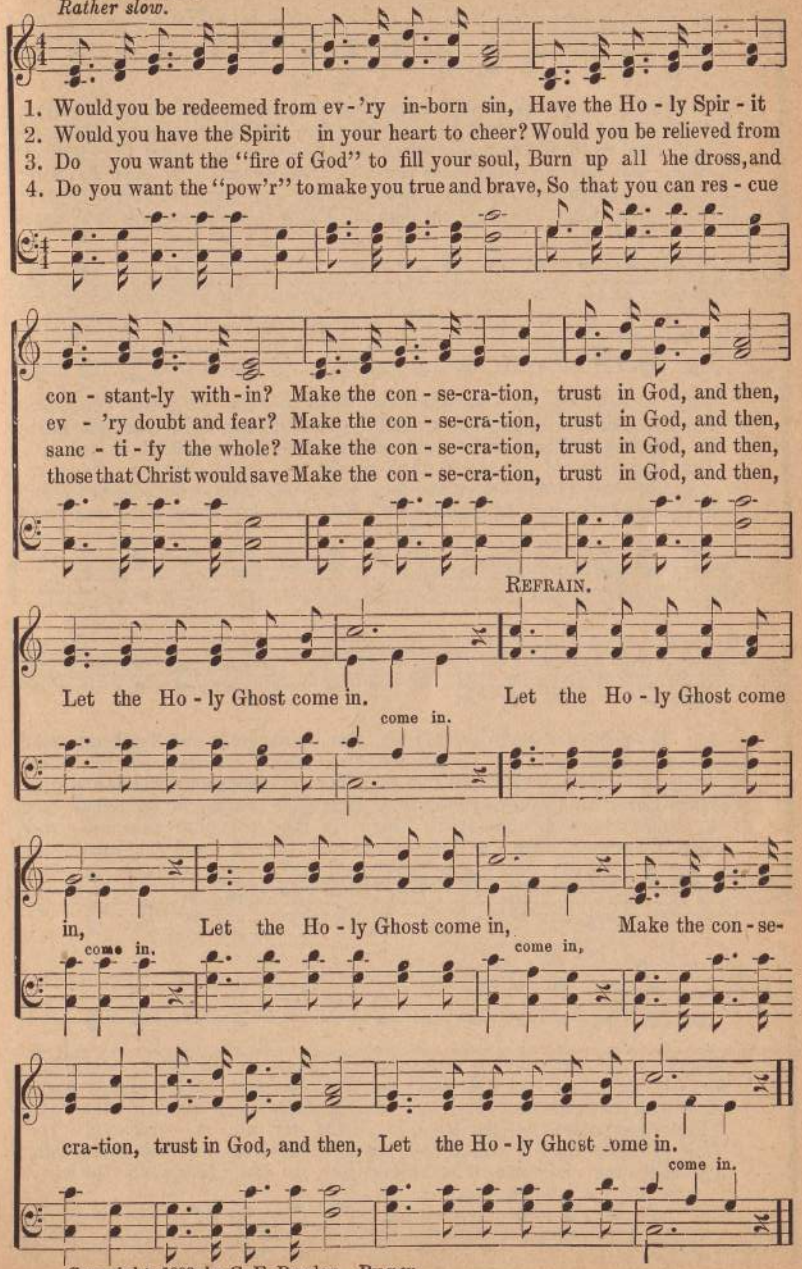
Herbert Booth. T. H. Bayly.



Let the Holy Ghost Come In.

R. F. Reynolds. C. E. Rowley.

Rather slow.



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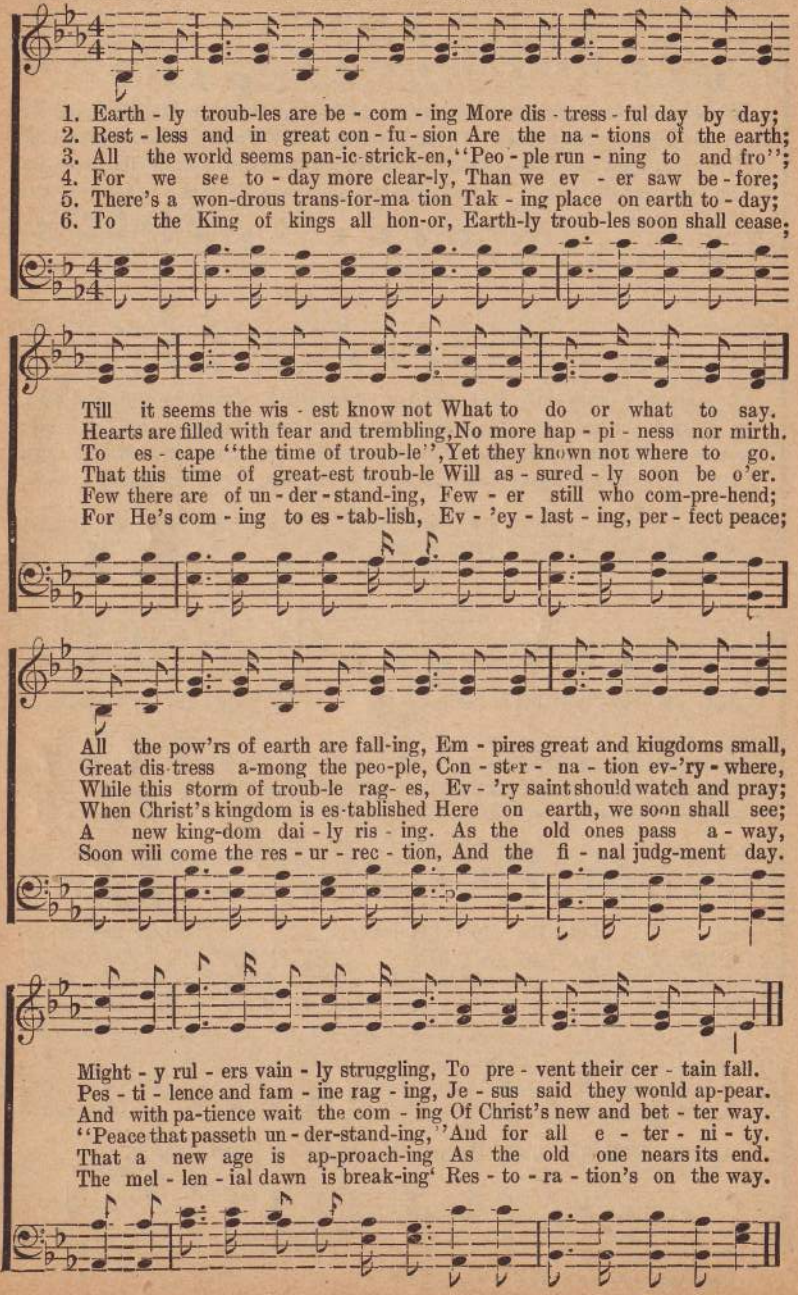
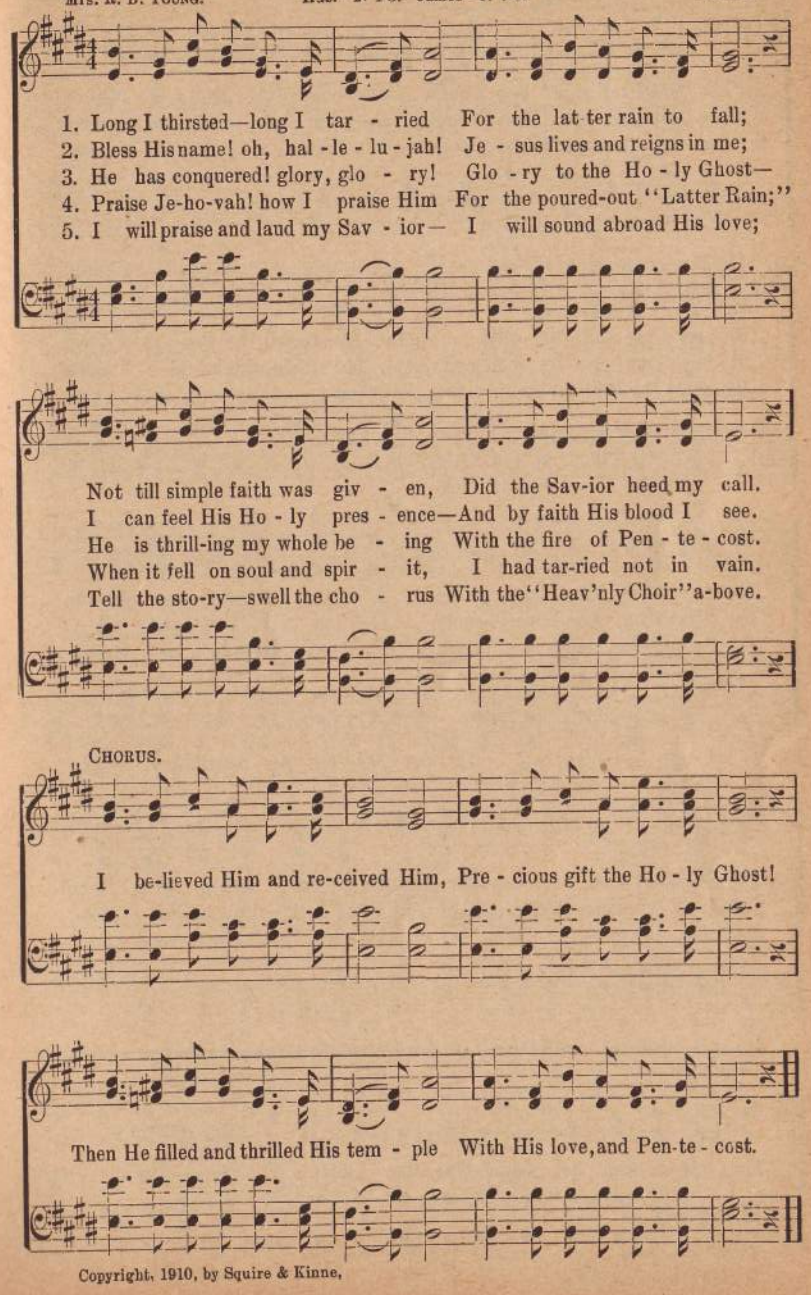
60 The Time of Trouble

Dr. G. F. Payne Owned by Seeley D. Kinne. Rights reserved. Wm. Sowders.



61 Latter Rain.

Mrs. R. B. Young. Hab.—2: 1-3. James—5: 7-8. S. L. S.



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62 The "Latter Rain."

D. W. G. S. D. K.

1. The "lat - ter rain" has come, The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost,
2. The "lat - ter rain" has come, Up - on the parch - ed ground,
3. The "lat - ter rain" has come, O Bride, a - wake, a - rise,

Re-stor - ing all the gifts a - gain Be-stowed at Pen - te - cost;
Re-fresh - ing ev - 'ry hun - gry soul, The whole wide world a - round;
To meet the Bridegroom in the air And mount be-yond the skies;

f.

The "lat - ter rain" has come, A - gain the world has heard,
The "lat - ter rain" has come, O tell it far and wide,
The "form - er rain" is past, The "lat - ter rain" is come,

D. S.—*The "lat - ter rain" has come,*

FINE

The praise of God in oth - er tongues, Ac-cord - ing to His Word.
Till ev - 'ry blood-bought child of God Shall bathe with - in its tide.
And soon in ev - er - last - ing song We'll all sing har - vest - home.

We soon shall see our bless - ed Lord, And all sing har - vest - home.

CHORUS.

The "lat-ter rain" has come, The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost; The "lat - ter

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D. S.

rain" has come, The pow'r of Pen - te - cost O glo - ry to the Lamb,

63 I Love Him.

C. F. O. S. C. FOSTER. Arr. by A. S. M.

Poco adagio.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm, Now thro' the blood I'm
2. Once I was far a-way, deep down in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but

sav'd from sin's a-larm; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in God I live, And

mp CHORUS. *pp*

precious blood of Je - sus wash-es white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev-'ry stain thro' Je-sus' blood. I love him, I love him,
tell the world around the peace that he doth give.

Because he first lov'd me, And purchas'd my sal - va-tion on Mount Cal - va - ry.

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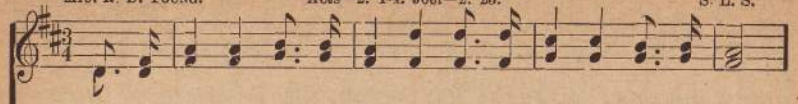
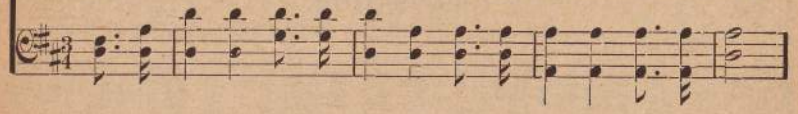
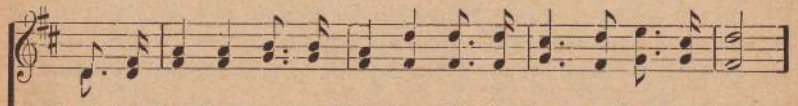
Pentecost.

Mrs. R. B. Young. Acts—2: 1-4. Joel—2: 23. S. L. S.

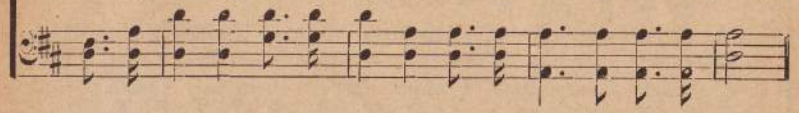


1. Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus, In my Fa-ther's will I'm lost;
2. All my mem-bers, Lord, are yield - ed To the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r,
3. Pour Thy Spir - it out up - on me, Thrill me with Thy love di - vine,
4. Come! Thou blessed Ho - ly Spir - it, Come! possess my be - ing whole,
5. In this "time of vis - i - ta - tion"—When God's hand is pressing hard,

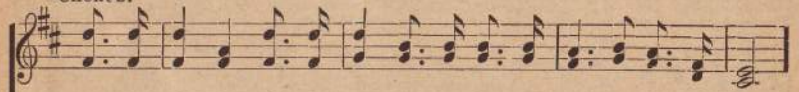




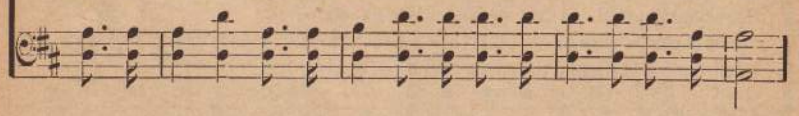
Look-ing for the prom-ised bless - ing—Waiting for my Pen - te - cost.
To be kept for Thine own glo - ry—Kept and strengthened ev-'ry hour.
Till I speak in heav'n-ly lan- guage! Prov-ing I am whol - ly Thine.
All my thot's and words con - trol-ling, All my spir - it, bod - y, soul.
Shak-ing, shrink-ing and ex - pand-ing! I'll not fear—Thy love will guard.

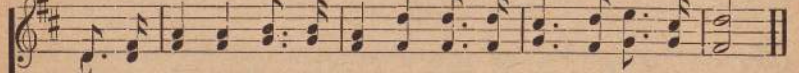


Chorus.

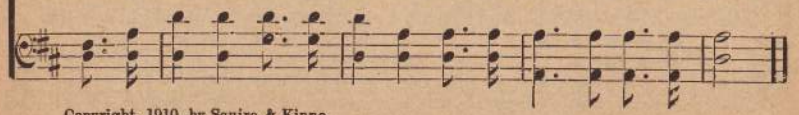


Pen - te - cost - al fire is spread-ing, The "lat-ter rain" is fall - ing fast;





Soon the floods will burst up - on us, Soon the day of grace is passed.



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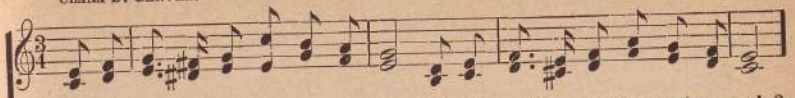
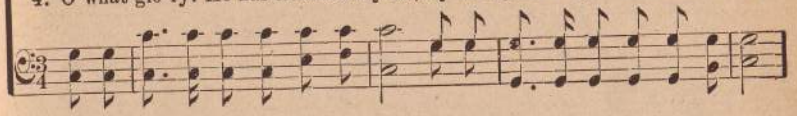
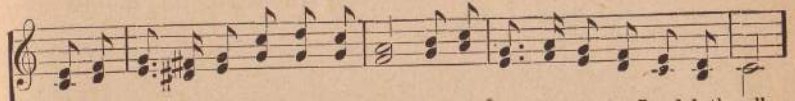
Receiving Pentecost.

Clara B. Garver. S. L. S.

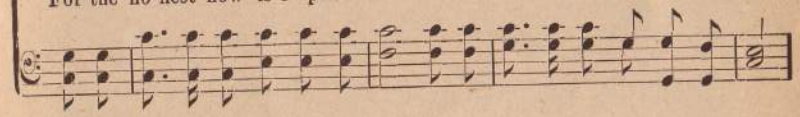


1. Have you heard about the "latter rain," God is send-ing on the earth a - gain?
2. O dear Sav-ior, while we low - ly bow, Send the promise of the Fa-ther now;
3. Not a thing that we had ev - er done Can se - cure the blessing of the Son;
4. O what glo-ry! He has cleansed my sin, By the sprink-ling I can en - ter in;

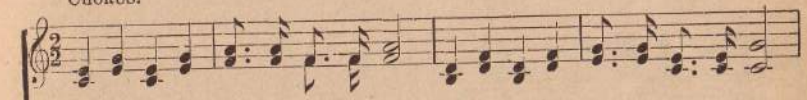




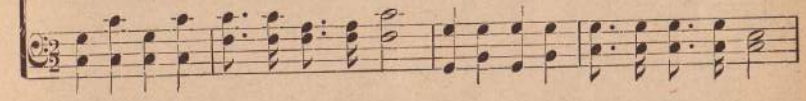
On the dry and thirsty ground to fall Ev-'ry-one that on the Lord doth call.
Tho' so helpless, empty dry and bare, Thou canst cleanse and waiting hearts prepare.
Nothing but His precious blood to plead, It a - vails and it doth in - ter - cede.
For the ho-liest now is o - pen wide—Flows the blood and water from His side.

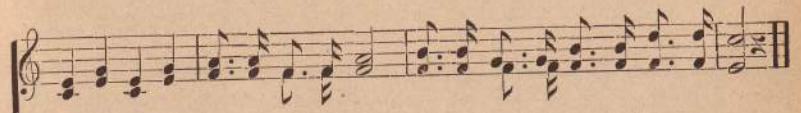


Chorus.

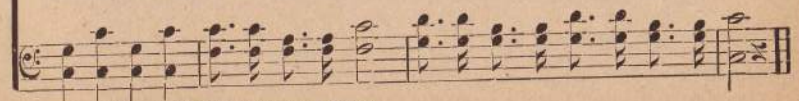


Falling, falling, 'tis the "lat-ter rain;" Coming, coming—Pen-te-cost a - gain;





Hasten, hasten, 'tis the day of pow'r, Come beneath the Ho-ly Spir-it's show'r.



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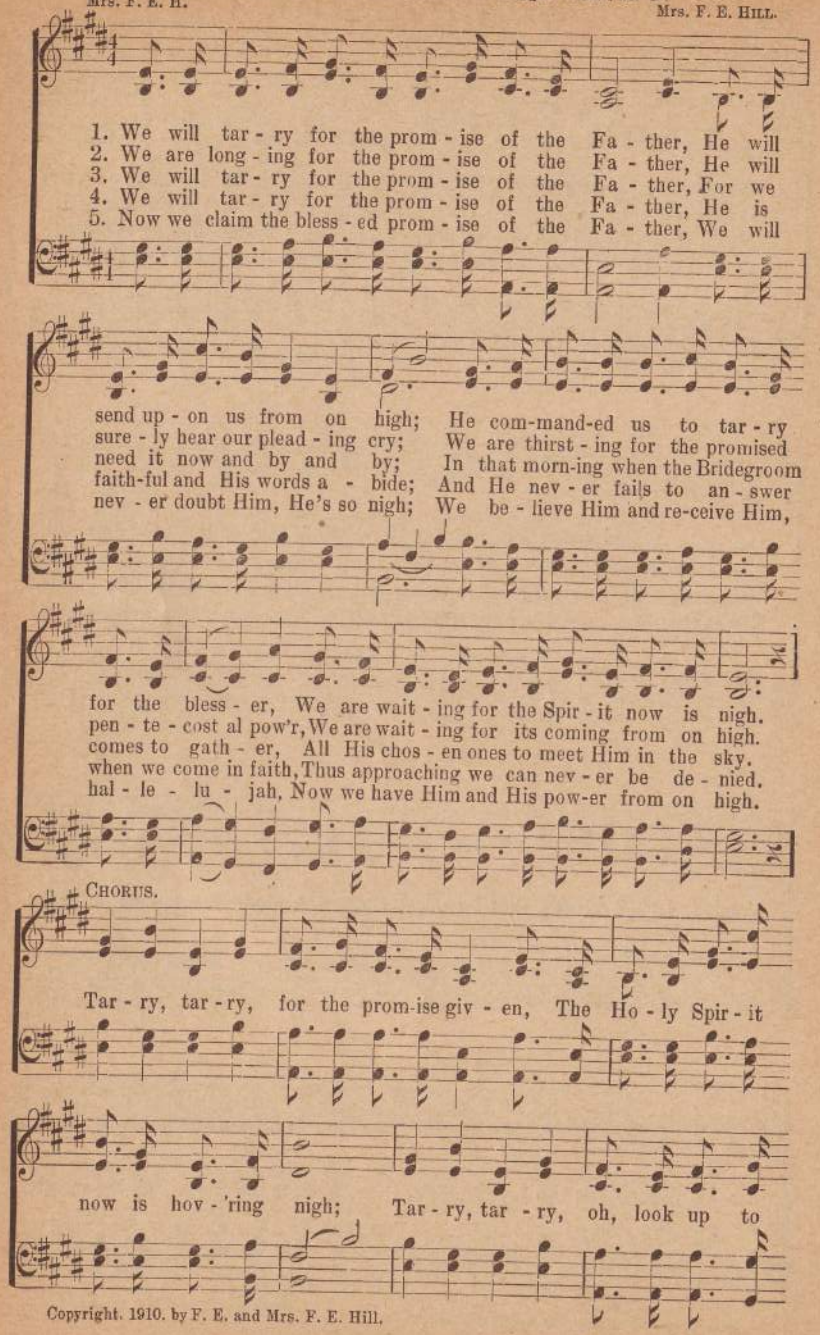
66 Tarry for the Power.

Tarry until ye be endued with power from on high.—Luke. 24: 49.

Mrs. F. E. H. Mrs. F. E. Hill.



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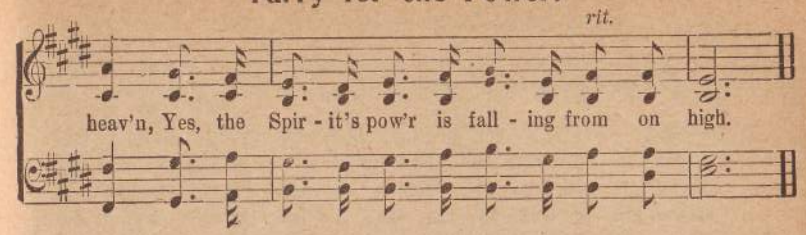
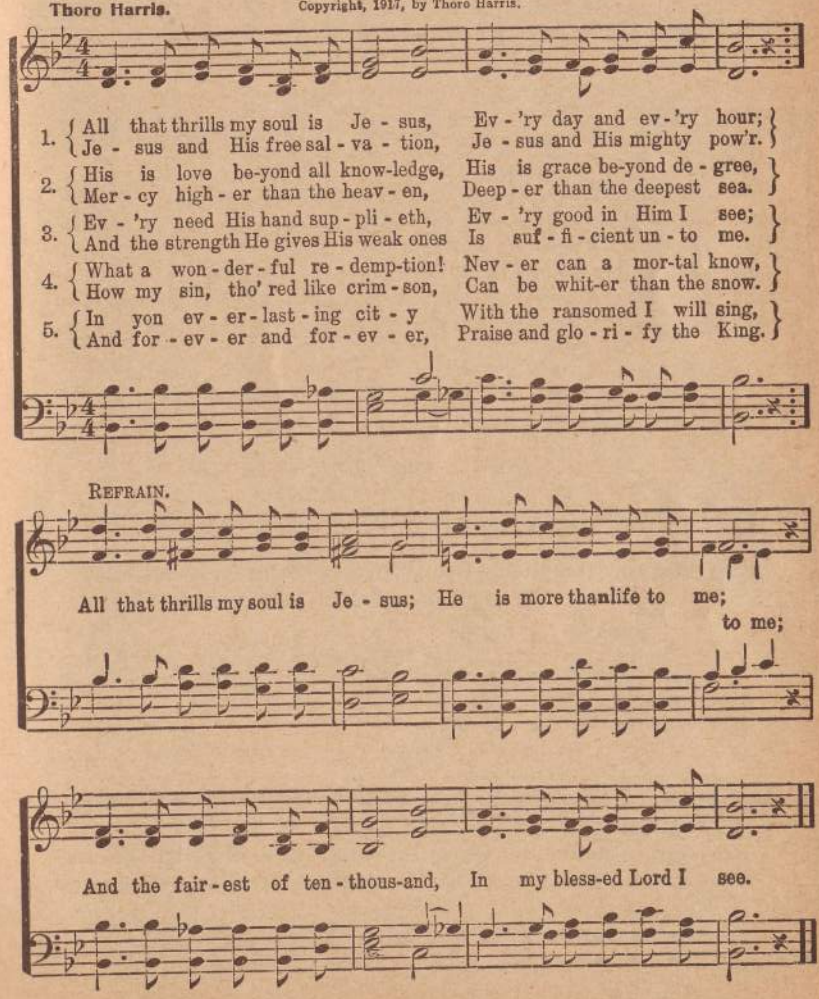
Tarry for the Power.



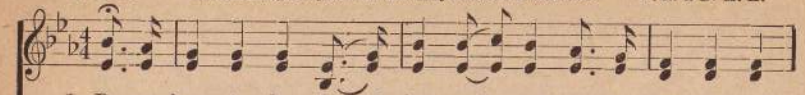
67 All That Thrills My Soul.

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

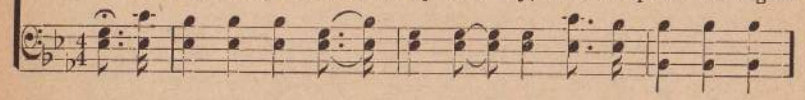


Baptized in the Holy Ghost.

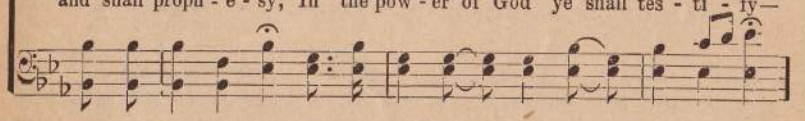
F. E H. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." F. E. & D. M. H.



1. Do you long to be full of joy and free, To be strong in God
2. Will you con - se - crate to Him now your all, Let Him have His way
3. "This is that" which fell at Pen - te - cost, To pre-pare the church
4. 'Tis the gift of God to the sanc-ti - fied; He will com - fort, lead,
5. Will you glad - ly fall at the Sav - ior's feet, Give your doubtings o'er
6. We can sing God's praise now, and by and by, We shall speak with tongues



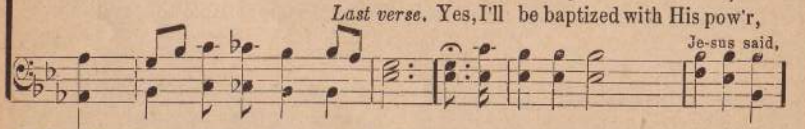
and His glo - ry see, Then o - bey His word and you will be,
while to Him you call? As in faith you wait, the pow'r will fall—
to re - deem the lost: We must then be filled at a - ny cost—
and will be our guide, And will dwell in us, com-ing to a - bide—
and be made com-plete, There to dwell in peace, and com-mun-ion sweet—
and shall proph - e - sy; In the pow - er of God ye shall tes - ti - fy—



FINE CHORUS.

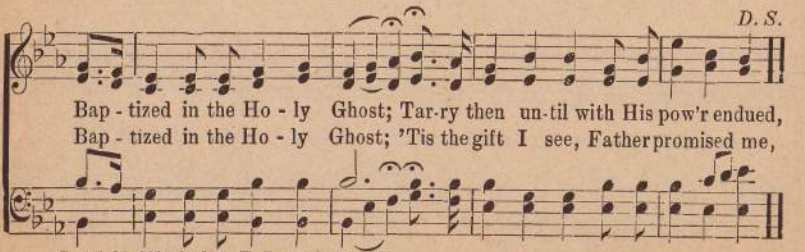
Bap - tized in the Ho - ly Ghost. We shall be baptized Jesus said,

Last verse. Yes, I'll be baptized with His pow'r,



Je-sus said,

D.S.-*Bap - tized in the Ho - ly Ghost.*



D. S.

Bap - tized in the Ho - ly Ghost; Tar-ry then un-til with His pow'r endued,
Bap - tized in the Ho - ly Ghost; 'Tis the gift I see, Father promised me,

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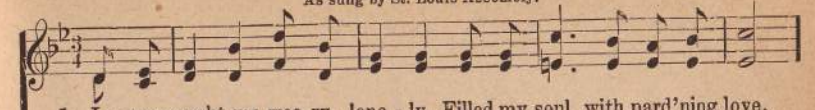
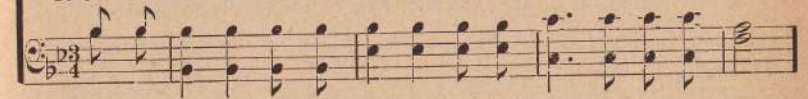
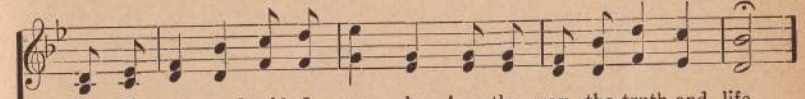
Higher, Higher.

As sung by St. Louis Assembly.

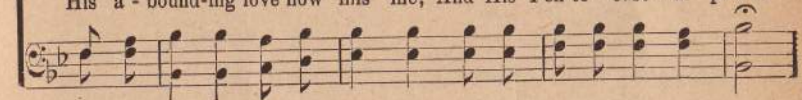


1. Je - sus sought me wea-ry, lone - ly, Filled my soul with pard'ning love,
2. All my bod - y soul and spir - it, Ev - 'ry pow'r to Him re - sign,
3. Now in Je - sus I am rest - ing, In His prom - is - es of love,
4. High-er, high - er, high - er, high - er, Je - sus, Je - sus is there more?
5. Je - sus sanc - ti - fies me whol - ly, Christ is with me ev - 'ry hour;

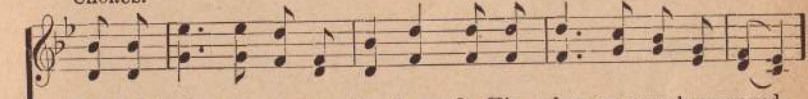




Then He spoke and said I on - ly Am the way, the truth and life.
To be fashioned by His Spir - it Like His char - ac-ter Di - vine.
And the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend - ing, In the sym - bol of a dove.
'Tis the clov-en tongues of fi - re, 'Tis the Pen-te - cost - al show'rs.
His a - bound-ing love now fills me, And His Pen-te - cost - al pow'r.

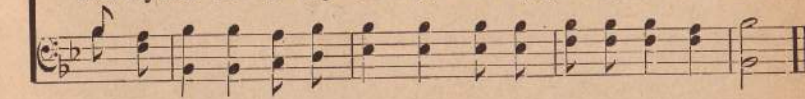


CHORUS.



Now with Je - sus I am ris - ing, On His palms my name's engraved,

Now my soul He is bap - tiz - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, I am saved.



6 Onward, onward, oh how glorious,
God's messengers the world around,
Witnessing with tongues victorious,
Glory, glory, glory bound.

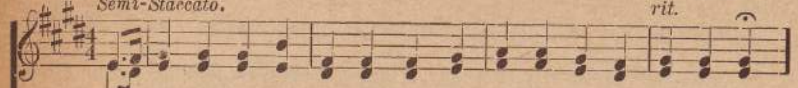
7 Let the message peal as thunder
Wake the nations, catch the flame,
'Till all kindreds, tongues and people
Shall do homage to His name.

Owned by Squire & Kinne.

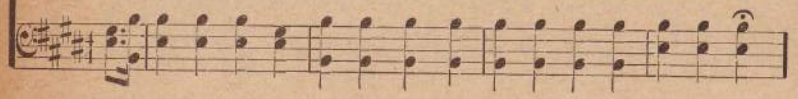
70 Song of the Revival.

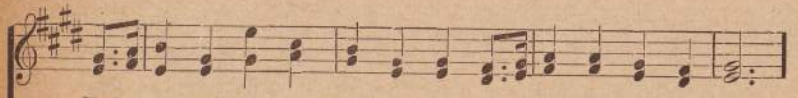
C. W. D. Ferryhill. S. L. S.

Semi-Staccato. *rit.*

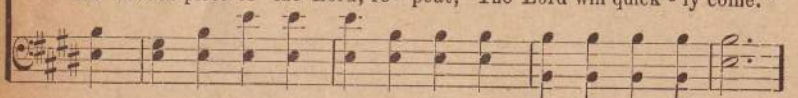


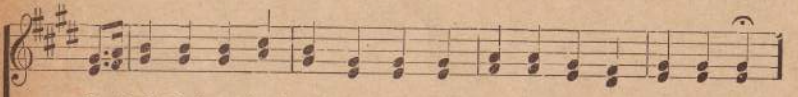
1. O'er hill and dale the mu-sic rings, And all my heart an answer brings,
2. A - rise, a - rise the lamp to trim, A-noint with salve thine eyes so dim,
3. A - rise and lay earth's bosom bare, Take out the tal-ent hid - den there,
4. Go forth, and in the bus - y street, Wher-e'er the careless stand and meet,



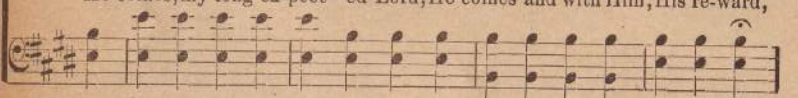


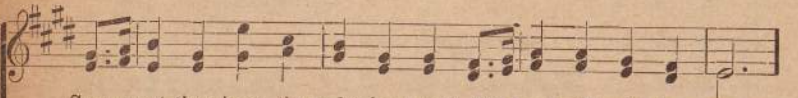
Glad na - ture all a - round me sings, The Lord will quick - ly come.
Then go thou forth to swell the hymn, The Lord will quick - ly come.
With faith - ful toil His way pre - pare, The Lord will quick - ly come.
As mouth-piece of the Lord, re - peat, "The Lord will quick - ly come."



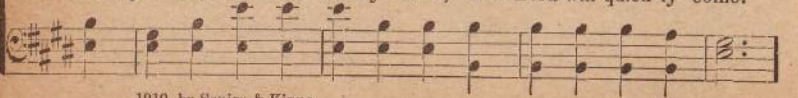


O fool-ish heart in slum-ber bound, That hast thy joys midst worldings found,
A - rise enriched with gold-en might, A - rise en - robed in rai-ment white,
A - rise in Pen - te - cost - al might, A - rise, go forth to win the fight,
He comes, my long ex-pect - ed Lord, He comes and with Him, His re-ward,





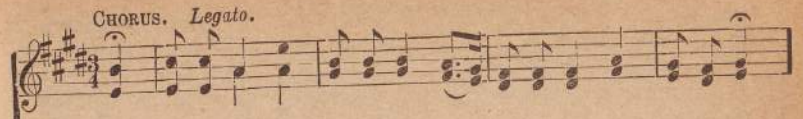
Soon must thou hear the wakening sound, The Lord will quick-ly come.
And gird with ar - mour of the light, The Lord will quick-ly come.
The a - lien ar - mies put to flight, The Lord will quick-ly come.
Both per - fect man and ver - y God, The Lord will quick-ly come.



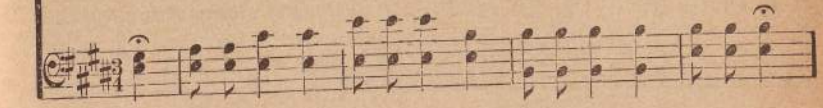
1910, by Squire & Kinne.

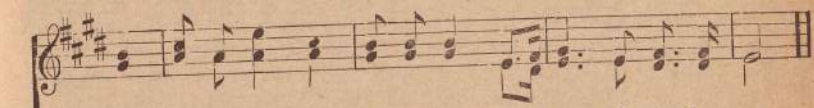
Song of the Revival.

Chorus. *Legato.*

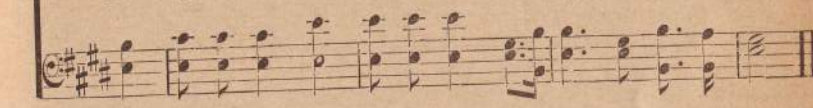


To sink the mountain to a plain, To cleanse the land from ev-'ry stain,





To bring fair E - den back a - gain, The Lord will quick-ly come.



71 Song of the Revival. Part 2.

1 Say not "His coming is delayed,"
Nor beat the servants, man or maid,
Lest judgment find thee sore dismayed,
The Lord will quickly come.
His advent sudden shalt thou see,
Asunder will He sever thee,
With hypocrites thy lot shall be,
The Lord will quickly come;

Chorus.
To judge the race and give them place,
Prepared by His sweet matchless grace;
Or else cast down by His dread frown,
To regions lone—the great unknown.

2 Give ear ye folk that eat and drink,
That buy and sell, nor never think,
How near ye stand to ruin's brink,
The Lord will quickly come.
You who have stood so oft and heard,
The gospel tidings but the word
Your inmost heart has never stirred,
The Lord will quickly come.

3 And you who still the call refuse,
And for some paltry pleasure choose
Your fair inheritance to lose,
The Lord will quickly come.
Or you who longed but did not dare,
To side with Christ, held fast by snare,
Or fear of man, or crushed by care,
The Lord will quickly come.

4 Your day of grace doth quickly pass,
The sand is running from the glass,
A death-knell to your hopes, alas!
The Lord will quickly come.
In this eleventh hour give heed,
While still you feel the Spirit plead,
Come to the Savior in your need,
The Lord will quickly come.

The Penitent's Plea.

By permission.

H. H. — Herbert Booth.

1. Savior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the rec-ord of my sins re - peat,
2. Yet, why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be de-nied,
3. All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev-'ry promise write my name;

Stain'd with guilt, myself ab - hor - ring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pour - ing;
To that heart its sins con-fess - ing, Can'st Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am I come, be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re - ceiv - ing,

Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir-it free?
By the love and pit-y Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,
Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

Raise my sink - ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more.
Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
Charg-ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save, To sin - bound souls.

Chorus.

Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

The Penitent's Plea.

f

sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!
Pow'r to keep me sin - less for me, for me!

Evening Light.

See Zech. 14: 6; Act 3: 19; Mark 16: 17; John 12: 35; Matt. 24: 32.

R. E. W. — R. E. Winsett.

1. Christians, awake! see the light has come, Shining in even-ing as clear as morn;
2. Time of re - fresh-ing has come to all, God is now let-ting His Spir-it fall;
3. Spir - it-ual signs fol-low saints of God, Who in a - pos - tol - ic footsteps trod;
4. Walk in the light as it comes to you, Christians, awake, there is work to do,
5. Look and be-hold now the fig leaves green, Nearing the end can be plainly seen;

Christians, a - wake! Christians, a - wake!
Christians, a - wake! Chris - tians, a - wake!

f Fine. Refrain.

Now *a-wake* and be-hold evening light. The even - ing light has come,
Now *a-wake* and re - ceive lat-ter rain.
Wake and *see* ho - ly light shines for all.
O *a-wake* or the light soon will pass.
Wake and *watch* soon the bridegroom will come. The evening light at last has come,

D. S.-*Books of proph-e-sy ful - filled at last.*

D. S.

The dark day is past, The clouds now have flown,
The dark and cloudy day is past, ev-er past, The noonday clouds have for - ev - er flown,

Owned by R. E. Winsett, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Cross is Not Greater.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

Com. Ballington Booth.
Arr. by W. J. K.

1. The Cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His Crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight,

The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

Chorus.

The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm cannot hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is - fied to know That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

Used by per. Salvation Army.

The Wedding in the Air.

A. W. Orwig. S. L. S.

1. Oh, bless - ed wedding in the air, Some day for all God's saints to share,
2. The signs are ma - ny, ev-'ry where, That soon the wed-ding in the air,
3. If we that bliss - ful scene would share, Un-spot-ted garments we must wear,
4. Oh, roy - al wed-ding in the air, The marriage sup - per, rich and rare,
5. And oft my heart breathes forth a pray'r, Come quickly Lord, my Savior fair,

As doth the ho - ly Word de - clare; Will you be there? Will you be there?
Will dawn up - on each ransomed heir; Will you be there? Will you be there?
The Ho - ly Spir - it's seal - ing bear; Will you be there? Will you be there?
Naught earthly with it can com-pare; Will you be there? Will you be there?
But oh, vast num - bers more pre-pare To join the wed - ding in the air.

Chorus.

Yes, by God's grace..... I hope to be, A-mong that bless - ed com-pa - ny,..... Caught up in rap - ture, in the air,..... Yes, I'll be there..... Yes, I'll be there.

By God's grace hope to be, 'Mong that bless-ed com - pa - ny, Caught up in rap-ture in the air, Yes, I'll be there. Yes, I'll be there.

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His Day.

B. F. L. B. Freeman Lawrence.

Ad Lib.

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, In Thy se - cret hid - ing place,
2. In that day the sin and sigh - ing, Of this world shall pass a - way,
3. Come at last, the Son of Dav - id, King of kings He sits to reign,
4. 'Tis the year of ju - bi - lee, Let the trum - pet joy - ful sound,

Let me sink my wea - ry spir - it, And en - rapt-ured view Thy face,
In a glo - rious reign with Je - sus, 'Neath His sceptre's i - ron sway,
All the earth doth bow be - fore Him, All the na - tion's wide do - main,
Glad the wait - ing earth-hearts wea-ry By the pow'rs of dark-ness bound,

When the storms of life o'er-whelm me, Thou art all my hope and stay,
All the myr - iad hosts of e - vil, Shall be ground beneath His heel,
Low - ly wait - ing there be - fore Him, Mul - ti - tudes His word do hear;
For op-pres - sion's ceased and end-ed, And the foul hell-hosts are gone;

I am wait - ing for the morn - ing, For the dawn - ing of Thy day.
Hark! the sil - ver jubilee trum-pets, Ring the ti - dings of His weal.
Then they go, the blest world hear-ing The sweet message of His cheer.
Lo, the prince the Son of Dav - id, Is at last up - on His throne.

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The Bridegroom Call.

Mrs. F. C. H. Except chorus. I'm coming soon. Mrs. F. C. Hoffman.

1. I'm coming soon, my dear be-lov-ed one, To catch a - way my ver - y own;
2. You are the one my dear be - lov - ed, Who stood the test of tri - als sore;
3. Your mansion is prepared a - bove you, The streets are paved with purest gold;
4. I've tried you as the gold is tried; I've tried you as by full - er's soap;
5. Then you will sail a - way so soft - ly, To dwell with Him, yes, ev - er - more;
6. I'm coming soon, my dear be-loved one, Your wedding garments then have on;

Come, we will sail a - way so soft - ly, To meet our Fa-ther on His throne.
I've tried you in the fiery furn - ace, And proved you o'er and o'er.
The feast the an - gels are pre-par - ing, To you my glo-ries I'll un - fold.
I've chos - en you, my dear be-loved one, For you the gates of glo - ry ope.
To live for - ev - er with your Bridegroom, In glo - ry on heav-en's shore.
I'm com - ing on the clouds with pow-er, To take my bride for - ev - er home.

Chorus.

Be read - y, watching, oh be read - y, I'm com-ing soon, I'm coming soon;

I'll steal a - way my bride so swift - ly, To sit down with me in my throne.

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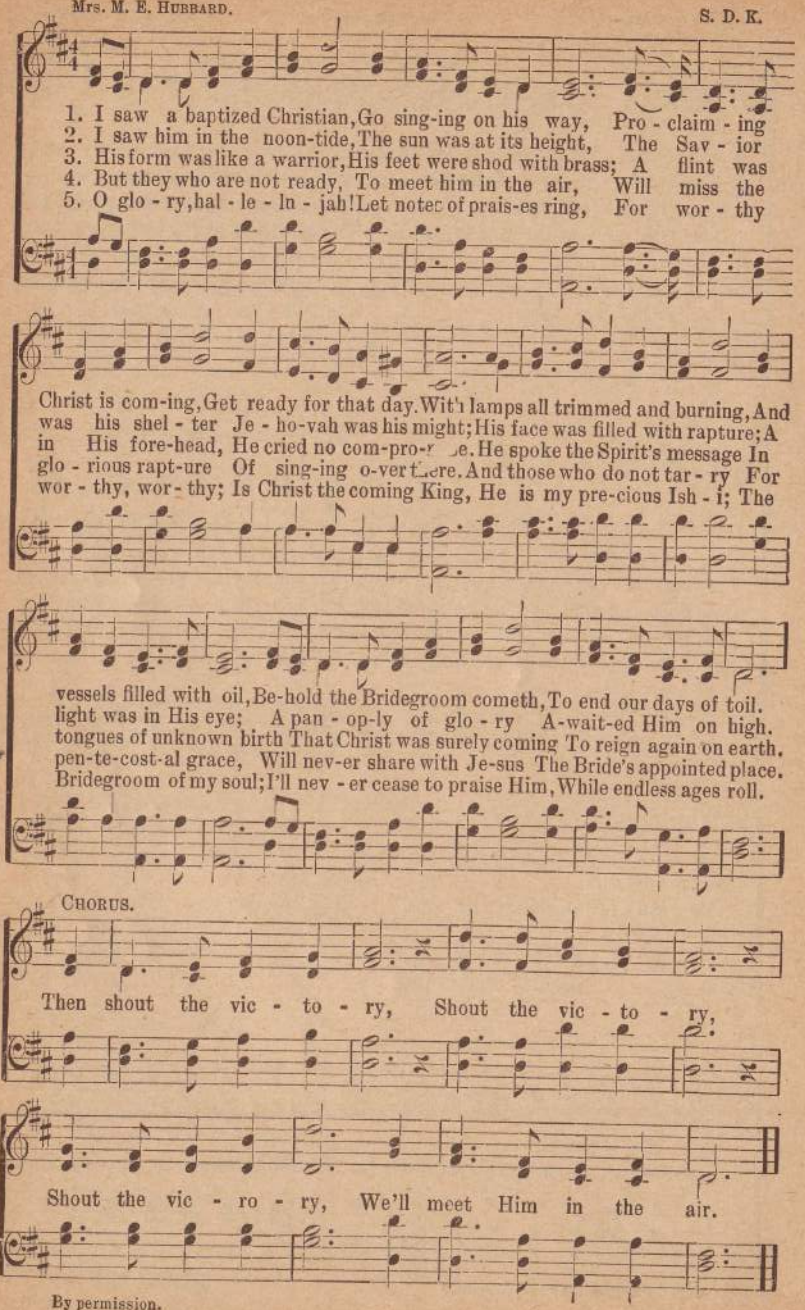
The Baptized Christian.

Mrs. M. E. Hubbard. S. D. K.



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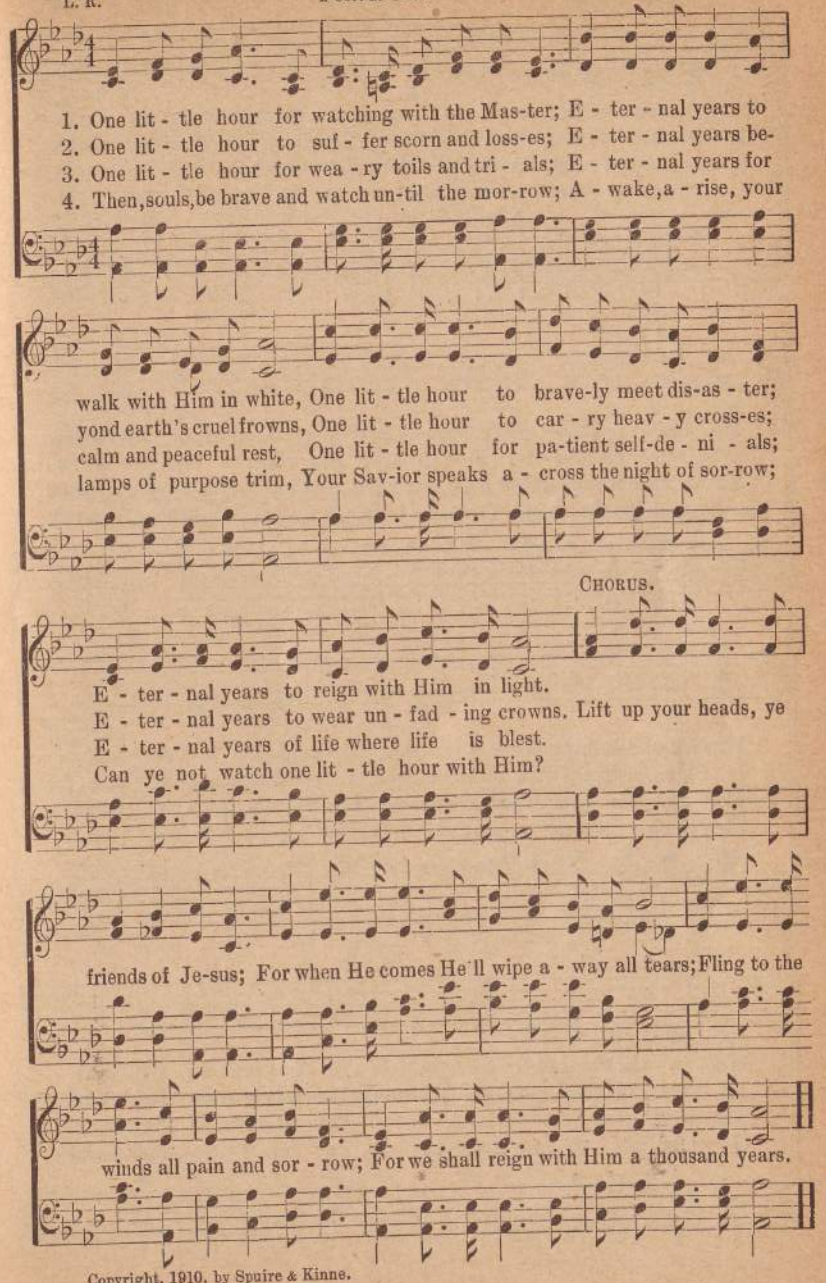
One Little Hour.

L. R. 2 Cor. 2: 4-17. Sarah L. Squire.



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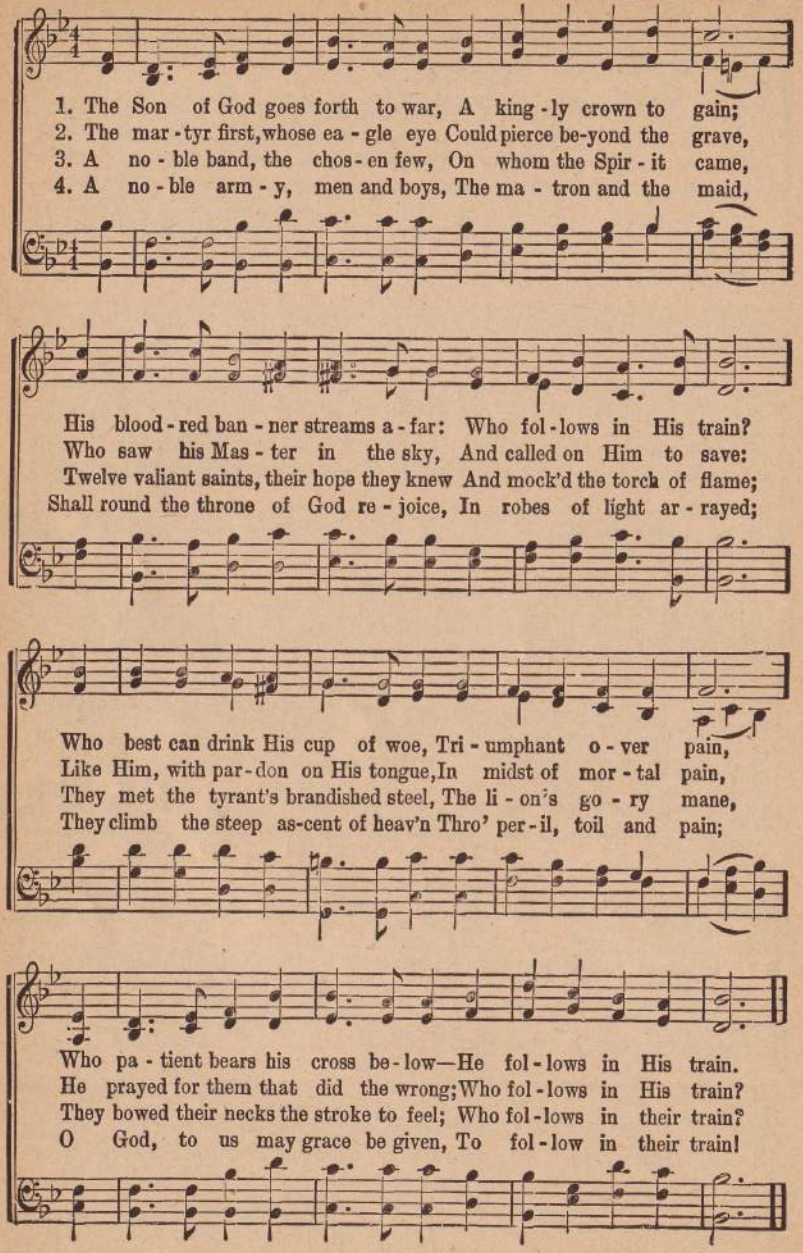
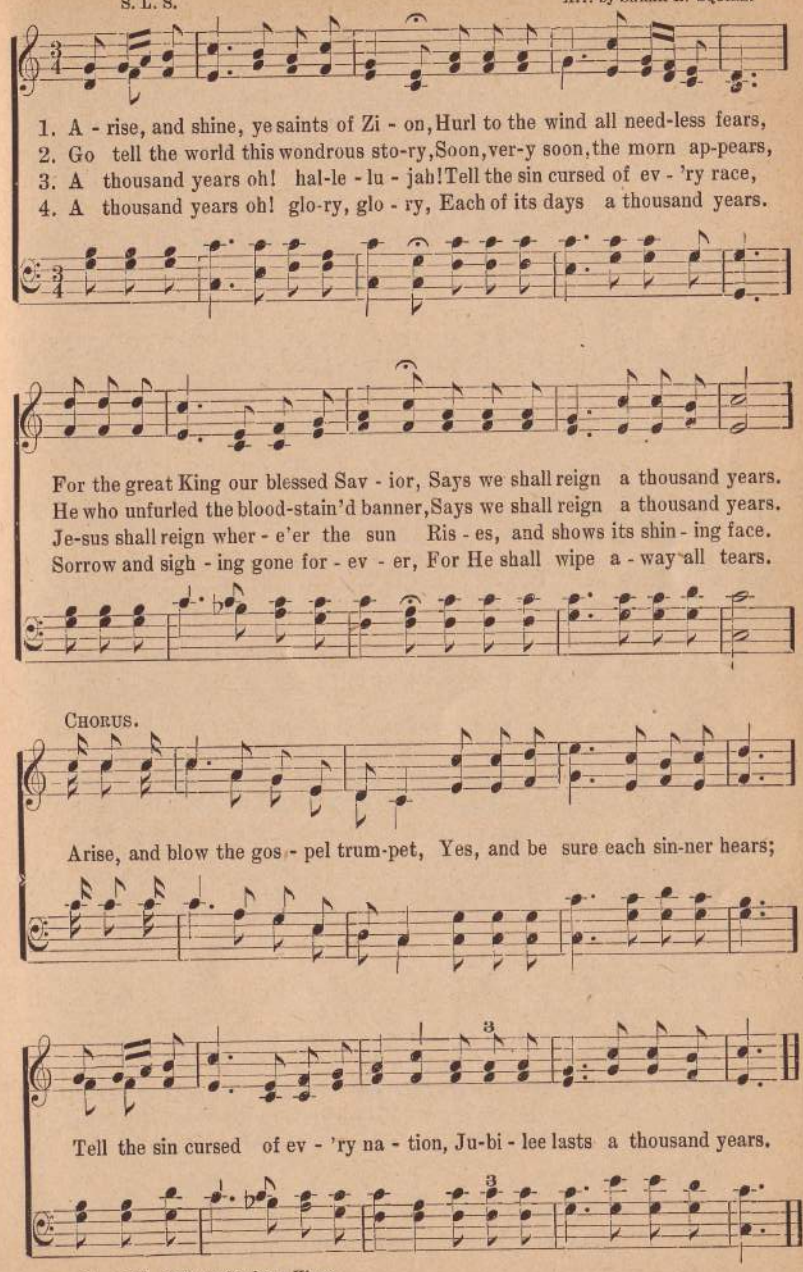
The Son of God.

REGINALD HEBER. (All Saints, C. M. D.) HENRY S. CUTLER.



A Thousand Years.

S. L. S. Arr. by SARAH L. SQUIRE.



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JOHN T. BODDY. S. D. K.

1. Thro'-out the world today is sounding, God's Pen-te-cost-al bu - gle note,
2. The King of Heaven earthward marches, His feet are in the clouds to-day,
3. Up at the voice of thy com-mand-er, The final con-flict now is on;
4. And by His pow'r all wrongs redressing, He soon will seal the awful fate,
5. Strong in the gospel's full pro-vis-ion, Prepared for that e-vent-ful hour;

The wis-dom of the wise con-found-ing— O hear it swell and float.
And soon beneath time's crumbling arches, He'll lead us to the fray.
No more to creature com-fort's pander, Truth's vict'ry must be won.
Of de - mon hosts a-round us press-ing, Ma - lign-ant in their hate.
March with a bold and firm de - cis - ion, Armed with the Spir-it's pow'r.

A - bove the din of earth's commotion, The midnight cry we soon shall hear,
So-ldiers of Christ prepare for bat-tle; A sound of strife is in the air;
Fear not the foe, but trust thy leader—The Lord of hosts just at thy side,
Press on toward the King's high calling, With love's ambition in thy soul;
The glad and welcome news proclaiming, In ev-'ry land from sea to sea;

A - rise and prove thy love's de-vo - tion— The day of Christ is near.
We smell the smoke and hear the rat - tle, That warns us to pre - pare.
Who comes to win blest in - ter - ce - der— A mil - i - ta - ry bride.
Press on while foes a - round are fall - ing—Press on to-ward the goal.
The conqueror comes in garments flam-ing, To bring earth's ju-bi - lee.

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CHORUS.

A - rise! a - rise! Ye heirs of glo-ry—The Bridegroom's at the door!
a-rise! a-rise!

Sal-va-tion's glad and bless-ed sto - ry, Pro-claim a-broad once more.

83 Joy to the World.

I. WATTS.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King,
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns, Let men their songs em - ploy;
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground,
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-
He comes to make His bless-ings flow, Far as the curse is found, Far
The glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And wonders of His love, And

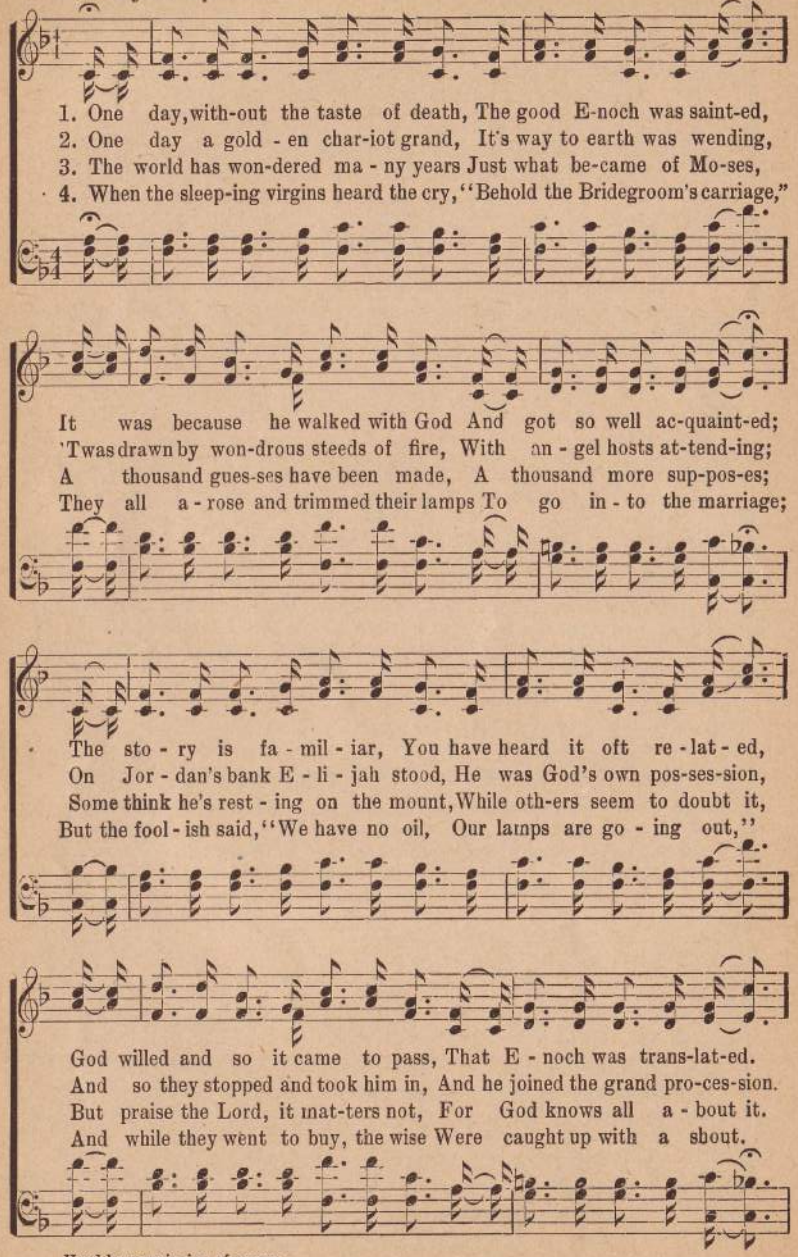
And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and, heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing, . . . And heav'n and na - ture sing,

F. E. R. F. E. RIMANOCZY.

With great expression.



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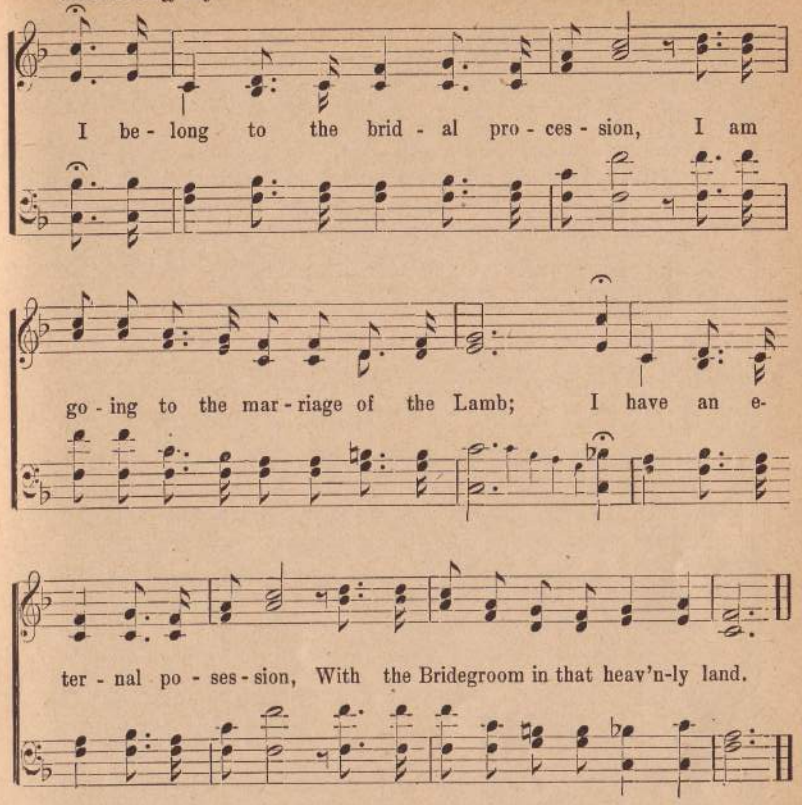
CHORUS. *Joyfully.*



5 In most of Paul's epistles he
Has very plainly told us
That soon this old terrestrial sphere
Won't have the power to hold us;
The Lord Himself, with might shall come,
Whom God is now detaining,
The dead in Christ shall be raised first,
Then those alive, remaining.

6 So weigh these matters well, dear friends,
And heed this admonition,
Don't waste your precious time in sin,
Nor with your vain ambition;
But put the wedding garments on,
For the day of God is nearing,
And the crown of life is just for those
Who love the Lord's appearing.

The Marriage Supper.

"Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."—Rev. 19: 9.

F. E. R. F. E. RIMANOCZY.

With great expression.

1. I'm in - vit - ed to a sup - per, 'Tis a mar-riage feast and grand,
2. First the Lord Him-self with might-y shout, And thund'ring bu - gle blast,
3. I can see I - saiah and A - bra-ham, With flowing garments white,
4. In the back-ground myriad an - gels sit, With shin-ing harps of gold,

'Tis the great - est of all ban-quets, Ev - er known on sea or land;
Will an-nounce, "the feast is read - y," Lo, the Bridegroom's come at last;
And I - saac, Job and Dan - iel there, All crowned with heav'nly light;
And the rapturous mu - sic which they make, In words can - not be told;

There will be a count-less host of guests, The Bridegroom and the Bride,
Then the wait - ing saints of earth shall rise, With thrill-ing hearts of love,
There are Mo - ses and E - li - jah, Paul, And Je - ri - mi - ah, too,
'Tis a song of won-drous maj - es - ty, Their swelling voic - es sing,

cres. ff

And all who to this sup - per go, On shin - ing clouds shall ride.
And in one grand pro-ces - sion go, To the ban-quet hall a - bove.
And all the faith - ful martyrs, Who un - to the death were true.
While the hal - le - lu - jahs of the saints, Make all the heav-en's ring.

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CHORUS.

The Marriage Supper.

Yes, I have an in - vi - ta - tion, I can take my friends a - long,

There is on - ly one con - di - tion, You must know Redemption's Song;

So then put your wed-ding gar - ments on, For you can - not do it there;

cres. ff

The wed-ding bells are soon to ring, You have no time to spare.

5 Hark! a holy stillness now ensues,
The angel songs are ceased,
While a heavenly grace is being asked,
Upon this wondrous feast;
See, the Man with visage marred but sweet,
With scars upon His hands,
Invokes the Father's blessing,
As with outstreched arms He stands.

6 When the Bridegroom drops those blessed hands,
And says the last "Amen,"
The saints respond with one accord,
And the angels sing again;
"Glory, glory be to Him whose blood
Hath washed us from our sins,"
And 'midst the splendors of the scene,
The marriage feast begins.

(Omit chorus between last two verses.)

S. D. K. S. D. K.

1. The pen - te - cost ban - ner, A - far let it wave; A sig - nal to
2. With blood-drops 'tis spangled, And sym-bols are there, Of Je - sus all
3. Its folds are a text - ure Like sor-row and love, With gold and silk
4. So roy - al a stand - ard of Dav - id's own heir Shall nev - er be

sin - ners, He's a - ble to save; The flag of the might-y, Fling
man - gled Our an - guish to share; 'Tis striped with the rain - bow Of
mix-ture—The sign of the dove; 'Tis pur - ple and az - ure, The
slandered—Let no trait - or dare; Bright Star of the Morn - ing Shall

high in the skies; A - pen - nant so sight - ly, May none com-pro-mise.
His bless - ed grace, And light - ed with sun - glow From His match - less face.
col - ors of one In - dit - ing the pleas - ure Of Je - sus the Son.
sig - nal the fight And shed near and a - far Its shim-mer - ing light.

CHORUS.

O flag of the might - y, O flag of the free; En - sign of the

Spir - it And blood shed for me. O flag of our Sav - ior We'll

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keep the un furled, And tri - umph for - ev - er, O'er death and the world.

87 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY WILLIAM H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you; O re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com - pas - sion, And of won - drous love;
"Look un - to me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God:

Tho' they be red,

DUET. QUARTET.

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions,

p rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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In Tenderness He Sought Me.

W. Spencer Walton. A. J. Gordon.

1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wea - ry and sick with sin, And
2. He washed the bleed - ing sin - wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He
3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed, A
4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face, While
5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest; I'm

on His shoul - ders brought me Back to His fold a - gain. While
whis - pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine," I
mock - ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed up - on His head: I
with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace. It
wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright - est and the best, When

an - gels in His presence sang Un - til the courts of heav - en rang.
nev - er heard a sweet - er voice; It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
wondered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.

CHORUS.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

brought me to the fold. Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

Coronation Hymnal, 1894.

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like
5. O come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—*The tem - pest may sweep o'er the*

FINE.

make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

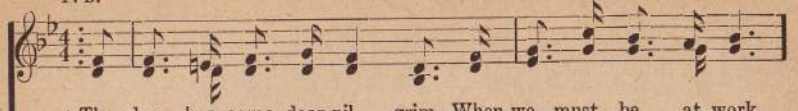
wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

I've anchored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

God's Pentecostal Army.

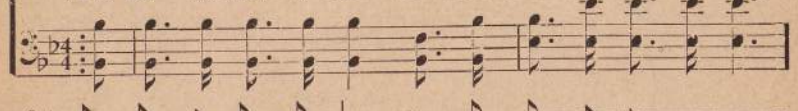
P. B. Mrs. Pearl Bowen.



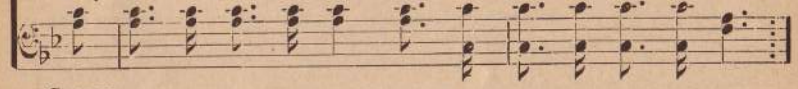
1. The day has come, dear pil - grim, When we must be at work,
Tho' fierce may be the con - flict, We'll sure - ly stand the test,

2. O saints of God, get read - y, We have no time to lose,
O do not let us com-pro-mise, For Je - sus wants us true;

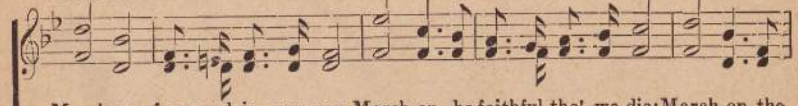
3. O grand will be the ar - my, If we but step in line,
For He will sure - ly lead us Safe thro' the thick - est fight,



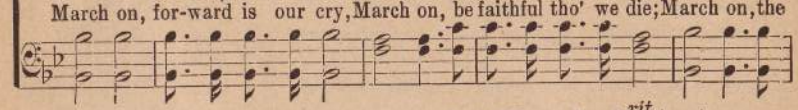
A - bout our Fa - ther's busi - ness, And ne'er a du - ty shirk;
If we but trust in Je - sus, And all be at our best.
Nor ask so ma - ny ques - tions, We cer - tain - ly must choose;
And lo we have His prom - ise, He's bound to see us thro'.
And fol - low close to Je - sus, And keep right up to time;
Keep on the Gos - pel Ar - mor, And stand up for the right.



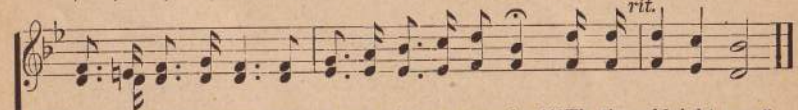
Chorus.



March on, for-ward is our cry, March on, be faithful tho' we die; March on, the



Bridegroom sure is nigh; Get oil with - in your vessels, "'Tis the midnight cry."



4 The Holy Ghost will furnish us
The sword for every fight,
The word of God so precious,
The shield of faith so bright;
The God of love above us,
His Son stands at the head,
Let us be His true soldiers,
We've nothing now to dread.

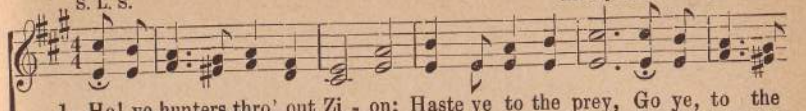
5 O saints come seek your Pentecost,
For in Him you're complete,
The Holy Ghost now honor,
Or we will have defeat;
For He has been so faithful
In giving us this light,
Come, give Him full possession,
He'll make your life so bright.

Not to be copyrighted.

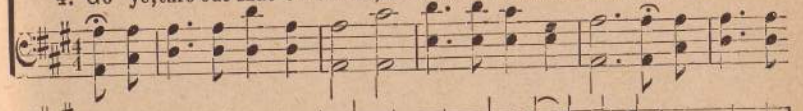
Go ye, to Israel.

"Publish ye, and say, O Lord, save Thy people, the remnant of Israel."—Jer. 31: 7. "As for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you."—1 Sam. 12: 23.

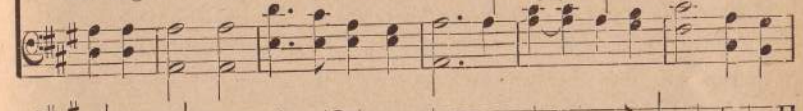
S. L. S. Arr. by Sarah L. Squire.



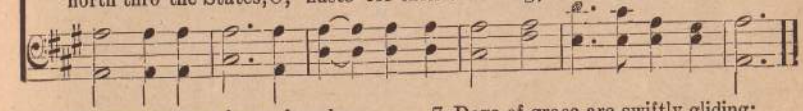
1. Ho! ye hunters thro' out Zi - on; Haste ye to the prey, Go ye, to the
2. Ho! ye fish-ers thro' out Zi - on; Go ye now and fish, O - ver sea and
3. Go ye, thro'out cru-el Rus - sia; And to India's strand, Thro'out Chi-na
4. Go ye, thro'out Mac-e - don-ia; Heed the out-stretched arm, For the tribes are



Father's chos - en; Go while now you may. In - i - qui - ty has ruined; These
land so brave - ly; Search—this is His wish. In caves of the mountains; And
and thro' A - sia, Pal - es - tine so grand. Thro' Egypt and As - syr - ia; And
hast'ning on-ward; Go, there's naught to harm. Haste ye to southern climates; And



chil - dren of God, And scattered with the hea-then Blind, they onward plod.
lands o'er the sea, Mes - si-ah in - ter - cedes to Set His peo - ple free.
A-fric's burn-ing sand, O, haste ye and bring them, Back to their own land.
north thro' the States, O, haste for their turn - ing, Je - sus now a - waits.



5 Hebrew children have forsaken,
Cov'nants of their God—
And His eye is ever o'er them;
Hasten—onward trod.
The remnant He now calleth
Of this grand old race,
To trust His word by faith; and
Come to Him thro' grace

6 Yea, the fig tree now is budding—
Summer draweth nigh,
And the midnight cry is nearing;
To God's people fly.
Ere long the trumpet soundeth;
And Jacob tried will be,
The tribulation over;
Jesus they will see.

7 Days of grace are swiftly gliding;
Time shall be no more,
When the witness is completed;
To Him you will soar.
Then haste ye to the battle;
His blest Word fulfil—
To Judah take the message—
"Whosoever will."

8 Zion long has been down trodden;
By the Gentile race,
Father promised to restore it;
Thro' the means of grace.
And Abram's seed will settle;
All the land now trod,
O bring them as a present;
To the mount of God.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew first and also to the Gentiles."—Rom. 1: 11.
Isa. 16: 16-17. 43: 6. 18: 7. Ezek. 36: 24. Jer. 30: 4-9.

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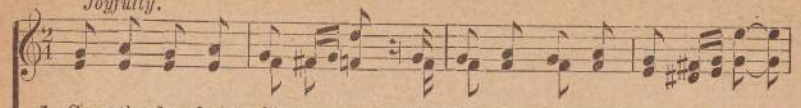
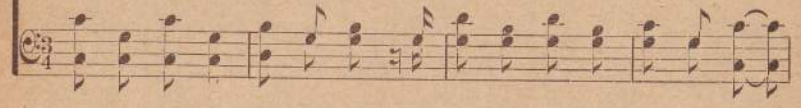
The Bridal Song.

WM. H. DURHAM. SARAH L. SQUIRE.

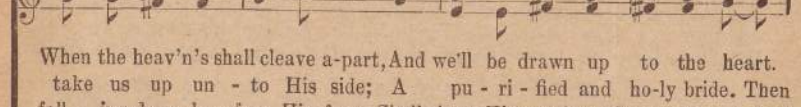
Joyfully.



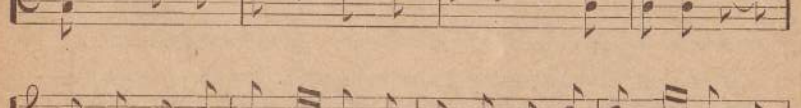
1. Soon the day dawn will ap - pear— The hour is quick - ly draw - ing near—
2. King all glo - rious we will hail: For He will come and rent the vail, And
3. We shall rise to heights un-known; Be-hold the King up-on His throne, And



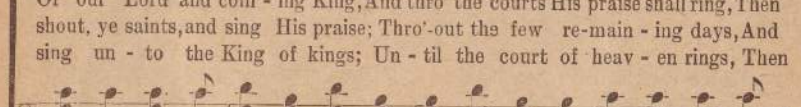
When the heav'n's shall cleave a-part, And we'll be drawn up to the heart.
take us up un - to His side; A pu - ri - fied and ho-ly bride. Then
fall - ing down be - fore His face; Shall shout His wondrous love and grace, And



Of our Lord and com - ing King, And thro' the courts His praise shall ring, Then
shout, ye saints, and sing His praise; Thro'-out the few re-main - ing days, And
sing un - to the King of kings; Un - til the court of heav - en rings, Then



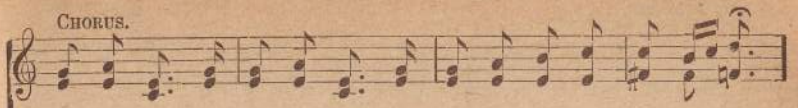
shout, ye saints, and sing His praise; Thro'-out the few re - main - ing days.
sing un - to the King of kings; Un - til the court of heav - en rings.
shout, ye saints, and sing His praise, Thro'-out the few re - main - ing days.



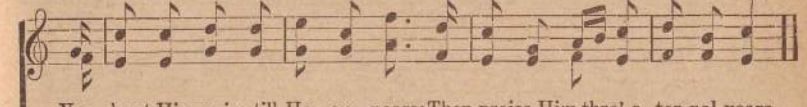
Music copyrighted, 1910, by Squire & Kinne.

The Bridal Song.

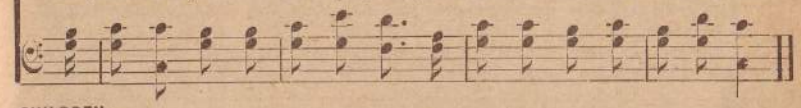
CHORUS.



Shout, ye saints, re - joice! and sing; And make the courts of heav - en ring,



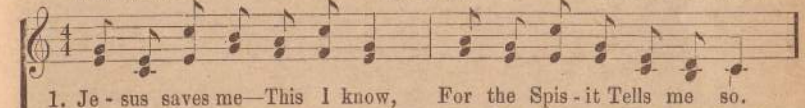
Yea, shout His praise till He ap - pears; Then praise Him thro' e - ter-nal years.



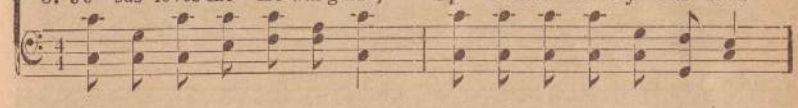
CHILDREN.

Jesus Saves.

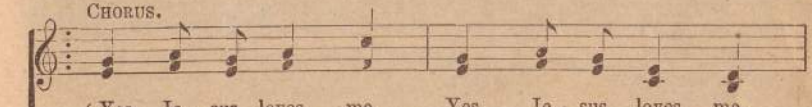
M. E. SQUIRE. Jno. 3: 16. MARGARET E. SQUIRE.



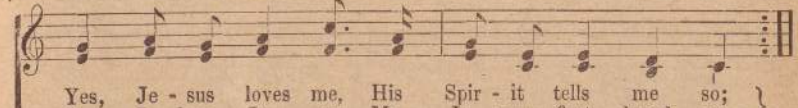
1. Je - sus saves me—This I know, For the Spis - it Tells me so.
2. Je - sus keeps me By His pow'r— He is with me Ev - 'ry hour.
3. Je - sus loves me—He will guide, Up to heav - en By His side.



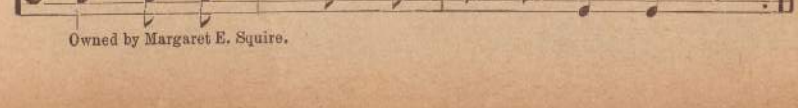
CHORUS.



{ Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me,
{ Yes, I love Je - sus, Yes, I love Je - sus,



Yes, Je - sus loves me, His Spir - it tells me so; }
Yes, I love Je - sus, My Je - sus first loved me. }



Owned by Margaret E. Squire.

94 The Savior With Me.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. I must have the Sav - iour with me, For I dare not walk a - lone,
2. I must have the Sav - iour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;
3. I must have the Sav - iour with me, In the on-ward march of life,
4. I must have the Sav - iour with me, And His eyes the way must guide,

I must feel His pres-ence near me, And His arm a - round me thrown.
He can whis - per words of com - fort That no oth - er voice can speak.
Thro' the tem - pest and the sun-shine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
Till I reach the vale of Jor - dan, Till I cross the roll - ing tide.

CHORUS.

Then my soul..... shall fear no ill, Let Him lead .....me where He
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He

will, I will go without a murmur, And His footsteps follow still.
will, where He will, I will go,

95 Filled With God.

C P. J. Chas P. Jones.

1. Built on the rock, not on the sand, O God, Thy ho - ly church shall stand;
2. What grace that I should have a part In this dear band, that my poor heart
3. A live - ly store kept by Thy grace, Thy mer-cy giv - eth me a place;
4. Yea, built up - on that sol - id rock, Thy church shall stand the tempest shock;

1. Re-deem'd from sin by Je-sus' blood, Pardoned and cleans'd and fill'd with God.
2. Should be by heav'nly pow'r in-clined Thy love to seek, Thy peace to find!
3. I, too, am of Thy bod - y, Lord, Cleans'd by Thy blood, kept by Thy word.
4. And when the clouds have roll'd a-way, Stand mis-tress of e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

Yes, fill'd with God, Yes, fill'd with God, Pardon'd and cleans'd and fill'd with God, cleans'd and fill'd with God.

96 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

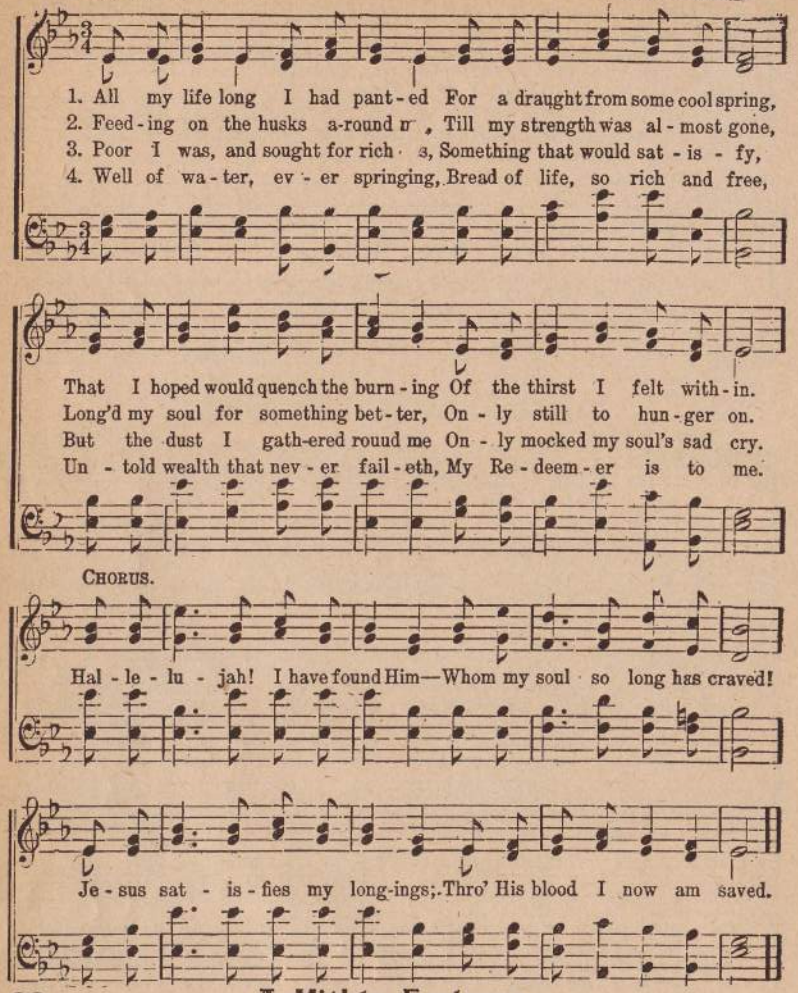
Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

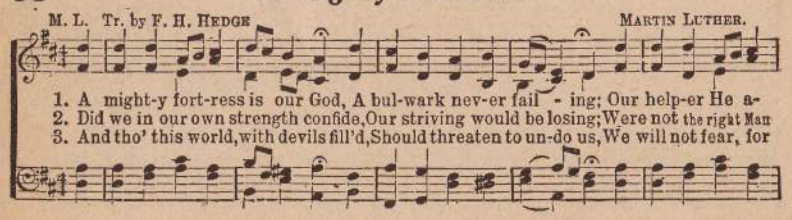
97 Satisfied.

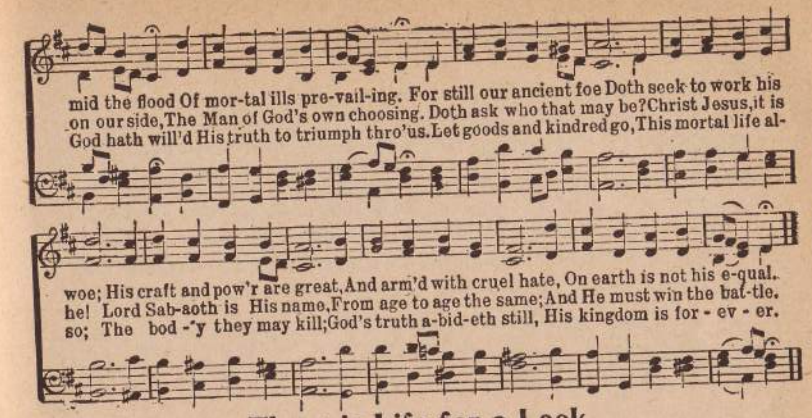
MISS CLARA TEARE. R. E. HUDSON.



98 A Mighty Fortress.

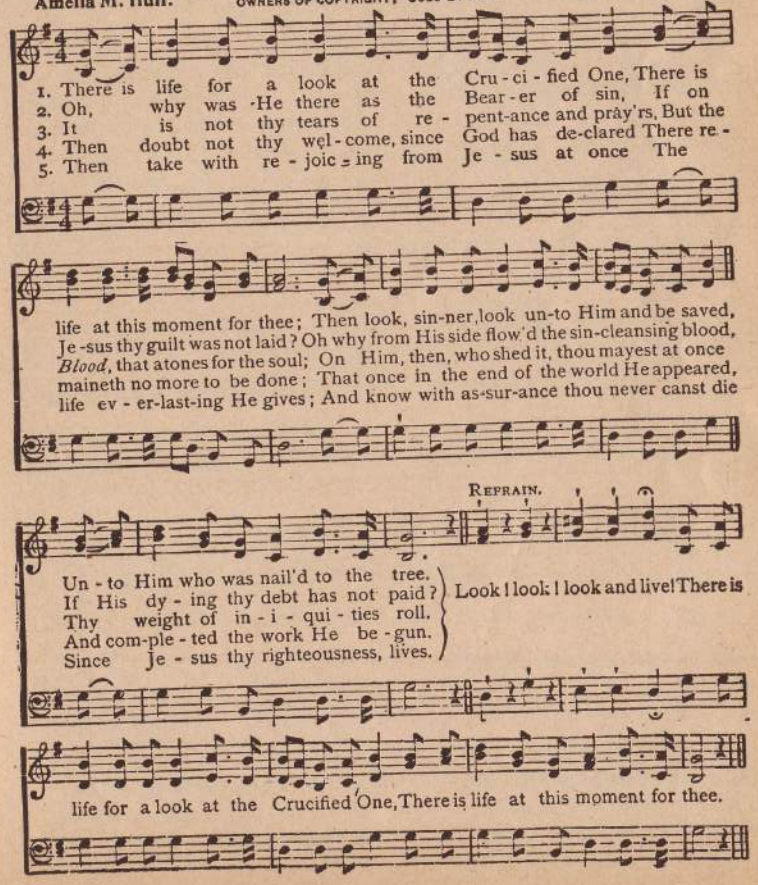
M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE MARTIN LUTHER.





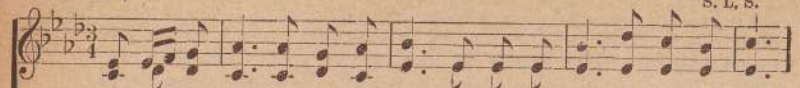
99 There is Life for a Look.

Amelia M. Hull. USED BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK, OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT, USED BY PER. Rev. E. G. Taylor.

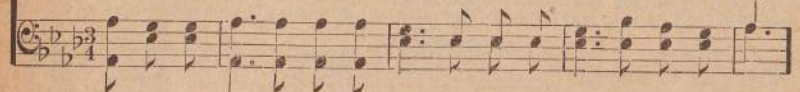


100 The Humble Way.

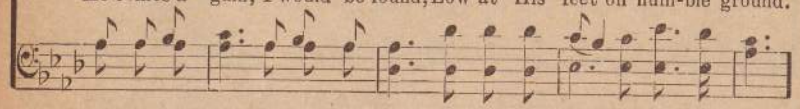
A voice. S. L. S.



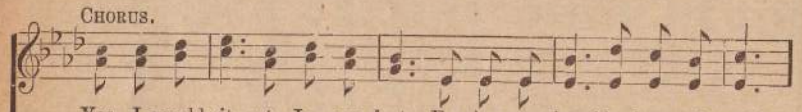
1. I'm press-ing on the hum-ble way, New depths to gain from day to day,
2. My heart has deep de - sire to stand, With God's own bless-ed ho - ly band,
3. I want to live a hum - ble life, And be like Je - sus in the strife,
4. I wish to be so meek and low, That none will think I'm ought be-low,
5. Yes, I would ev - er in His will, Be hum-ble, serv - ing, for un - til,



Still pray-ing as I on - ward go, Lord, keep me hum-ble meek and low.
To al-ways dwell where He is found, Lord, I would keep on hum-ble ground.
For then I'll hear the joy - ful sound, The song of saints on hum-ble ground.
Just hum-ble till to heav'n I bound, Lord, keep me on the hum-ble ground.
He comes a - gain, I would be found, Low at His feet on hum-ble ground.

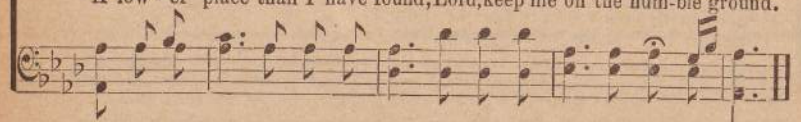


CHORUS.



Yes, I would sit at Je - sus feet, Be al - ways humble, low and meek;

A low - er place than I have found, Lord, keep me on the hum-ble ground.



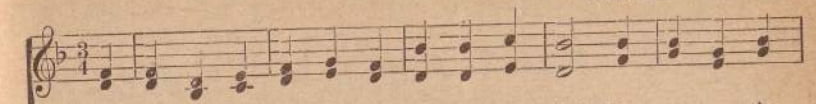
6 Just to be hid with Christ in God,
As He commands us in His word,
Himself in me to now abound,
Myself all hid and never found.

7 Less than the least of all Thine own,
I would forevermore be known;
The lowliest place that can be found,
Lord, I would occupy that ground.

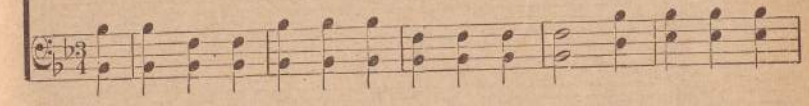
Copyright, 1910, by Squire & Kinne.

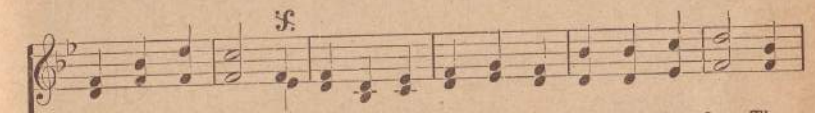
101 The Waiting Isles.

Arr. by ZELLA BEVERLIN.

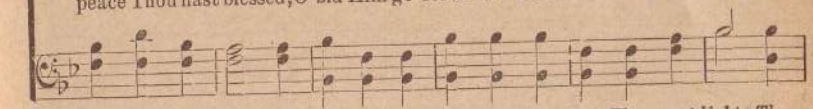


1. O Sav - ior, we pray Thee, Send out Thy sweet light, Far o - ver the
2. In - spire with Thy pres-ence, O Sav - ior Di - vine, Thy peo - ple who
3. O send now, we pray Thee, some her - ald of Thine, Some soul that with

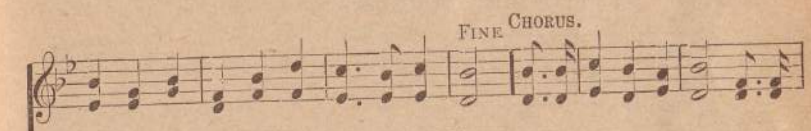




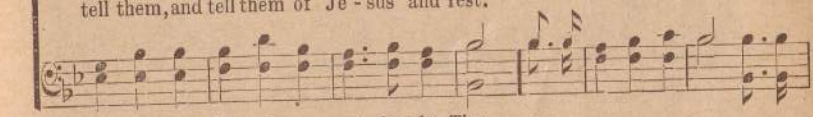
wide heav - ing sea; The na-tions in dark-ness are long - ing for day, The
know of Thy love, That forth to the hea - then a - far may be borne The
peace Thou hast blessed, O bid Him go forth to the hea - then in chains, And



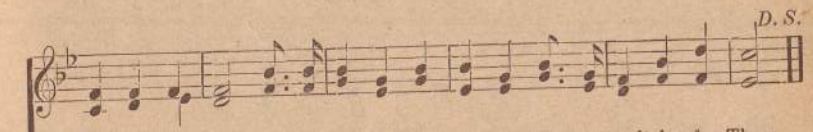
D. S.—*O Sav-ior, we pray Thee, send out Thy sweet light, The*



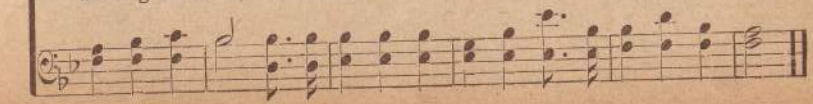
is-lands, the is-lands are wait - ing for Thee.
message, the message of grace from a - bove. They are waiting for Thee, They are
tell them, and tell them of Je - sus and rest.



is-lands, the is-lands are wait - ing for Thee.



wait-ing for Thee, In the hour of their sad-ness They are wait-ing for Thee;



By the Rivers of Babylon.

Anon

Copyright, by G. T Haywood 1922.

2nd verse and Music
Arr. by Karl F. Smith

1. When the Lord turned a-gain the cap - tiv - i - ty of Zi - on, We were
2. We have all been brought in to the ful - ness of His Spir - it—In His

like them that dream, And our mouths were filled with laughter, And our tongues with singing.
name we have believed, And His promise we've received And with joy we'll serve Him

O give thanks un - to the Lord, For His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er.
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb For His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

Be - fore God sent His Spir - it, We were all in sin; We could not sing
Come out of her my peo - ple Partake not of her sin—Be filled with right-

His songs in a strange land, But thanks be un - to God we're children
eous-ness if you would en - ter in, O glo - ry be to God we're children

By the Rivers of Babylon

of the Lord, And now we're marching on to New Je - ru - sa - lem.

CHORUS

By the riv - ers of Bab - y - lon, There we sat down,..... We wept when

1

we re-mem-bered Zi - on, By the riv - ers of Bab-y-lon there we sat

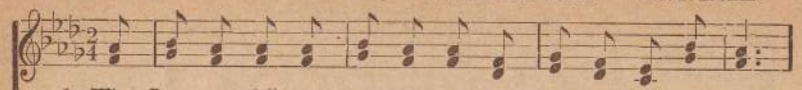
2

down, We wept when we re-mem-bered Zi - on we re-mem-bered

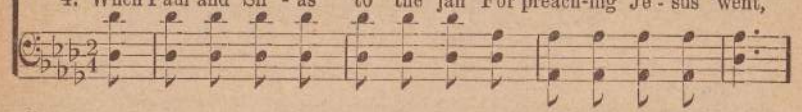
Zi - on, we wept, when we remembered Zi - on.
Yea we wept, Yea, we wept

103 I Have the Victory.

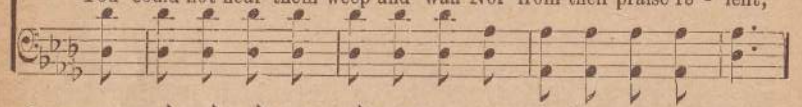
Mrs. F. E. H. "This is the victory that overcometh the world." Mrs. F. E. Hill.



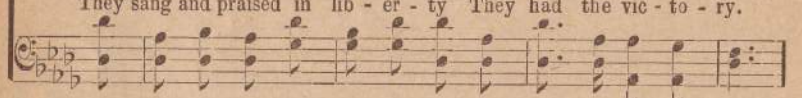
1. When Samp-son fell and lost his pow'r, In blind-ness-mocked, he cried;
2. Tho' Dan - iel was to li - on's fed No harm to him could come;
3. The He - brew chil-dren would not bow The im - age to a - dore,
4. When Paul and Sil - as to the jail For preach-ing Je - sus went,



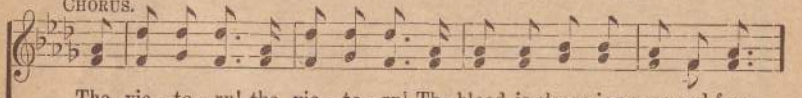
Oh, Lord re - store thy grace this hour Let not thy foes de - ride,
He on the li - on laid His head, And there felt no a - larm,
The princ - es tho't, we'll get them now, Their eir works shall be no more,
You could not hear them weep and wail Nor from their praise re - lent,



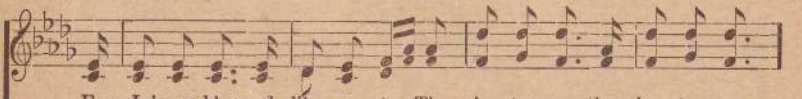
That I may prove at last in Thee I have the vic - to - ry.
And when the king did call we see He had the vic - to - ry.
But in the fire were more than three They had the vic - to - ry.
They sang and praised in lib - er - ty They had the vic - to - ry.



Chorus.



The vic - to - ry! the vic - to - ry! The blood is cleans ing pure and free,

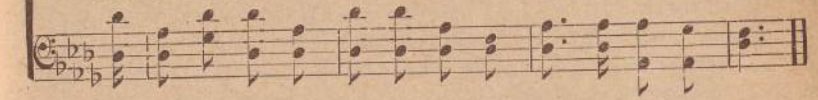


For I have bless-ed lib - er - ty, The vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry,

1910, by Mrs. F. E. Hill.

I Have the Victory.

And I have proved at last in Thee—I have the vic - to - ry.



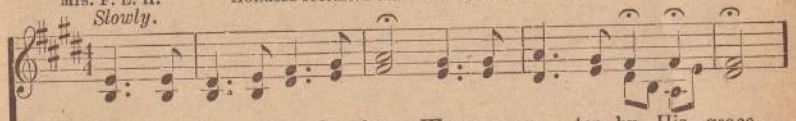
5 So when persecutions come,
Oh, do not sulk and pine,
But think of that sweet heavenly home,
Believe and know 'tis thine,
And sing and shout in unity,
I have the victory.

6 There is a place of holy rest,
From sin and sinning free,
With spirit, soul and body blest,
And Christ shall dwell in thee,
'Tis there the soul in Christ can boast,
I have the victory.

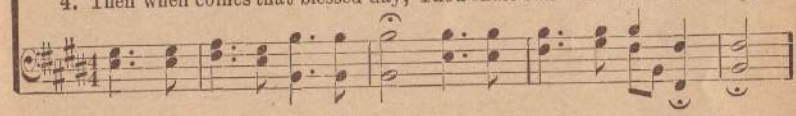
104 Heaven is a Holy Place.

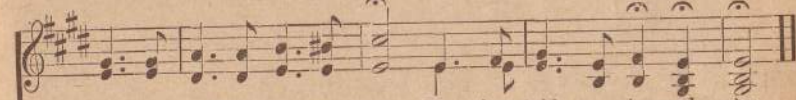
Mrs. F. E. H. "Holiness becometh thine House, O Lord, forever." Mrs. F. E. Hill.

Slowly.

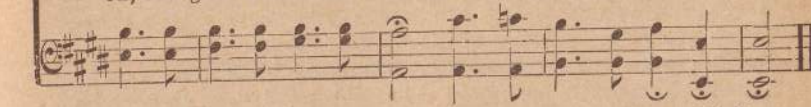


1. Heav - en is a ho - ly place, We can en - ter by His grace,
2. But we must our sins for - sake, And the nar - row path-way take;
3. Je - sus take this heart of mine, Make it all and on - ly Thine;
4. Then when comes that blessed day, Thou shalt call us all a - way,





Je - sus is Him-self the door, He has told us o'er and o'er.
If we hope to en - ter in, We must here be cleansed from sin.
Then my life no fear shall know All my jour - ney here be - low.
Oh, how glad we then will be, That we gave up all for Thee.



5 Heaven is a holy place,
We will enter by His grace,
This vain world we bid adieu,
Jesus, Thou wilt take us thro'.

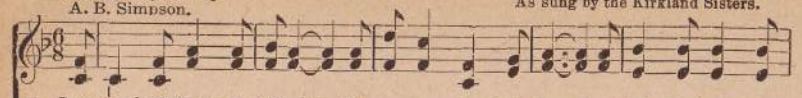
6 Free from toil and earthly life,
Free from turmoil and from strife,
Free from sorrow and from pain,
With our Jesus we shall reign.

1910, by Mrs. F. E. Hill.

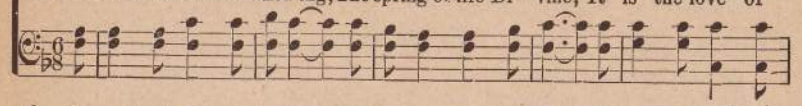
105 The Bridegroom's Joy.

Words copyrighted by A. B. Simpson.

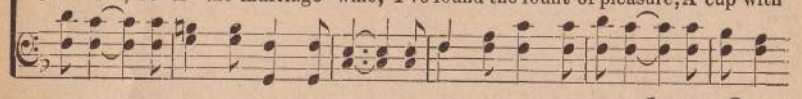
As sung by the Kirkland Sisters.



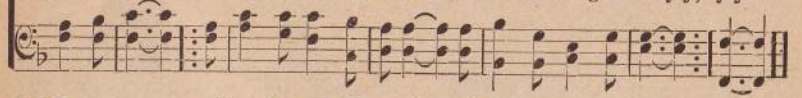
1. I've reached the land of Beulah, The summer land of love, Land of the heav'nly
2. He lets me call Him Ish - i, I have Him al - ways near, He car - ries all my
3. My life is all trans-figured By His sweet touch of love, O'er all a-round there
4. I've found the fount of healing, The spring of life Di - vine, It is the love of



bridegroom, Land of the Ho - ly Dove; My win - ter has de-part - ed My summer-
bur - den, He comforts ev - 'ry fear, He calls me His be - lov - ed, I lean up-
shin - eth A glo - ry from a - bove; The wa-ter of earth's pleasures Is changed to
Je - sus, It is the marriage wine; I've found the fount of pleasure, A cup with

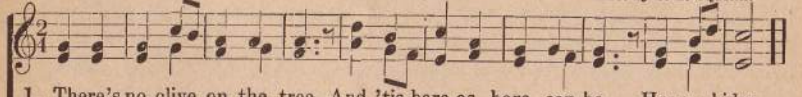


time has come, The air is full of sing-ing, The earth is blight with bloom; bloom.
on His breast, I've reached the land of Beulah, The promised land of rest; rest.
heav'nly wine, And life like Cana's wedding, Becomes a feast Di - vine; vine.
out al - loy, It is the love of Je-sus, It is the Bridegroom's joy; joy.

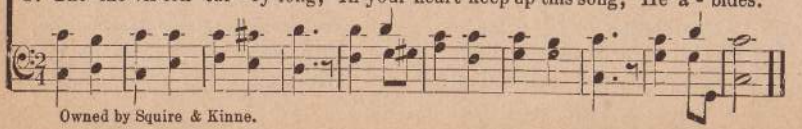


106 Song of the Comforter.

M. T. Draper. Heb. 3; 17, 18. Arr. by S. L. Squire.



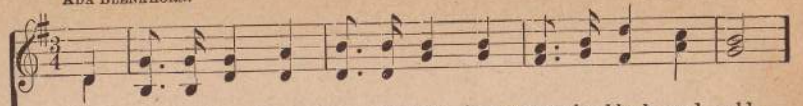
1. There's no olive on the tree, And 'tis bare as bare can be, He a - bides.
2. There's no grain upon the floor, And star-va-tion's at the door, He a - bides.
3. There's no cattle in the stall, And there seems no help at all, He a - bides.
4. There's no fruit upon the vine, And I've lost all pow'r of mind, He a - bides.
5. Tho' the vis-ion tar - ry long, In your heart keep up this song, He a - bides.



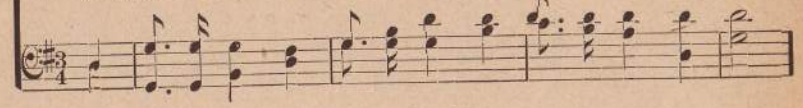
Owned by Squire & Kinne.

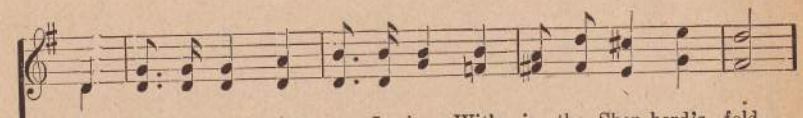
107 The Glad Exchange.

Ada Blenkhorn. Thoro Harris.

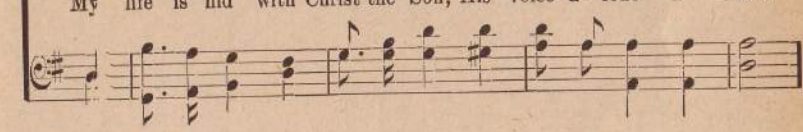


1. No more to roam the des - ert bare, And mountains bleak and cold,
2. At liv - ing fount-ains sweet and clear, I'm drink - ing o'er and o'er:
3. The garments stain'd by strife and sin, Shall meet no more my sight;
4. And where He leads I fol - low on, With - out a tho't of fear;

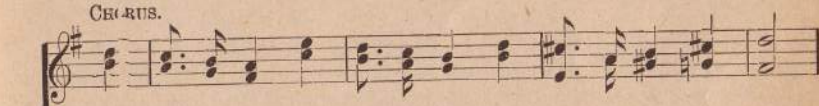




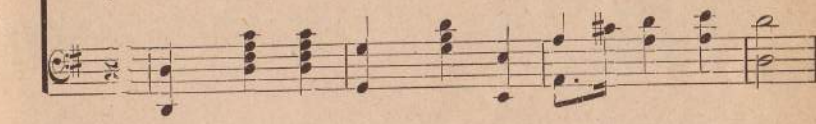
The chil-dren's por - tion now I share With - in the Shep-herd's fold.
My soul's refreshed and sat - is - fied, And now I thirst no more.
For I am clothed with-out, with - in, In robes all pure and white.
My life is hid with Christ the Son, His voice a - lone I hear.

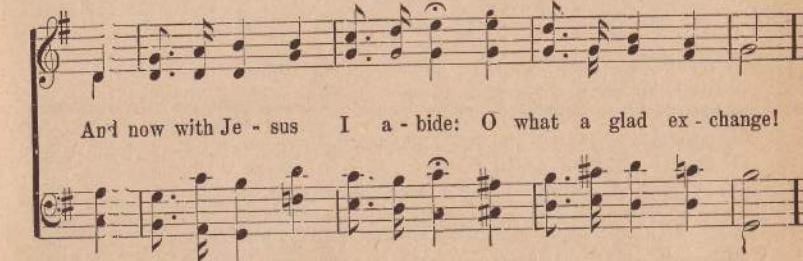


Chorus.



My Fa-ther called me to His side, Dark paths no more to range;



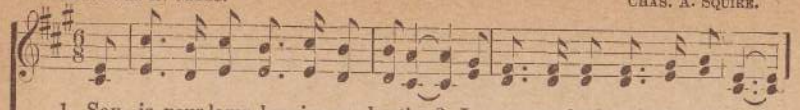


And now with Je - sus I a - bide: O what a glad ex - change!

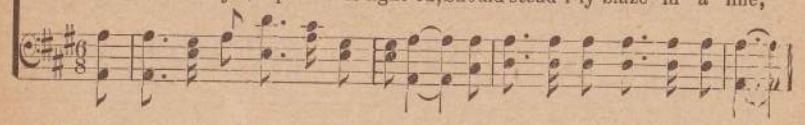
Copyright, 1911, by R. H. Meredith

108 Let Your Lamp be Burning.

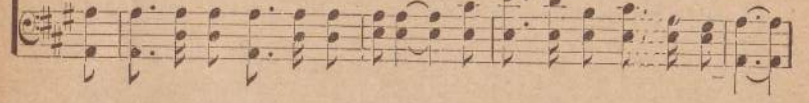
Mrs. E. M. H. Gates. Chas. A. Squire.



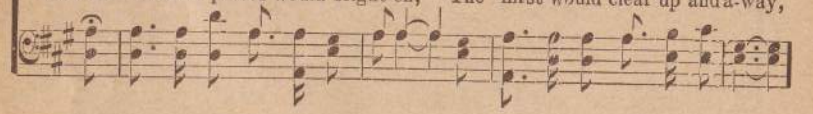
1. Say, is your lamp burning my brother? I pray you look quickly and see;
2. There are many and ma-ny a-round you, Who fol-low wher-ev - er you go;
3. There's many a lamp we see light-ed, We behold them a near and a - far,
4. If ev - e - ry lamp that is light-ed, Should stead-i-ly blaze in a line,



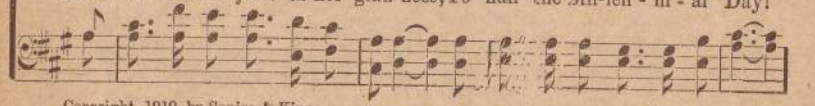
For if it were burning then sure-ly Some beams would fall bright upon me.
If you knew that they walked in your shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
Not ma - ny a-mong them, my brother, Shine stead-i - ly on like a star.
All o - ver the land and the o - cean, What a gird-le of glo-ry would shine.



Straight, straight is the road, but I fal - ter, And oft - en fall out by the way;
Up - on the dark mountains they stumble, They are bruised by the fall and they lie
I think were they trimmed night and morning They would never burn down, nor go out,
How all the dark places would bright-en, The mist would clear up and a-way,



Then lift your lamp high-er my broth-er, Lest I should make fatal de - lay.
With white, pleading faces turned upward, To the clouds and the pit-i-ful sky.
Tho' from the four cor-ners of heav-en, The winds were all blowing a - bout.
The earth would re-joice in her glad-ness, To hail the Mil-len - ni - al Day!



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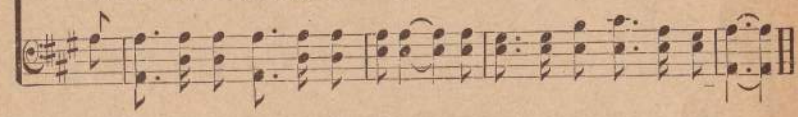
Let Your Lamp be Burning.

Chorus.

Say is your lamp burn-ing my broth-er? I pray you look quickly and see;

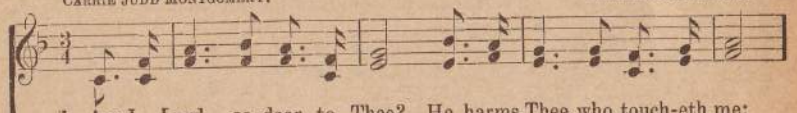
For if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall bright up-on me.



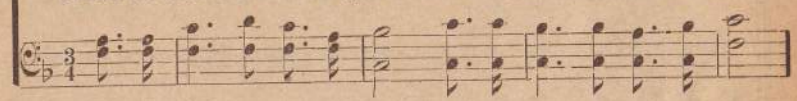
109 The Apple of His Eye.

"He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye."—Zech. 2: 8.

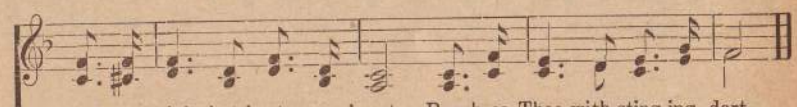
Carrie Judd Montgomery. Nellie Duncan Fell.



1. Am I, Lord, so dear to Thee? He harms Thee who touch-eth me;
2. Sen-si - tive my eye to pain, Quiv-'ring sore thro' nerve and brain,
3. Like the ap - ple of Thine eye! In Thy love thus let me lie;
4. Let me leap for joy of heart O - ver ev - 'ry sting and smart;
5. Fill me with His tho't of grace As I gaze on Thy dear face—

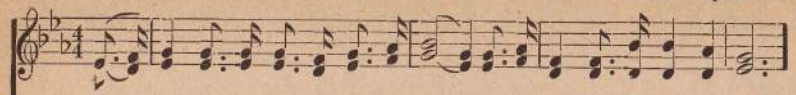


Ev - 'ry grief that hurts my heart Reach-es Thee with sting-ing dart.
But more keen the pain to Thee When a sor - row touch-eth me.
What can harm Thy lit - tle child, Tho' op-pressed, a-bused, re - viled?
Not an ill can come to me Which has not come first to Thee.
This my com - fort and my plea, He harms Thee that touch-eth me.

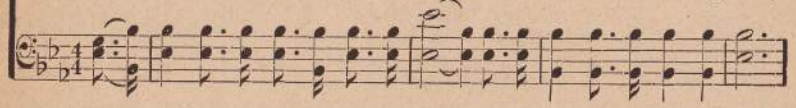


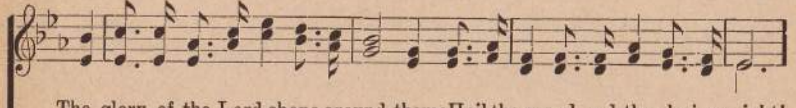
110 Hosanna to the Son of David.

S. L. S. Luke. 2: 8-14; 3: 38. Matt. 1: 1. Jno. 7: 42. SARAH L. SQUIRE.

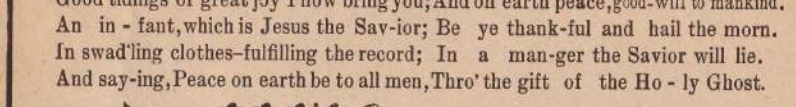


1. There were shepherds abiding in the field, Keeping watch o'er their flock by night;
2. The an-gel of God was there, and saying, Fear not, for dread had seized their mind,
3. To you in the Cit - y of King Dav-id; Of the tribe of Ju-dah is born,
4. Be - hold! this shall be a sign un - to you; Ye shall find 'neath the eastern sky,
5. And lo! there ap-pear-ed with the an-gel, Myr-i-ads of the heav'n-ly host,

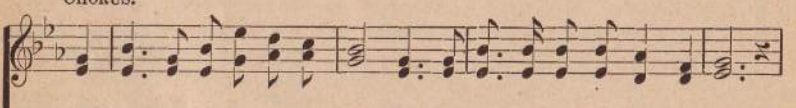




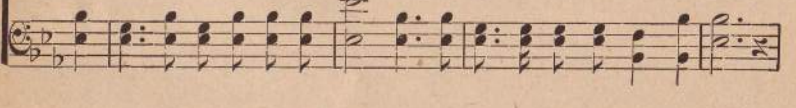
The glory of the Lord shone around them; Hail the grand and the glorious sight!
Good tidings of great joy I now bring you; And on earth peace, good-will to mankind.
An in - fant, which is Jesus the Sav-ior; Be ye thank-ful and hail the morn.
In swad'ling clothes–fulfilling the record; In a man-ger the Savior will lie.
And say-ing, Peace on earth be to all men, Thro' the gift of the Ho - ly Ghost.



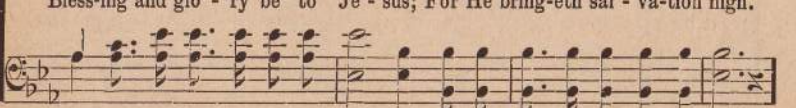
CHORUS.



Ho - san - na to the Son of Dav - id; Ho - san-na be to God on high,



Bless-ing and glo - ry be to Je - sus; For He bring-eth sal - va-tion nigh.



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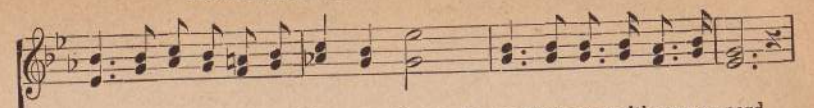
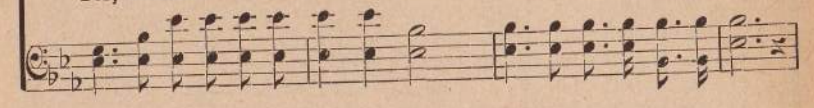
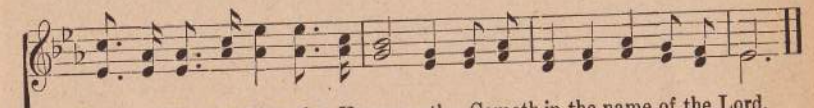
Hosanna to the Son of David.

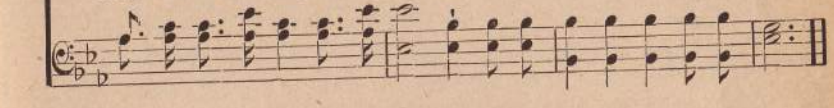


Yes, Ho-san-na to the Son of God; Praise Him now with one ac-cord,





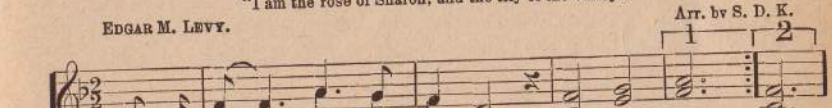
Bless - ed is the King, for He com-eth—Cometh in the name of the Lord.



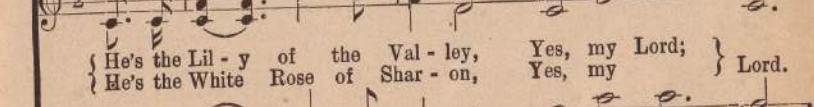
111 King Jesus.

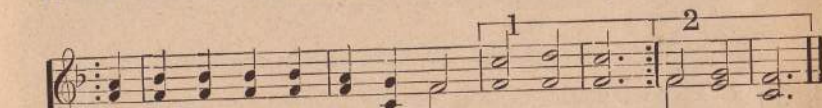
"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."

EDGAR M. LEVY. Arr. by S. D. K.

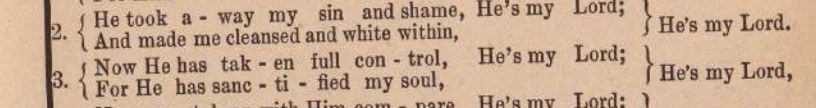


{ He's the Lil - y of the Val - ley, Yes, my Lord; } Lord.
{ He's the White Rose of Shar - on, Yes, my



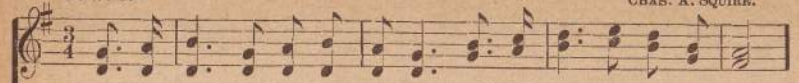


1. { King Je - sus reigns with - in my heart, He's my Lord; } He's my Lord.
{ For Him I did with all things part,
2. { He took a - way my sin and shame, He's my Lord; } He's my Lord.
{ And made me cleansed and white within,
3. { Now He has tak - en full con - trol, He's my Lord; } He's my Lord,
{ For He has sanc - ti - fied my soul,
4. { No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, He's my Lord; } He's my Lord.
{ He is the fair - est of the fair,
5. { His voice now charms me all the day, He's my Lord; } He's my Lord.
{ He drives all doubt and fear a - way,

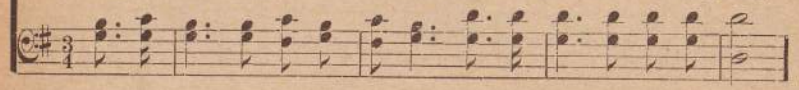


112 God is Faithful.

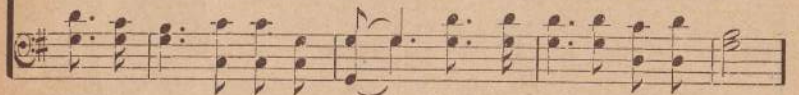
D. W. G. CHAS. A. SQUIRE.



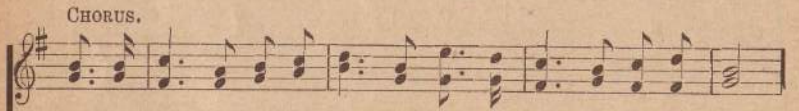
1. God is faith - ful to His prom-ise, Ev - 'ry word He'll sure-ly prove,
2. God is faith - ful to His chil - dren, Nev-er leaves us in dis - tress,
3. God is faith - ful; Sa-tan hear it; God is might - y to de - fend;
4. God is faith - ful, ev - er with us, Nev - er ab - sent night or day,
5. God is faith - ful, He will an - swer, He but waits our faith to prove;



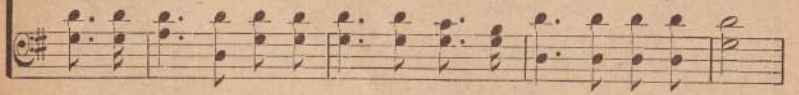
Man may doubt and dis - o - bey, Him, God is faith - ful, God is love.
Free - ly gives us streugth and healing As we thus His name con - fess.
As we stand, in noth-ing daunt-ed, He is near His aid to lend.
He will not for-sake His prom - ise Tho' the earth should pass a - way.
He will work and none can hind - er, He will meet us from a - bove.

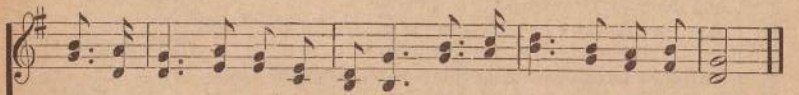


CHORUS.



God is faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, Trust His love and prove His pow'r;



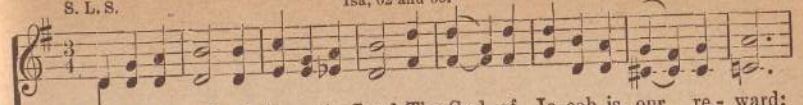


God is faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, Let us doubt Him nev - er more.

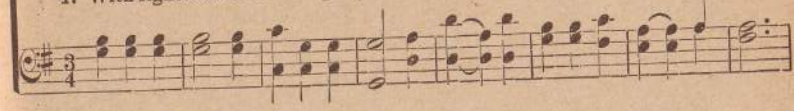
By permission of owner.

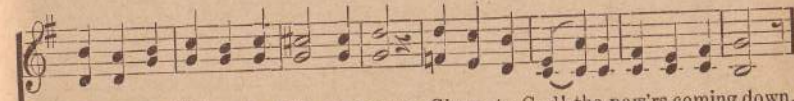
113 Jerusalem.

S. L. S. Isa. 62 and 60. SARAH L. SQUIRE.

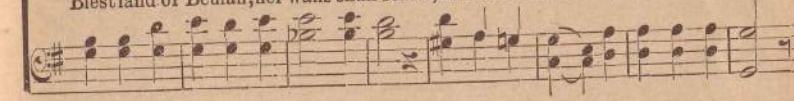


1. Chosen to tell of Jesus the Lord, The God of Ja-cob is our re - ward;
2. Oh, Salem is a cit - y so fair, Built upon rocks Mount Mor-i-ah is there,
3. The Savior died outside the walls On Him the sins of the world did fall—
4. With righteousness she brightly shall shine, The house of Judah, God shall refine,



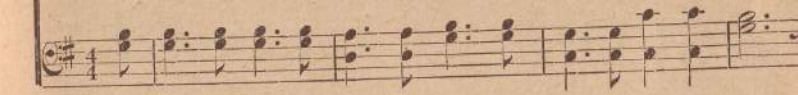


We go to Salem to win our crown; Glory to God! the pow'rs coming down.
Where Abram worshiped so meek and low, And offered Isaac, his heart all aglow.
Father foresook, so vile was the sight That came before his vision that night.
Blest land of Beulah, her walls shall stand; Rescued from evil by God's right hand.



CHORUS. *rit.*

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, My soul doth weep for thee;



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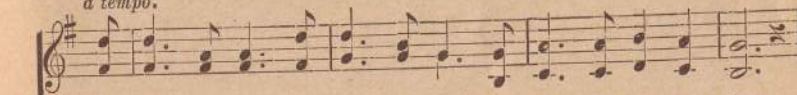
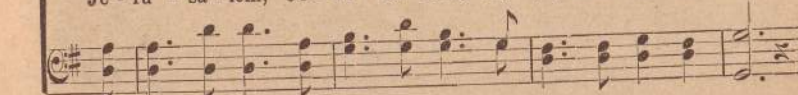


Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, My joy shall ev - er be.



5 Kings of the east are gathering home,
Arise and shine for thy light has come;
The Lord is for thee, thou needst not fear;
Salvation cometh, Messiah is near.

6 If we forget the city of God,
May our hands then forget their skill;
And may our tongues ever silent be,
If we prefer not Jehovah's will.

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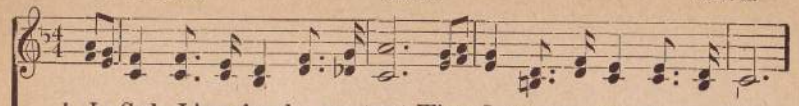
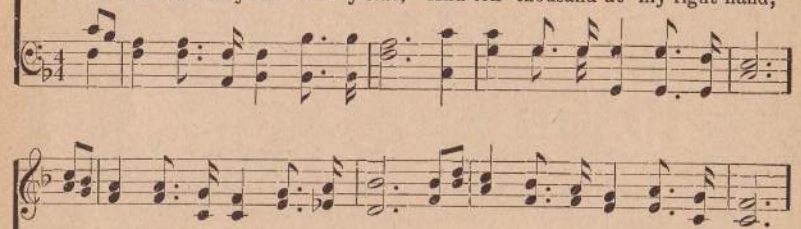
114 Under His Wings.

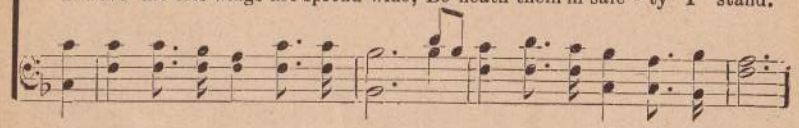
JAMES NICHOLSON. Psa. 91. S. D. K.



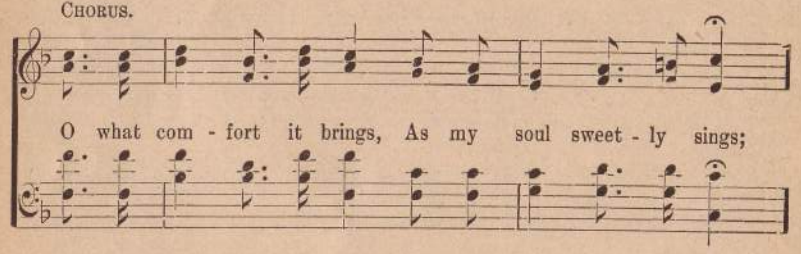
1. In God I have found a re - treat, Where I can se - cure - ly a - bide;
2. I dread not the ter - ror by night, No ar - row can harm by day;
3. The pes - ti-lence walking a - bout, When darkness has set-tled a - broad,
4. The wasting de-struc-tion at noon, No fear - ful for-bo - ding can bring;
5. A thousand may fall at my side, And ten thousand at my right hand;



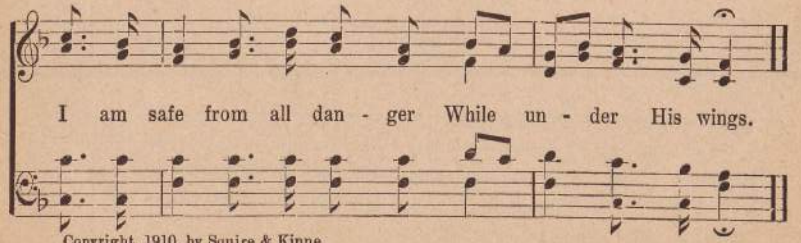
No ref - uge nor rest so com-plete, And there I in-tend to re - side.
His shadow has cov-ered me quite, My fears He has driv - en a - way.
Can nev-er com - pel me to doubt The pres-ence and pow - er of God.
With Jesus, my soul doth commune, His per - fect sal - va - tion I sing.
A-bove me His wings are spread wide, Be-neath them in safe - ty I stand.



CHORUS.



O what com - fort it brings, As my soul sweet - ly sings;



I am safe from all dan - ger While un - der His wings.

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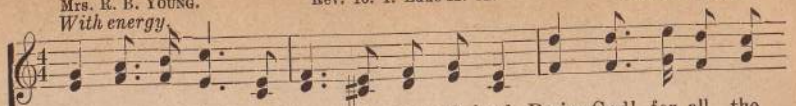
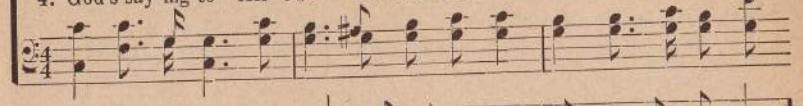
115 Works of God's Hand.

MRS. R. B. YOUNG. Rev. 16: 1. Luke 12: 32. CHAS. A. SQUIRE.

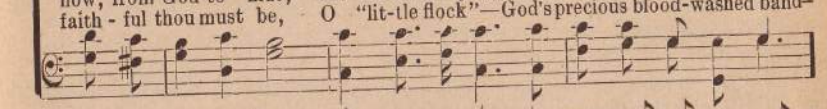
With energy



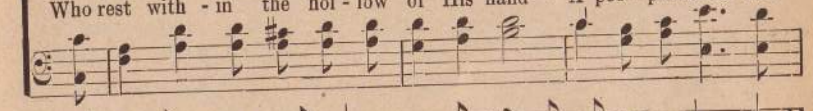
1. Re-joice and sing, ye isles, and sea and land, Praise God! for all the
2. God canceled sin, when He Sal - va - tion bro't, And lives to bless, be-
3. In - iq - ui - ty is work - ing far and wide, The world is flee - ing
4. God's say-ing to His own—"Lovest thou me?" Then "feed my lambs" for,



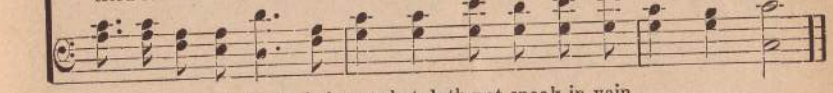
works of His dear hand;— God made the Heav'n's and set the stars a - bove.
cause "He changeth not;" His laws and plans were "Yea" thro' ev-'ry age.
now, from God to hide, His wrath, and judgments are up - on the earth.
faith - ful thou must be, O "lit-tle flock"—God's precious blood-washed band-



He formed and fashioned all man - kind in Love! Cre - a - ted He, the
He tells us in His Word on His fair page, That not one jot shall
To pun - ish Sin—He's send-ing aw - ful dearth—Men's hearts are wax-ing
Who rest with - in the hol - low of His hand— A peo - ple called and



un - i-verse in space—By His own "Word of pow'r" and sovereign grace.
ev - er pass a - way, Till all shall be ful - filled in that great day.
worse, failing for fear, "Blas-phem-ing God who wipes the fall - ing tear.
tried for His dear name, Of ev - 'ry tribe and tongue, poor, halt, and lame.



5 God's holy prophet doth not speak in vain,
When He declares—This is the "Latter Rain,"—
His word is speaking in prophetic tone;
They hear His voice, who are His very own!
He's robing them in garments spotless white,
To meet Him in the air in clouds of light.

6 The multitude are straying far from God,
Forsaking the true path that Jesus trod—
God help the church to heed His final call!
And let the "Latter Rain" upon them fall;
Bright clouds and showers of rain, with sparkling ray's,
Are falling every where in these "last days."

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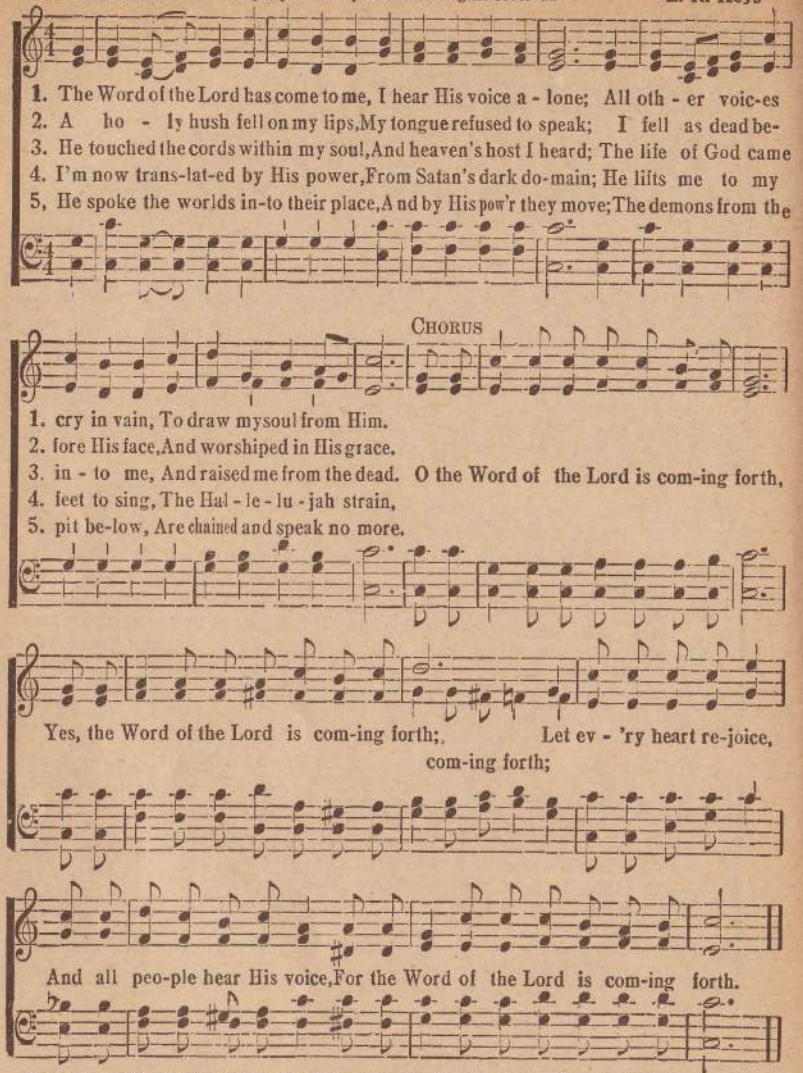
116 The Word of the Lord is Coming Forth

D. B. Rickard — Property of Seeley D. Kinne Rights reserved — Chorus and Music by L. R. Keys



6. He called forth Lazarus from the grave,
To comfort aching hearts;
He sent His Word and healed the sick,
And cleansed them from their sin.

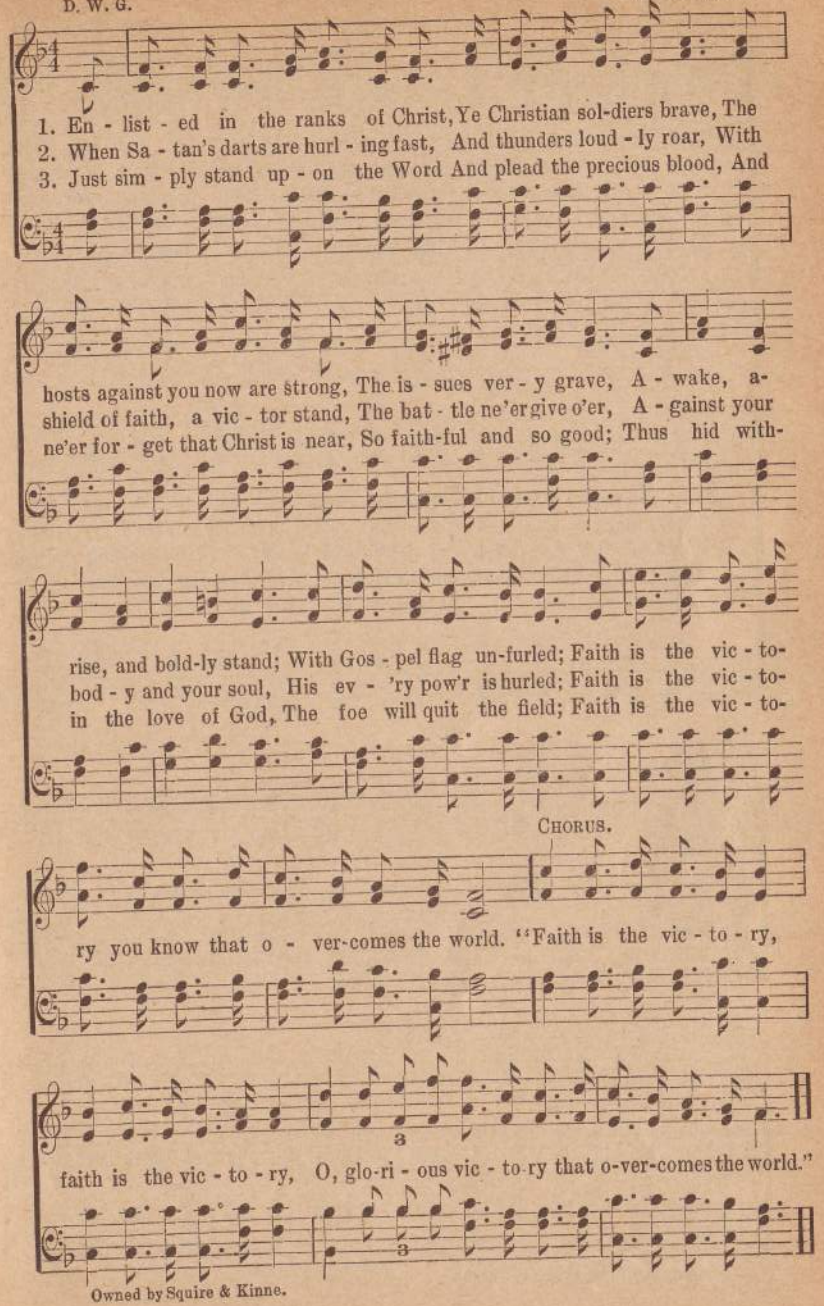
7. On Sinai's mount the word came forth,
Like lightning from the sky:
And Moses' frame did shake and quake,
As the fire came rolling by.

8. They were gathered in the upper room,
All waiting for the power;
The Word of God came down in flame,
They spake in tongues of fire.

9. The Lord Himself shall soon descend
The dead in Christ shall rise;
And we together shall ascend,
To meet Him in the skies.

117 Faith is the Victory.

D. W. G. — CHAS. A. SQUIRE.



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118 In Every Thing Give Thanks.

D. W. G.

S. L. SQUIRE.
Cho. by C. A. SQUIRE.

Softly.

1. I thank Thee, Lord, for ev - 'ry-thing, The bit - ter and the sweet,
2. I thank Thee for Thy mys-ter - ies That crowd a - long the way,
3. I thank Thee for my pres - ent lot, So hid - den and un-known,
4. So on I go, not know-ing Lord, I would not if I could;
5. A lit - tle child, I fol - low on Till I Thy glo - ry see,

The hu - man plans and cher-ished hopes Crushed life-less at my feet.
The gain, the loss, the pain, the cross, That meet me ev - 'ry day.
For ev - 'ry to - ken of Thy love, And ev - 'ry seem-ing frown.
But this I know that all things now Are work-ing for my good.
Con-tent and con - fi - dent that in Thy like - ness I shall be.

CHORUS. *Joyfully.*

In ev - 'ry - thing give thanks; In ev - 'ry - thing give thanks;

For this is the will of God In Christ Je - sus con - cern-ing you.

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119 Lord, Send the Power!

T. H.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. What is the church - 's cry - ing need, Her sole re - quest this pres-ent
2. The hire-ling lures un - sta - ble souls, The clouds of trib - u - la - tion
3. 'Twas this the Mas - ter gave His own, Their her - it - age, a price - less
4. Make all Thy ser-vants strong ond bold, Let none thru fear or weak-ness
5. The frag-rance of Thy love be shed, O Christ, of God and man the

1. hour? 'Tis not for world-ly gain we plead: Lord, fill us with the old - time
2. low'r: A storm of wrath and vengeance rolls: E - quip us with Thy might-y
3. dow'r; By signs and won - ders He made known His glo-rious res-sur - rec - tion
4. cow'r; With gifts and gra - ces man - i - fold, Re - veal thru them Thy sav-ing
5. Flow'r; A - wake the na - tions from the dead, And man - i - fest Thy quick'ning

CHORUS.

mp

pow'r! (For Thy glo - ry) Lord, send the pow'r! Lord, send the pow'r. O'er hill and May lat -

plain May lat - ter rain De - scend this hour! Lord, send the pow'r,
ter rain De - scend, a copious show'r!

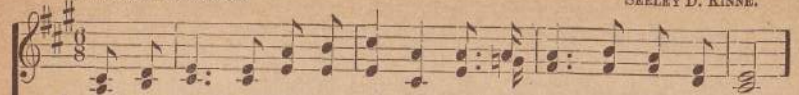
De - scend this hour!

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.*

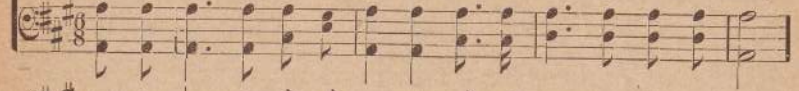
Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r! Let all the earth be filled with Thy glo - ry!

The Overcomer's City.

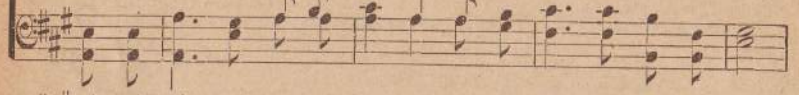
B. Freeman Lawrence. Seeley D. Kinne.



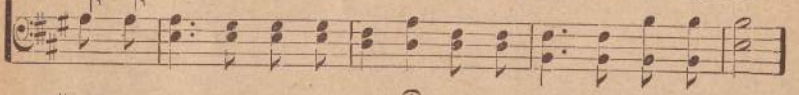
1. When the world shall be on fire, And the heav - en pass a - way,
2. Up the banks of that clear riv - er, Where the an - gels shout and sing,
3. I have al - most seen that cit - y The fair shin - ing of her walls,



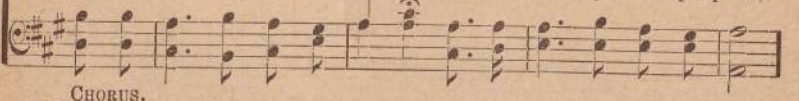
In the glo - ry of that morn-ing, At the dawn - ing of that day,
See, they march in grand pro - ces - sion, To the pal - ace of the King;
I have al - most caught the flash-ing Of the glo - ry in her halls,



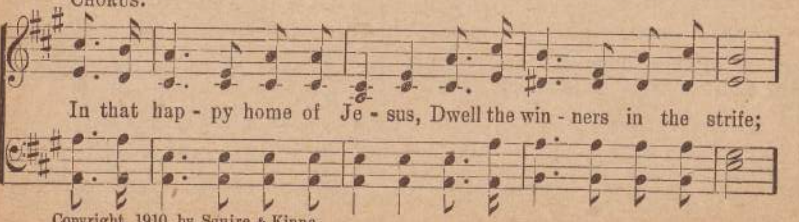
I shall see the four-square cit - y With her streets of crys - tal gold,
Strike the harp and sound the cym-bol, Let the vic - tor cho - rus roll,
Where the ransomed tell the sto - ry Of their o - ver-com - ings here,



Where the o - ver - com - ers gath - er, And their Mas - ter's face be - hold.
These be they who fought and conquered, By the blood of Christ made whole.
And my heart will bound in rapt-ure When her beaut - y shall ap - pear.



Chorus.



In that hap - py home of Je - sus, Dwell the win - ners in the strife;

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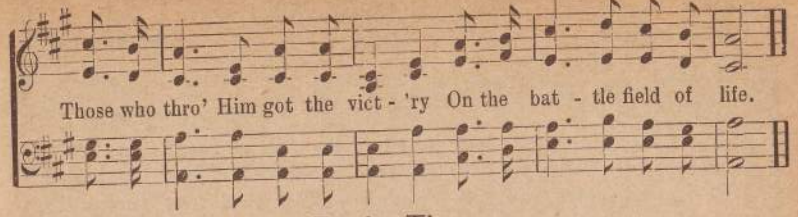
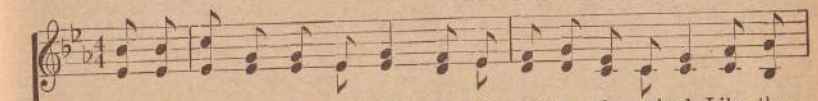
The Overcomer's City.



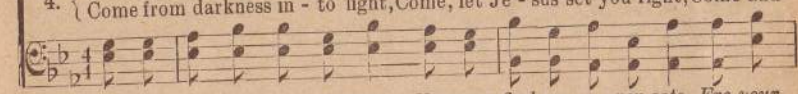
Those who thro' Him got the vict - 'ry On the bat - tle field of life.

Be in Time.

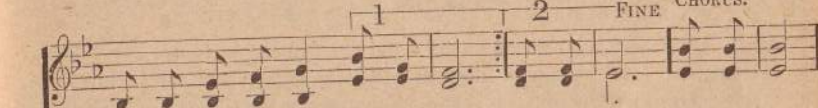
As sung in the St. Louis Pentecost Home.



1. { Life it - self is ver - y brief, Like the fall-ing of a leaf, Like the
   Fleet-ing days are tell - ing fast That the die will soon be cast, And the
2. { Fair - est flow - ers soon de - cay, Youth and beaut-y pass a - way, Oh! you
   While God's Spirit bids you come, Sin - ner, do not long-er roam, Lest you
3. { Time is fly - ing swift - ly by, Death and judgment draweth nigh, To the
   Oh, I pray you count the cost, Ere the fa - tal line be cross'd, And your
4. { Sin-ner, heed the warn - ing voice, Make the Lord your happy choice, Then all
   Come from darkness in - to light, Come, let Je - sus set you right, Come and

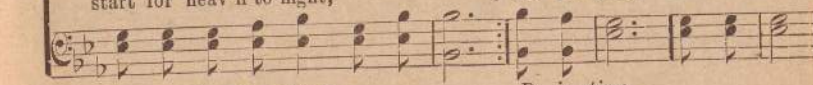


D. S.—*If in sin you long - er wait, You may find no o - pen gate, Ere your*



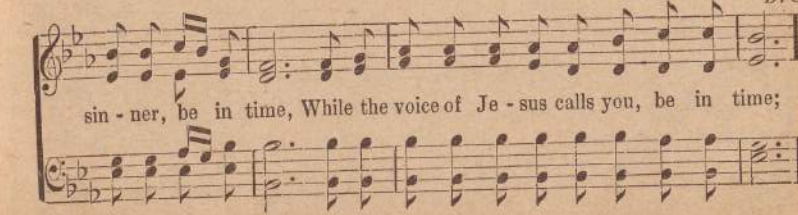
1 2 Fine Chorus.

bind - ing of a sheaf, Be in time; } Be in time. Be in time,
fa - tal line is passed,
have not long to stay, Be in time; } Be in time.
seal your help-less doom,
arms of Je - sus fly, Be in time; } Be in time.
christ-less soul be lost,
heav - en will re - joice, Be in time; } Be in time.
start for heav'n to-night,



sad cry be, "Too late," *Be in time.*

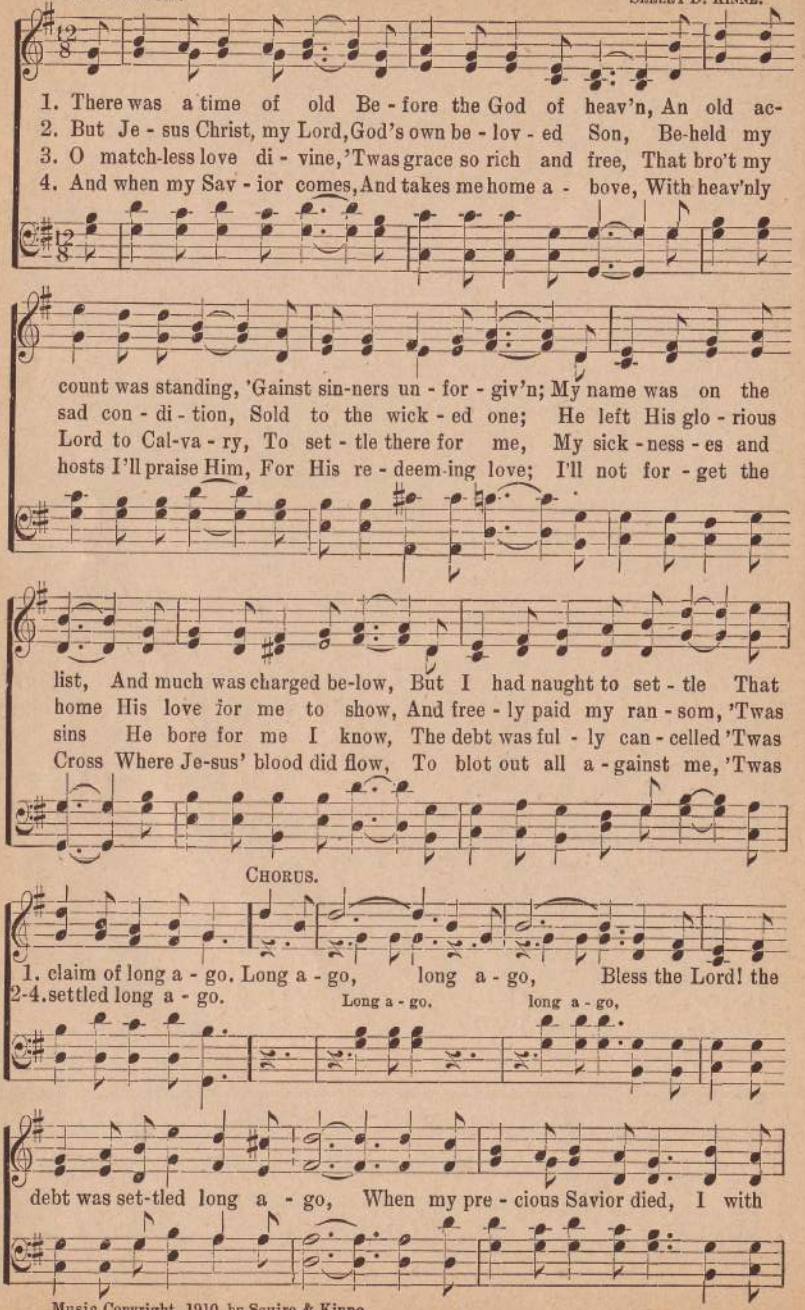
D. C.



sin - ner, be in time, While the voice of Je - sus calls you, be in time;

122 Settled Long Ago.

D. W. Griffin. Seeley D. Kinne.



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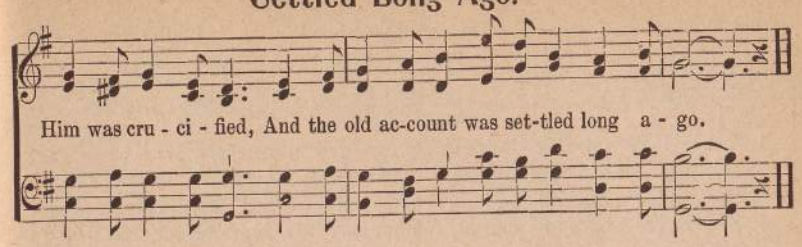
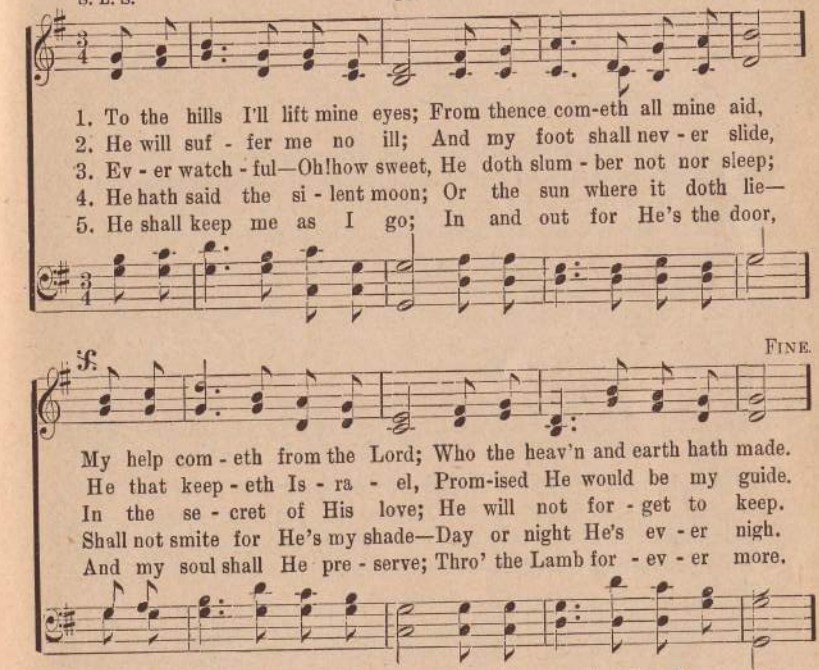
Settled Long Ago.



123 My Keeper.

S. L. S. Ps. 121. Sarah L. Squire.



"My keeper" can also be sung to the tune, "I am trusting Lord in Thee."

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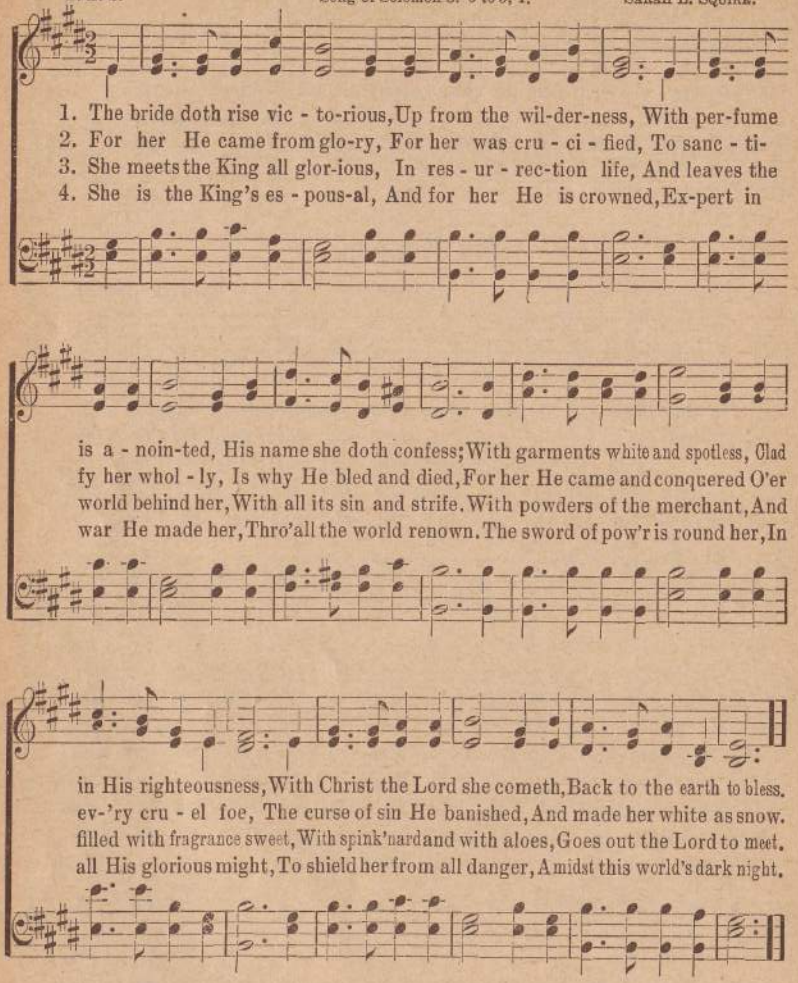
124 The Bride.

S. L. S. Song of Solomon 3: 6 to 5; 1. SARAH L. SQUIRE.



5 King David made a chariot,
To meet his holy bride,
Its pillars are of silver—
These secrets He doth hide;
The seat of it is purple,
The midst is filled with love;
It has a golden pavement,
And comes from heaven above.

6 She comes into His garden,
And drinks the cup of loves,
With wine and milk now nourished,
She dwells with cooing doves.
Without one spot or wrinkle,
"Thou art all fair, my love;"
Oh! dwell with me forever,
In my blest home above,

The Bride can also be sung with the tune—"From Greenland's Icy Mountain." Key of E.

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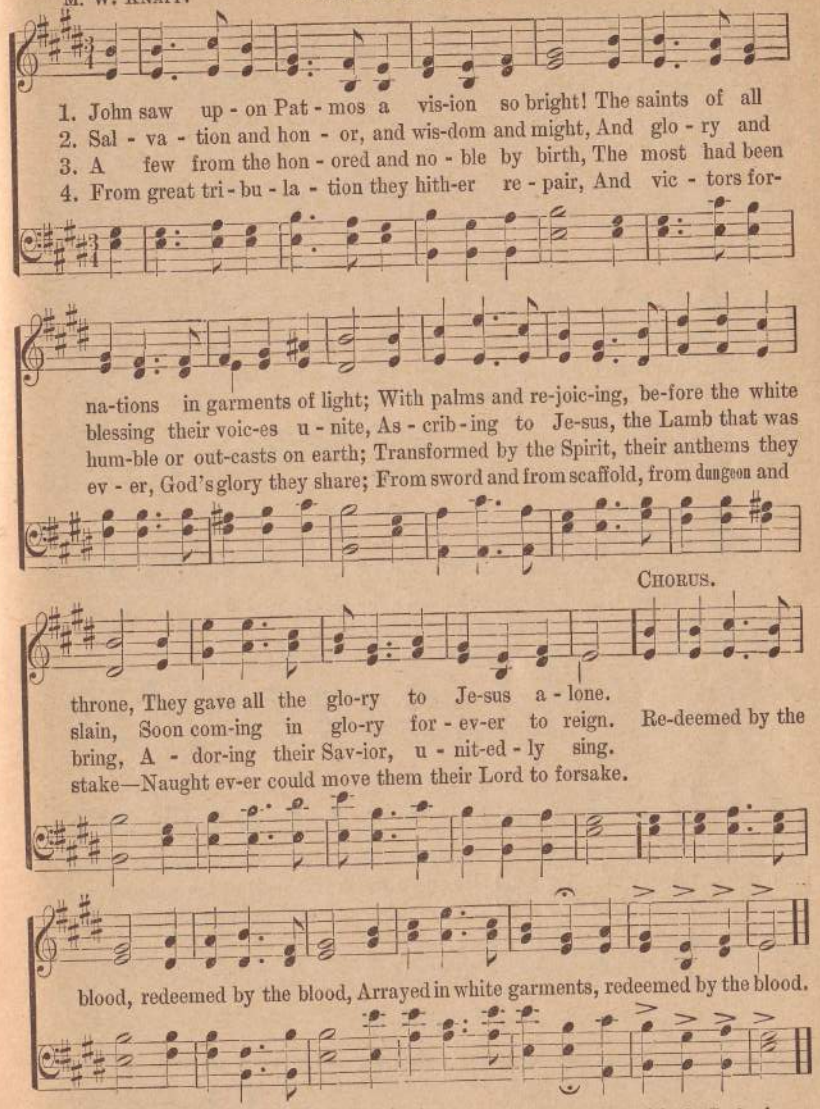
125 Redeemed by the Blood.

M. W. KNAPP. Memory Mrs. Rosa S. Kinne. S. D. KINNE.



5 For this they are honored and serve day and night,
And nearest the throne they rejoice in His light;
They hunger no more, by the Lamb they are fed,
By Him to the fountain of waters are led.

6 Their tears are all banished, God wipes them away,
Enthroned in His presence forever they stay;
What glory and honor for service so small!
One hour of such blessing repays them for all.

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126 Triumphant Victory.

Mrs. R. S. K. — Mrs. Rosa S. Kinne.

1. If our high - est am-bi - tion were al - way To be at our best for the
2. If with Sa - tan's dark pow'rs you are battling, The foe looks so fierce and so
3. There's a standard untouched by the mass-es, The Fa-ther for a - ges would

Lord, We would con-stant-ly press up the high - way, And walk in the
strong, Nev-er fear him, its on - ly his rat - tling, Thro' Je - sus we'll
show—'Tis the pow'r and the blood—we are help - less— His rich - es un-

light of His word; And His grace all suf - fi - cient a - bid - ing, If we
conquer all wrong. He's the God of the proph-ets and sag - es, So
told He'll be-stow. He has called us to shine thro' the fire, The a-

nev-er turn back or give in, Would lead us to be o - ver-com - ers, And
might-y, the on-com - ing King, He will ban-ish the hosts of the a-ges, His
nointing in us shall a - bide, And by faith we are still mounting higher, Till

Chorus.

ev - er tri-umph-ant - ly win.
glo-ry will vic - to - ry bring. Je - sus, Je - sus, bless-ed Re-deem-er and
spotless we stand as His bride.

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Triumphant Victory.

Friend, Sav-ior, Savior before Him our knees we will bend, Hail Him, hail Him, we'll

bow and sit at His feet, Where always our vic - to - ry is com-plete.

127 All for Jesus!

Mark D. James. — Asa Hull.

1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be - ing's ransomed pow'rs;

All my tho't's and words and do - ings, All my days and all my hours;

Repeat pp rit. second time.

All for Je - sus! All for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.

2 Let my hands perform His bidding;
Let my feet run in His ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure:
Only Jesus will I trust.
Only Jesus! only Jesus!
Only Jesus will I trust.

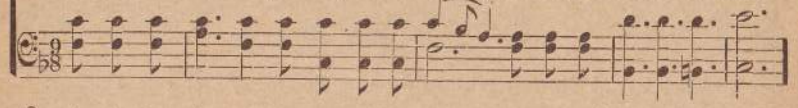
4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,
So unchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified.

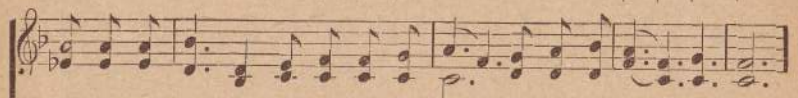
5 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

128 A Passion For Souls.

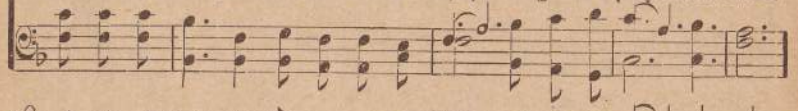
AMY CARMICHAEL. MRS. M. G. MOISE.

1. O for a pas - sion-ate pas-sion for souls, O for a pit - y that yearns,
2. In - fi - nite Sav - ior, in might-y com-pas-sion, Vis-it thy poor child to-night,
3. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, be-yond tell-ing rare Jew-el I ask now of Thee,
4. Now in the hush of this sweet solemn hour, Seek I Thy face, O thou Christ,
5. Now Thou art speaking to me, dost Thou give, Choice as in old - en time;

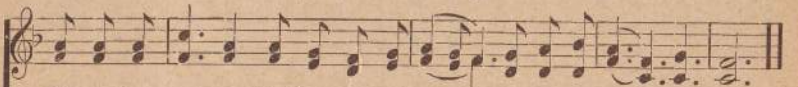




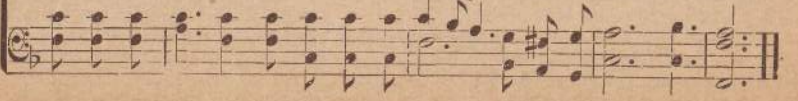
O for the love that will love un - to death—Oh for the fire that burns!
That which she hath not in tenderness give her, Teach her to pray and to fight;
All that it mean-eth, this tal - is - man pray'r, Wilt Thou not give it to me?
Thou all maj-es - tic in love, grace and pow'r, Keepest Thy child a tryst.
Lord, in my hand put the end of the rope, Pulling God's prayer-bell chime.



O for the pure prayer pow'r that pre-vails, Pour-ing it out for the lost,
Cost what it may of my self-cru - ci - fix - ion, So that Thy will may be done:
Ea-ger - ly earn - est-ly long I to know, Deep in this solemn thing—
Thy-self un-veiled in Thy love - li-ness fair, Dazzlest these earth-born eyes,
Fold-ed so close by Thy hand of great love, Noth-ing of self there will be,



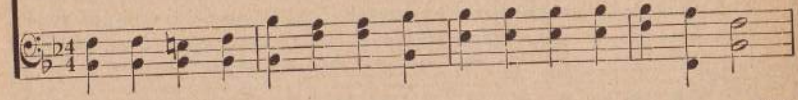
Vic-torious pray'r in the Con-quer-or's name, O for a Pen - te - cost!
Cost what it may of a lone - li - ness after, So on - ly souls may be won.
Ea-ger-ly, earn - est - ly long I to go Ut-ter-most lengths for my King.
O, some glad day I shall gaze on Thee there—Joy-ous will be the sur-prise.
So when it sound-eth our Fa-ther will know, Je-sus, 'tis rung by Thee.

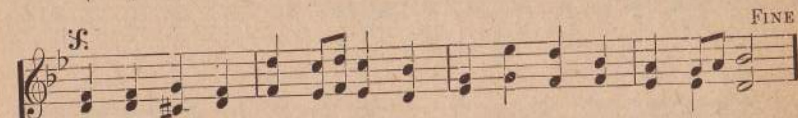


129 Love Divine.

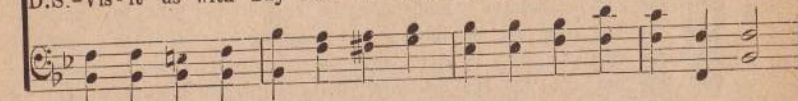
CHARLES WESLEY. 8. 7. D. JOHN ZUNDEL.

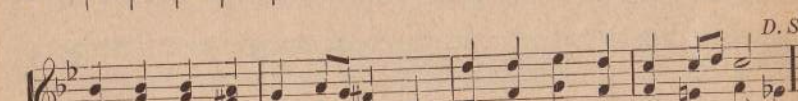
1. Love Di-vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down,



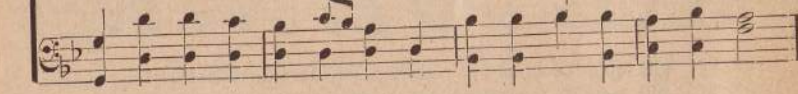


Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown:
D.S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.





Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;



2 Breathe, O breathe, Thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest;
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

130 Joy.

1 Know my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is Thine;
What a Savior died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

131 I Shall Not Walk Alone

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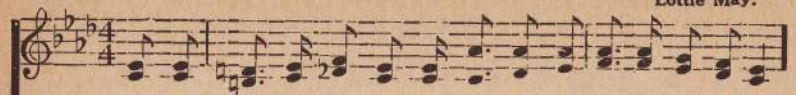
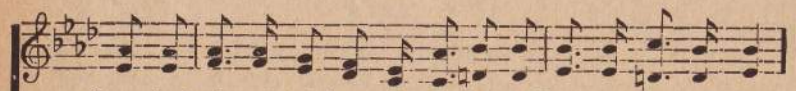
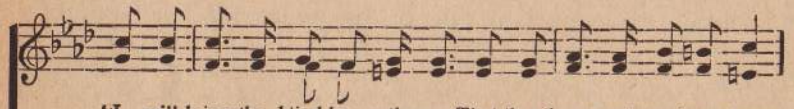
Lottie May.



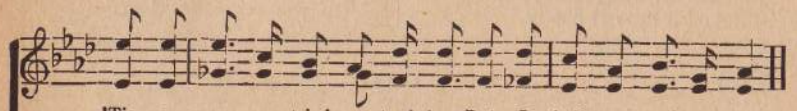
1. Forth, in - to the dark-ness pass - ing, Noth ing can I hear or see,
2. He who leads me knows the path-way, Ev - 'ry step Himself has planned;
3. Guid-ance, light and presence promised—Lord, Thou couldst not give me more;
4. Lead the way, Lord, where Thou pleas-est, On - ly keep me close to Thee;



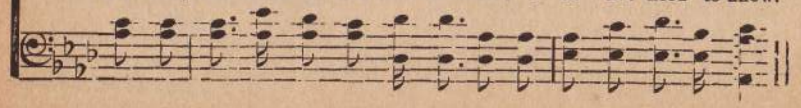
Save the hand outstretched to guide me, And the Voice that calls to me:
Sees the end from the be - gin-ning, Let me on - ly feel His hand;
Thus the mys - tic fie - ry pil - lar Moved the chos - en tribes be - fore:
Car - ing not to see the dis-tance, We'll con-tent that Thou dost see;



"I will bring the blind by pathways That they know not uor have know,
I will walk in - to the dark-ness, Shrink not, but with pa-tience wait;
Red-dened far the sand-y des - ert, Thro' the si - lence of the night;
Have I not my all com - mitt - ed To Thy keep - ing long a - go—

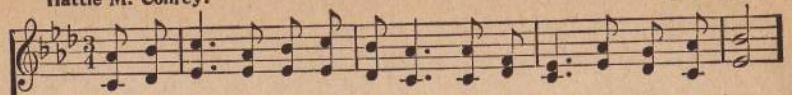


'Tis a way un - tried, un-trod-den, But I shall not walk a - lone.
"Darkness shall be light be - fore them, And the crook - ed shall be straight.
Sym - bol of a Guard un-sleep-ing, Turn-ing dark-ness in - to light.
Know-ing Him whom I have trust-ed—More I do not need to know.

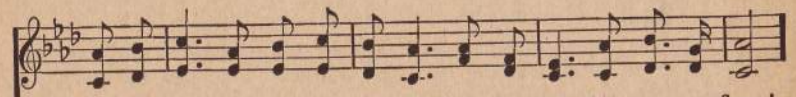


132 Jesus Only.

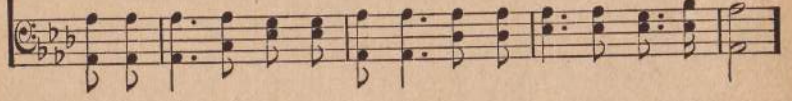
Hattie M. Conrey. R. Lowry.



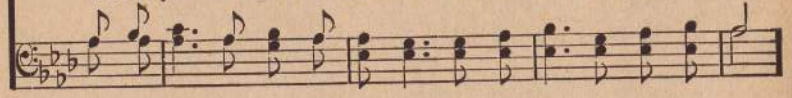
1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a - lone,
2. What tho' all my earth-ly jour-ney Bringeth naught but wear - y hours;
3. What tho' all my heart is yearn-ing For the loved of long a - go—
4. When I soar to realms of glo - ry, And an en-trance I a - wait,



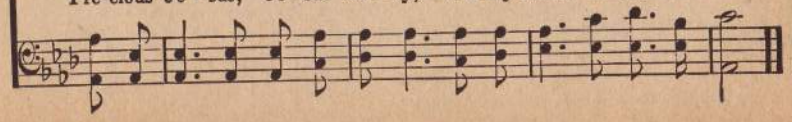
Long-ing, 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown!
And, in grasp-ing for life's ro - ses, Thorns I find in - stead of flow'rs!
Bit - ter les - sons sad - ly learn-ing From the shad-owy page of woe!
If I whis-per, "Je - sus on - ly!" Wide will ope the pearl - y gate:



If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," Then my sky will have a gem;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," I pos - sess a clus - ter rare;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," He'll be with me to the end;
When I join the heav'n-ly cho - rus, And the an - gel - hosts I see,



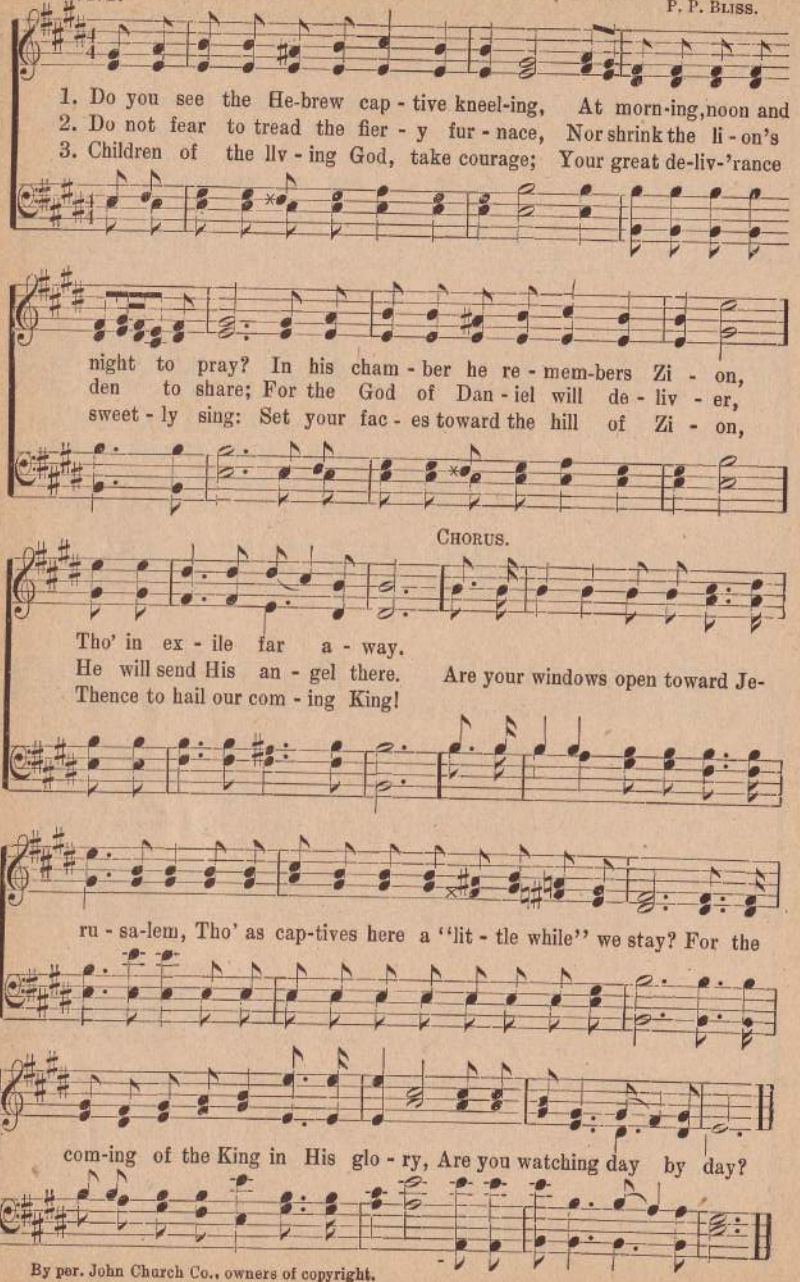
He's the Sun of bright-est splen-dor, And the Star of Beth - le - hem.
He's the "Lil - y of the Val-ley," And the Rose of Shar-on fair.
And, un - seen by mor - tal vi - sion, An - gel bands will o'er me bend.
Pre-cious Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," Will my theme of rap - ture be.



133 Windows Open Towards Jerusalem.

"And his windows being open toward Jerusalem."—Dan. 6: 10.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.



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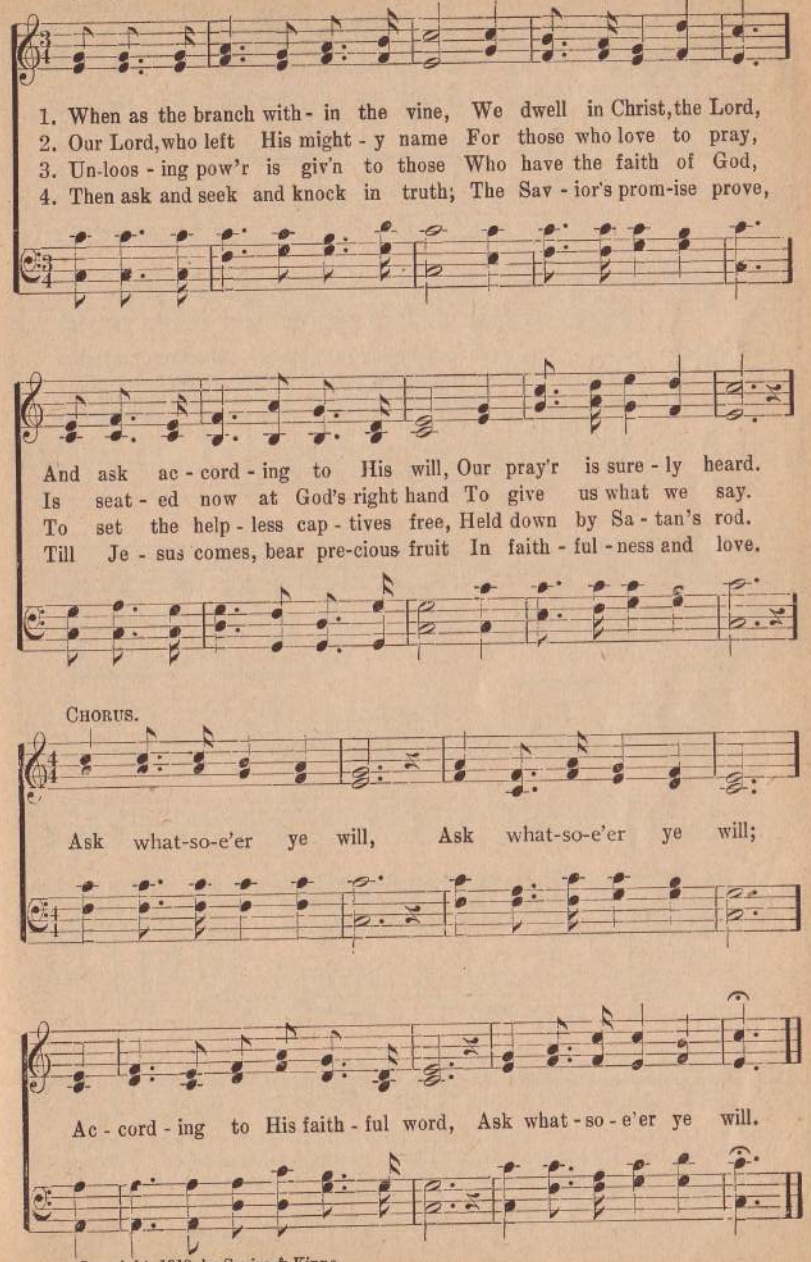
134 Ask Whatsoe'er Ye Will.

D. W. G. S. D. K.



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He Cometh!

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W. T. P. Wm. T. Pettengill.

1. Je-sus is com-ing! go, her-ald the ti-dings Far o-ver the land and the sea; Je-sus is com-ing to gath-er the ransomed, Re-deemed by His death on the tree. An-gels at-tend-ing, the heav-ens descending—All lan-guage our joy will trans-cend, When we shall see Him, the King in His beau-ty, Our Bridegroom, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

2. Lift up your heads and re-joice, O ye right-eous, Your per-fect re-demption is nigh; Swift-ly the darkness of mid-night ap-proach-es, "He com-eth," shall sound from the sky. Long has the bat-tle been waged against e-vil By suf-fer-ing saints here be-low. Je-sus is com-ing to ban-ish our sor-row, And lead us where tears nev-er flow.

3. Come, dear Lord Je-sus, Thy prom-ise ful-fill-ing: "Come quick-ly!" our souls cry to Thee: Long has the world been enthralled by the tempter, The curse is on land and on sea. Yet Thou shalt tri-umph, the na-tions sub-du-ing, The truth of the Word can-not fail; God's wondrous glo-ry, like o-cean's deep billows, To earth's farthest bounds shall pre-vail.

He Cometh!

CHORUS.

Je-sus is com-ing, our Sav-ior and Lov-er di-vine;..... Soon.... in His glo-ry the ran-somed of a-ges will shine;..... A-ges on a-ges we'll reign with our King on His throne;... Won-der-ful sto-ry! We'll share in His glo-ry, Redeemed by His mer-cy a-lone.

Yes, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing,

E-ven so, quick-ly come! Yes, soon in His glo-ry re-splend-ent the

Thru a-ges on

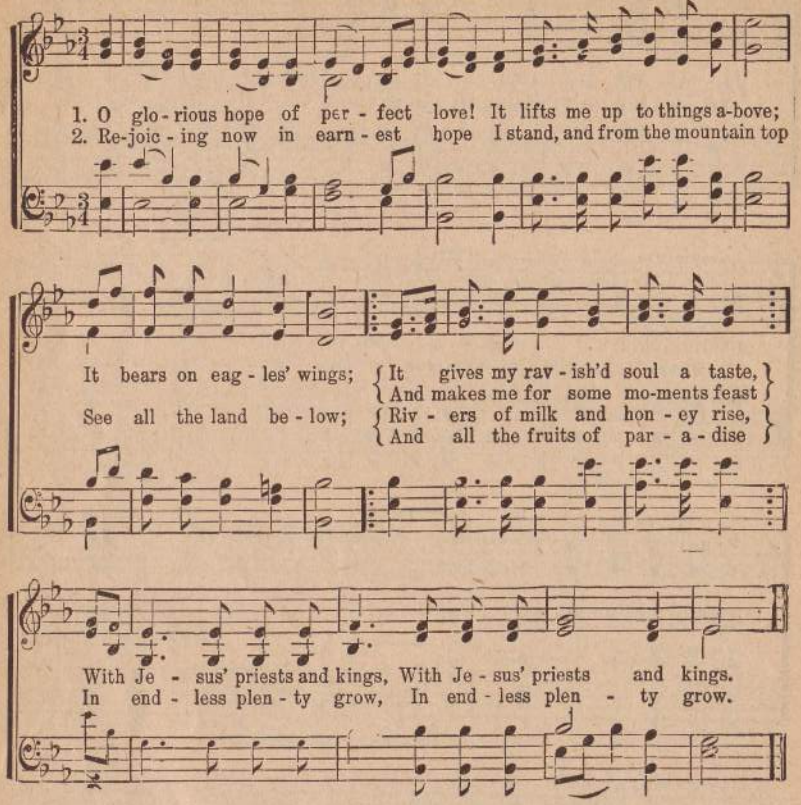
Hal-le-lu-jah to God!

a-ges e-ter-nal

on His throne, O won-der-ful

136 O Glorious Hope of Perfect Love!

CHAS. WESLEY. Ariel. C. P. M. 8s & 6s. DR. L. MASON.



3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness!

137 O Could I Speak

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

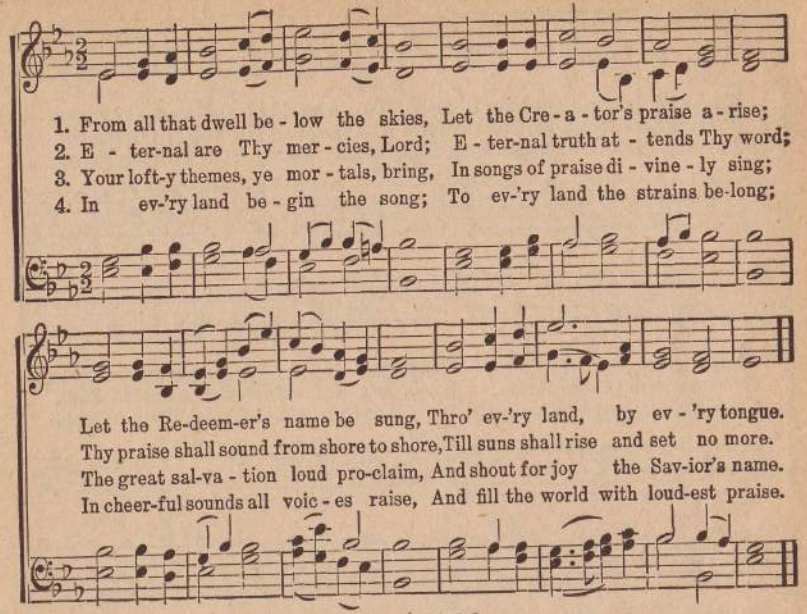
3 I'd sing the character He bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Samuel Medley.

138 From all That Dwell.

Duke Street. JOHN HATTON.



139 O Thou, Whom all Thy Saints Adore.

1 O Thou, whom all Thy saints adore,
We now with all Thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful majesty.

2 We come, great God, to seek Thy face,
And for Thy loving kindness wait;
And O, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

3 Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh;
To Thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flames of fire.

4 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way
And lead us to the holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above,
And take our seat at Thy right hand,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

140 Jesus Shall Reign.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet:
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

3 To Him shall endless praise be made,
And endless praises crown His head,
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their young hosannas to His name.

5 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

6 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast,
More blessings than their father lost.

Isaac Watts.

Blessed Be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. BY PERMISSION. H. S. Perkins.

1. Bless - ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re - vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came:
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless - ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes are we healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me: Wa - ter can-not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean - ing on Thy prom-ise, I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - er than the snow,
Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow.

Blessed Be the Fountain.

Whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the blood of the
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow, the snow;

rit.

Lamb,..... And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Lamb, of the Lamb, than snow.

142 Come, Thou Almighty King.

ITALIAN HYMN. F. GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise:
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word! Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend:
3. Come Holy Com - fort - er! Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour;

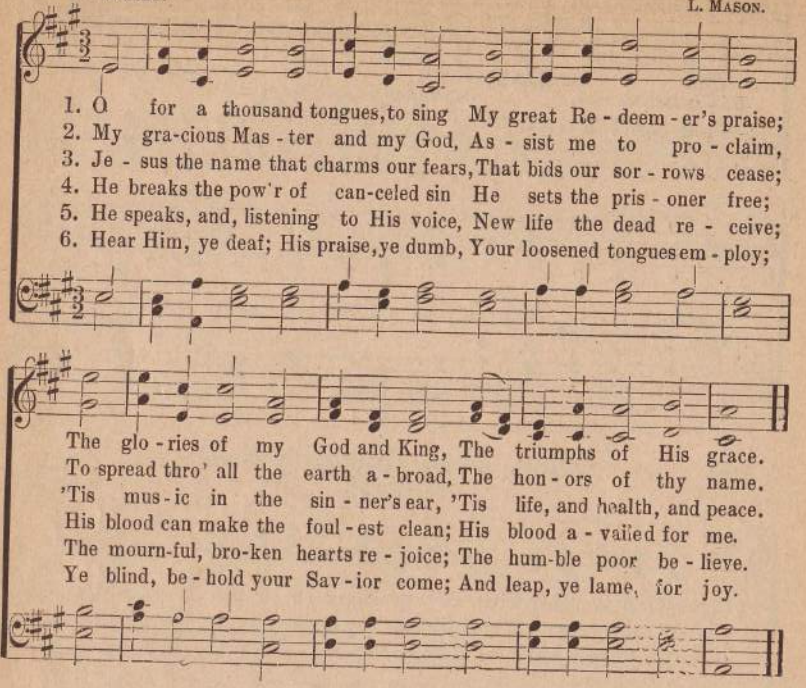
Fa-ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign
Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess; Spir - it of
Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from

o - ver us, An-cient of days.
ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.

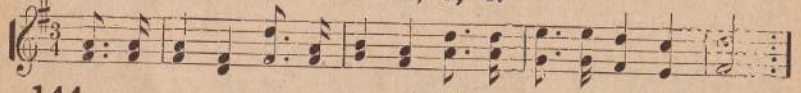
4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

143 O for a Thousand Tongues, to Sing.

C. Wesley. L. Mason.



Zion. 8, 7, 4.



144

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

145

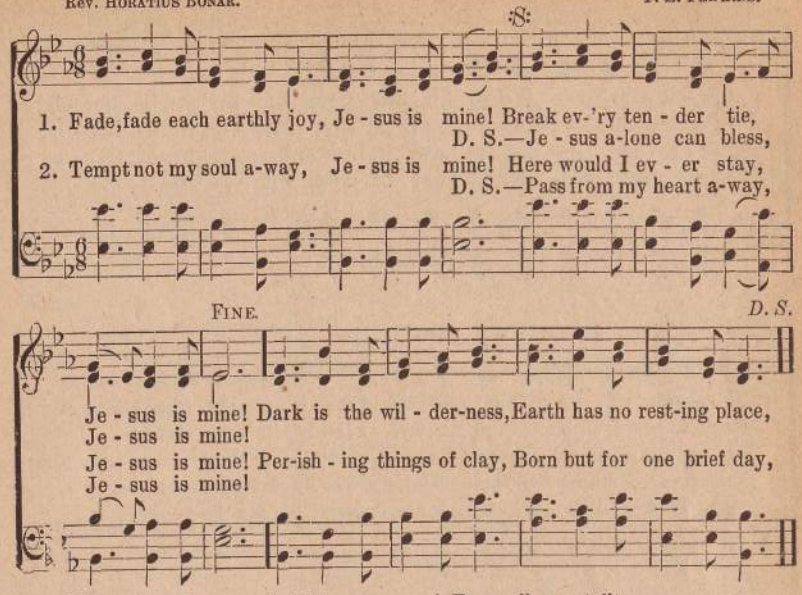
1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
I am weak—but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey thro':
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

146 Jesus is Mine.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.



3 Farewell ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

147 Wondrous Love.

Tune—Home, Sweet Home.

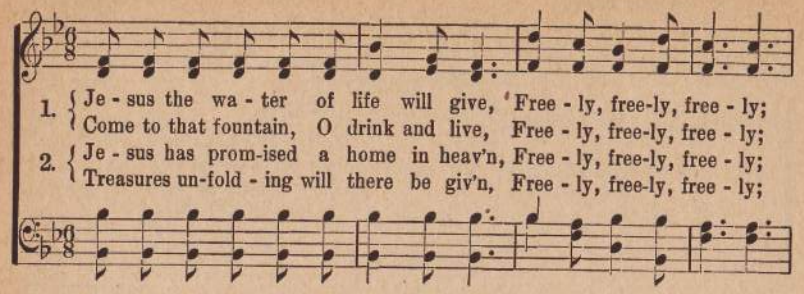
1 A plant dry and tender, unlovely He seemed,
Acquainted with grief, and so lightly esteemed,
Despised and rejected, and crowned by the thorn,
He carried our sorrows, our griefs He hath borne.

Cho.—Love, love, wondrous love;
O keep me, dear Savior, from grieving Thy love.

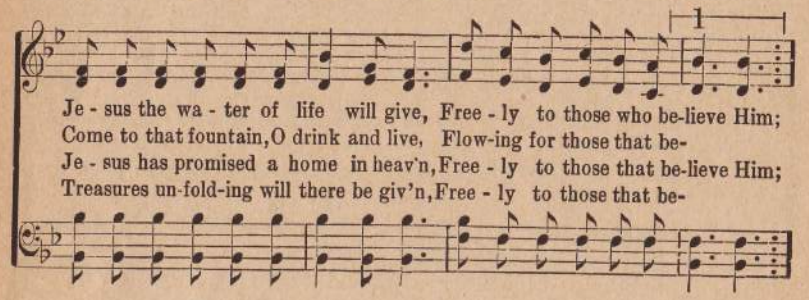
2 Like sheep prone to wander, the world went astray,
And turned every one to his own sinful way,
The Lord laid on Jesus the sins of us all,
On His sinless head, see the chastisement fall.

3 A Lamb to the slaughter how meekly He came,
Oppressed and afflicted, and covered with shame,
O suff'ring Redeemer, 'twas I caused Thy pain,
Thy stripes are my healing, for me Thou wast slain.

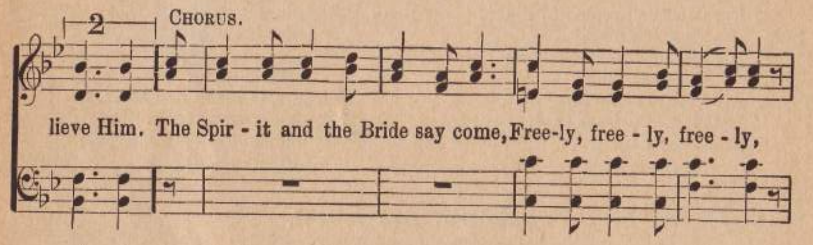
4 O what shall I render, my Lord, unto Thee,
Thy travail of soul to accomplish in me?
My all seems so little, but Lord, it is Thine,
And filled is this temple with glory divine. *Mayne Payne Ferguson.*



1. { Je - sus the wa - ter of life will give, Free - ly, free-ly, free - ly;
Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Free - ly, free-ly, free - ly;
2. { Je - sus has prom-ised a home in heav'n, Free - ly, free-ly, free - ly;
Treasures un-fold - ing will there be giv'n, Free - ly, free-ly, free - ly;

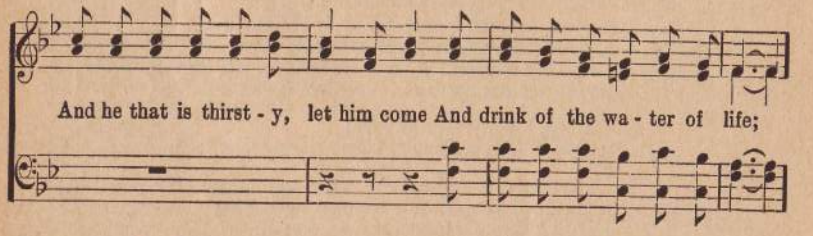


Je - sus the wa - ter of life will give, Free - ly to those who be-lieve Him;
Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Flow-ing for those that be-
Je - sus has promised a home in heav'n, Free - ly to those that be-lieve Him;
Treasures un-fold-ing will there be giv'n, Free - ly to those that be-

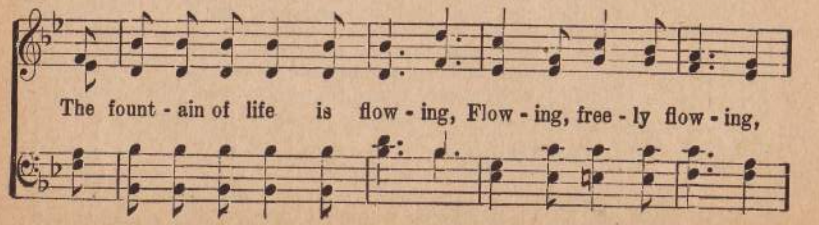


CHORUS.

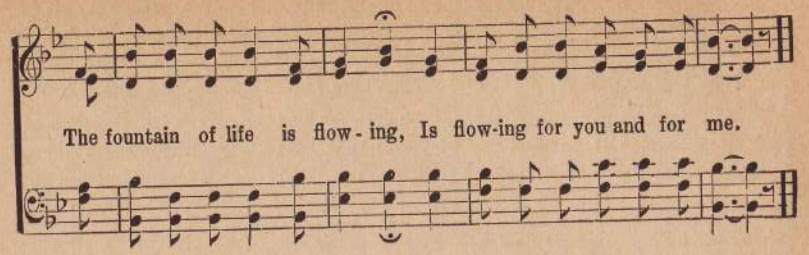
lieve Him. The Spir - it and the Bride say come, Free-ly, free - ly, free - ly,



And he that is thirst - y, let him come And drink of the wa - ter of life;



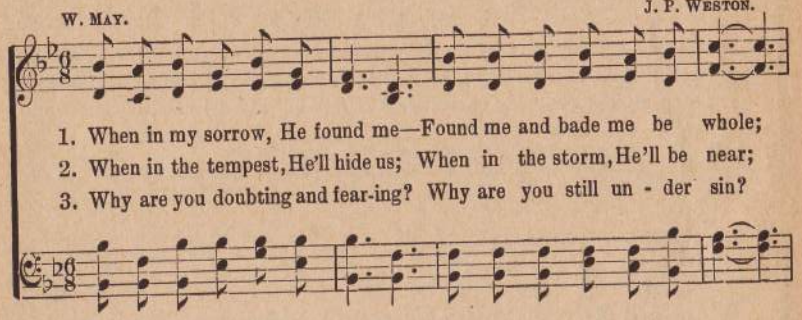
The fount - ain of life is flow - ing, Flow - ing, free - ly flow - ing,



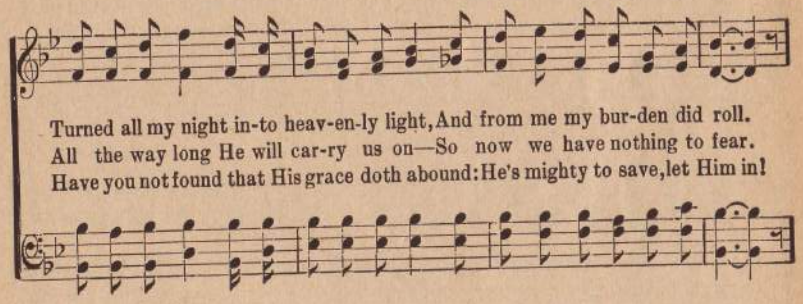
The fountain of life is flow - ing, Is flow-ing for you and for me.

149 Jesus Is Strong to Deliver.

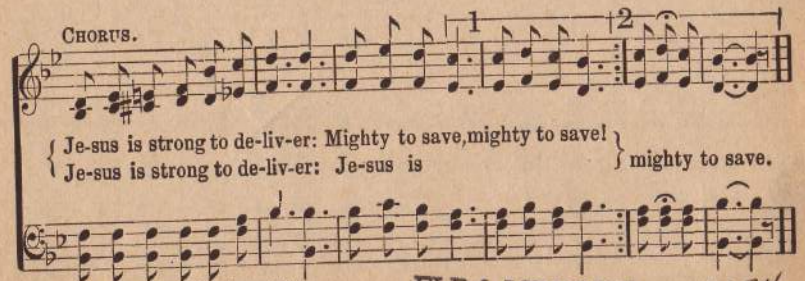
W. MAY. J. P. WESTON.



1. When in my sorrow, He found me—Found me and bade me be whole;
2. When in the tempest, He'll hide us; When in the storm, He'll be near;
3. Why are you doubting and fear-ing? Why are you still un - der sin?



Turned all my night in-to heav-en-ly light, And from me my bur-den did roll.
All the way long He will car-ry us on—So now we have nothing to fear.
Have you not found that His grace doth abound: He's mighty to save, let Him in!



CHORUS.

{ Je-sus is strong to de-liv-er: Mighty to save, mighty to save!
Je-sus is strong to de-liv-er: Je-sus is } mighty to save.

From "Songs of the Gospel."

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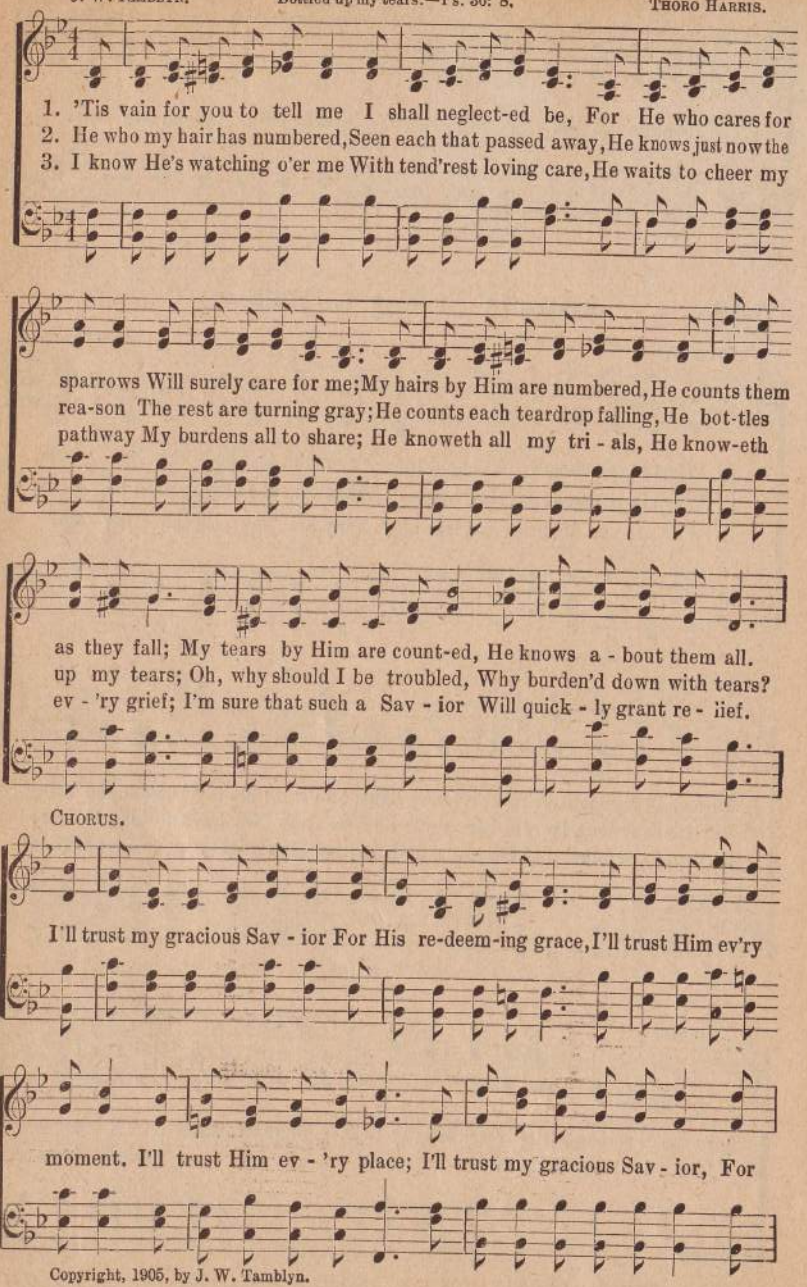
150 I'll Trust Him.

J. W. Tamblyn. Bottled up my tears.—Ps. 36: 8. Thoro Harris.



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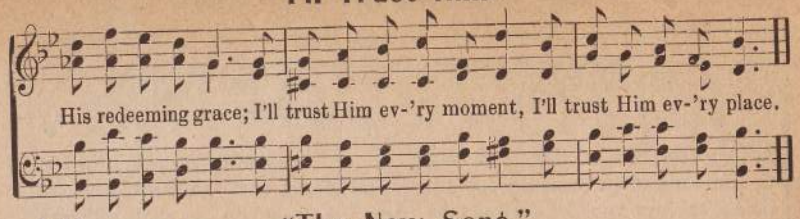
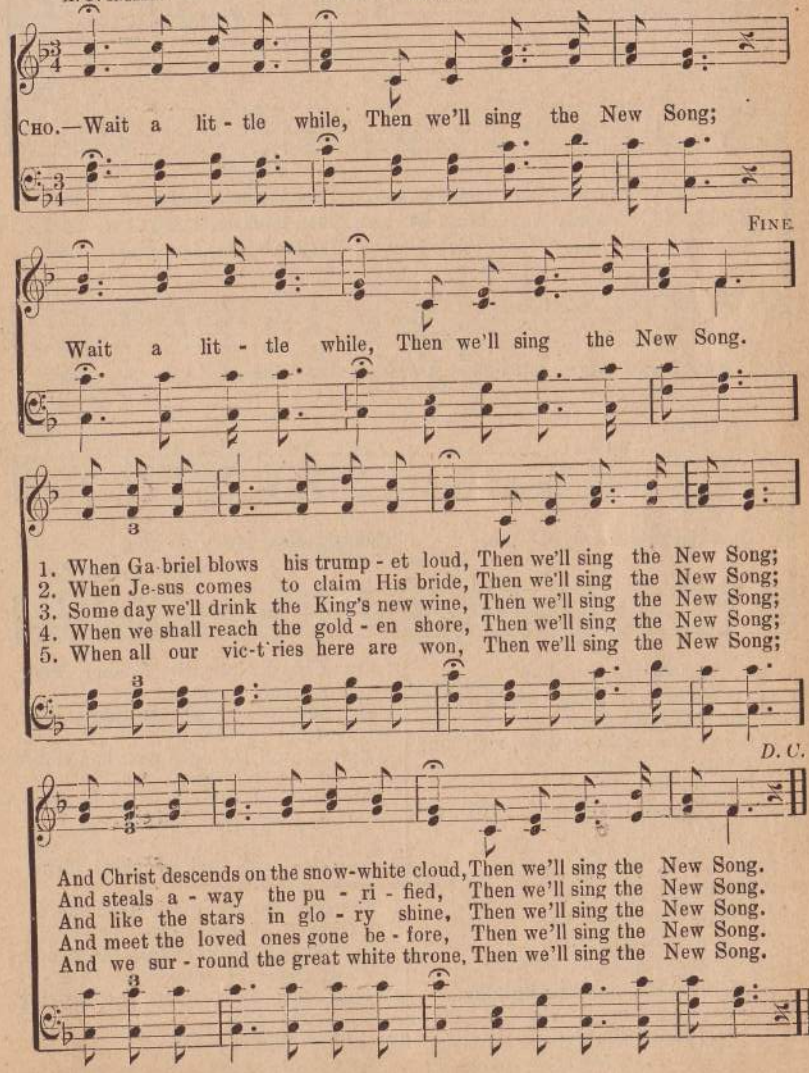
I'll Trust Him.



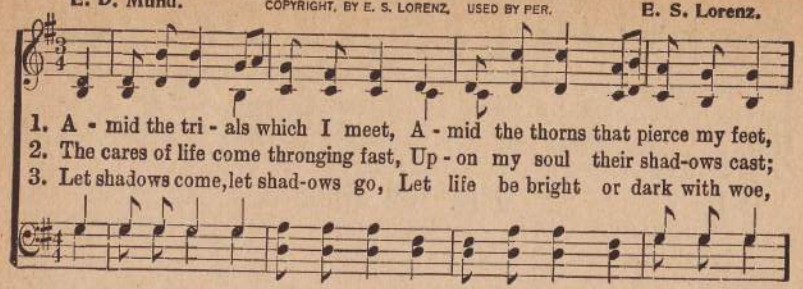
151 "The New Song."

A. F. Ingler. Rev. 5: 9, 10; 15: 3. Southern Melody.

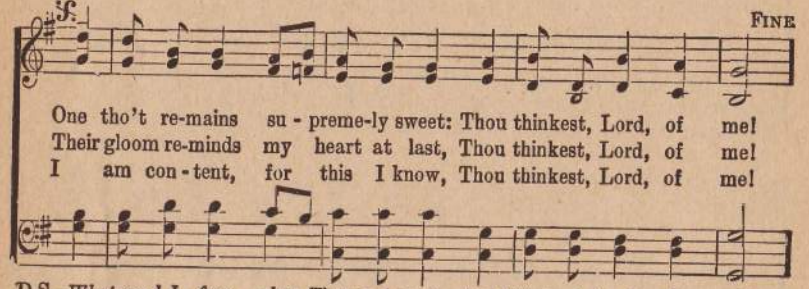


152 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. Mund. COPYRIGHT, BY E. S. LORENZ, USED BY PER. E. S. Lorenz.



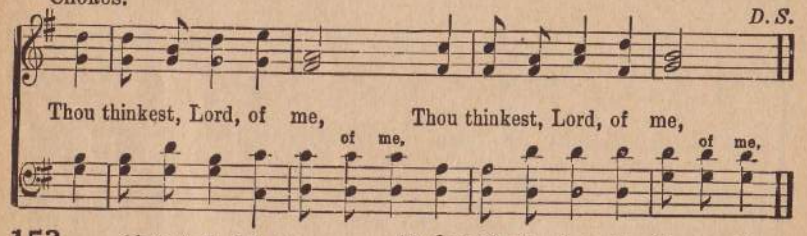
1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ows cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,



One tho't re-mains su - preme-ly sweet: Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.–*What need I fear when Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me?*

CHORUS.



Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,
of me, of me.

153 Christ's Building

1 Christ now a building will prepare,
Not made by men.
'Tis decked with jewels rich and rare,
Not made with hands.
Not men of mark and great renown,
Not made by men,
Shall carve this building fine and grand,
Not made with hands.

CHORUS

I know, I know,
Christ has another building,
I know, I know,
Not made by men.

2 Our Christ alone, the Corner Stone,
Not made by men,
Eternal Rock fixed firm and strong,
Not set by men,
Through all the ages past has stood,
Not set by men;
And through eternal years to come,
Unmoved shall stand.

3 Apostles true and prophets clear,
Set in by God,
Foundations are made to adhere—
Church of the Lord.
By people built are churches grand,
Yet made by men—
They are built upon the sinking sand:
They cannot stand.

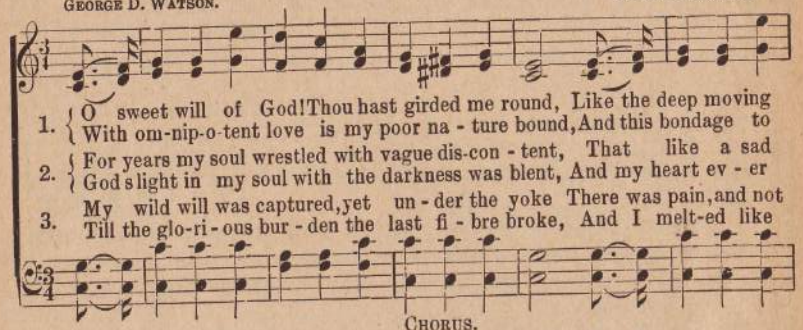
4 The Lord sets in His Church Divine
Not set by men
The members true, the living vine,
Yes, set by God.
He daily prunes and trains them all,
Great Husbandman;
Nor leaves one branch to stray or fall:
Church of our God.

5 Built for a dwelling place of God:
Temple Divine.
It's daily growing rich and fair:
The cross its sign.
Garnished with gifts and graces fair
O'er laid with gold,
And precious stones and gems so rare
All set by God.

SEELEY D. KINNE.

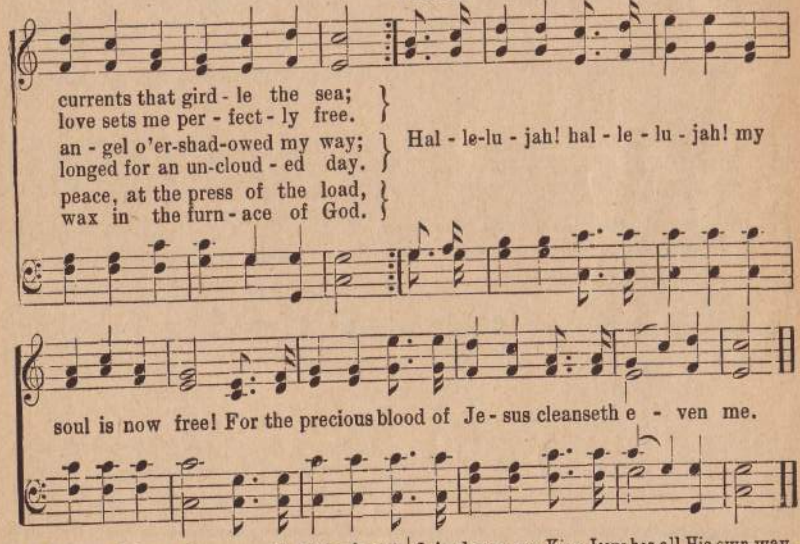
154 The Bondage of Love.

GEORGE D. WATSON. JOSEPH GARRISON.



1. { O sweet will of God! Thou hast girded me round, Like the deep moving
With om-nip-o-tent love is my poor na - ture bound, And this bondage to
2. { For years my soul wrestled with vague dis-con - tent, That like a sad
God's light in my soul with the darkness was blent, And my heart ev - er
3. My wild will was captured, yet un - der the yoke There was pain, and not
Till the glo-ri - ous bur - den the last fi - bre broke, And I melt-ed like

CHORUS.



currents that gird - le the sea;
love sets me per - fect - ly free.
an - gel o'er-shad-owed my way;
longed for an un-cloud - ed day.
peace, at the press of the load,
wax in the furn - ace of God.
Hal - le-lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! my
soul is now free! For the precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth e - ven me.

4 And now I have flung myself recklessly out,
Like a chip on the stream of the Infinite Will;
I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a shout,
And I just let my God His dear purpose fulfill.

5 I care not for self; all my blessings and pains
I gladly yield up to the mandate above;
My crosses and triumphs, my losses and gains,
I bury them all in the vortex of love.

6 And now my King Jesus has all His own way,
I want but to catch His low whisp'ring word;
'Tis my bliss to lie low 'neath His scepter's bright sway,
For my triumph I see in each step of my Lord.

7 Forever I choose the good will of my God,
Its holy deep riches to love and to know,
The serfdom of love doth so sweeten the rod,
That its touch maketh rivers of honey to flow.

No. 155. Come, Learn of the Meek and Lowly.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Come, learn of the Meek and Low - ly, Come, sit at the Mas - ter's feet;
2. O if we were more like Je - sus, And more from the world a - part,
3. He wept o'er the ho - ly cit - y, He wept o'er a loved one dead;

REF.-Come, learn of the Meek and Low - ly, Come, sit at the Mas - ter's feet;

FINE.

No place in the world so ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet;
Com-mun-ing with Him in spir - it, And near-er to Him in heart,—
He know-eth our ev - 'ry tri - al, And se - eth the tears we shed;

No place in the world so ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet.

His les - sons are plain and sim - ple, A balm to the wound - ed breast;
We should not complain so sad - ly, When trouble and care we meet,
O live that our souls may en - ter His king-dom with joy com - plete;

D. C. for Refrain.

He mak-eth our bur - den light - er, And giv - eth His chil - dren rest.
But car - ry at once our sor-rows, And lay them at Je - sus' feet.
And there, thro' e - ter - nal a - ges, We'll sit at the Mas - ter's feet.

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156 Deeper, Deeper.

"And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge, and in all judgment."—Phil. 1-9.

C. P. J. CHARLES PRICE JONES.

1. Deep - er, deep-er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
2. Deep - er, deep-er! bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep - er still,
3. Deep - er, deep-er! tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep - er let me go!
4. Deep - er, high - er ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con - flict past
5. Deep - er, deep-er! in the faith of Je - sus, Ho - ly faith and true;

High-er, high - er in the school of wis - dom, More of grace to know.
Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus And His per - fect will.
Root-ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow.
Finds me conqu'ror, and in His own im - age Per - fect - ed at last.
In His pow'r and soul ex - alt - ing wis-dom Let me peace pur - sue.

CHORUS.

O deep - - er yet, I pray, And
O deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And

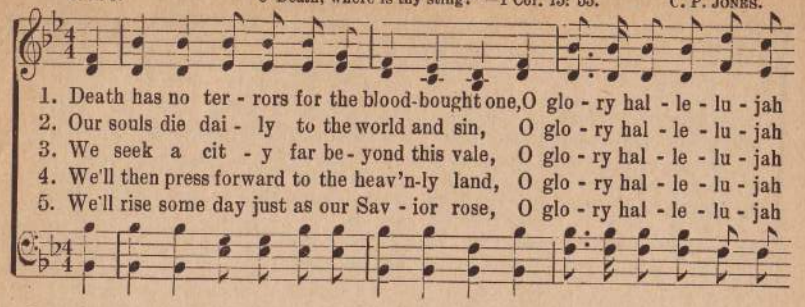
high - - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - - er,
high-er ev - 'ry day, high-er, ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless-ed Lord,

bless - ed Lord, In Thy pre - cious ho - ly word.
wis - er, bless - ed Lord,

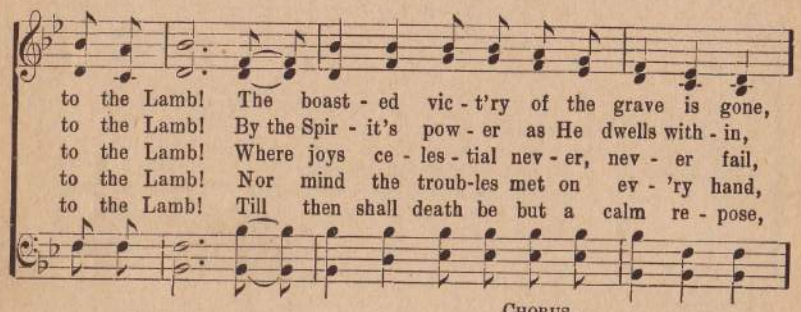
1900, by C. P. Jones. By permission.

157 Death Hath No Terrors.

C. P. J. "O Death, where is thy sting?"—1 Cor. 15: 55. C. P. JONES.

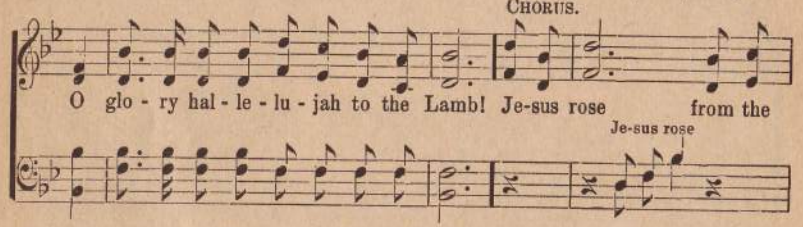


1. Death has no ter - rors for the blood-bought one, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
2. Our souls die dai - ly to the world and sin, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
3. We seek a cit - y far be - yond this vale, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
4. We'll then press forward to the heav'n-ly land, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
5. We'll rise some day just as our Sav - ior rose, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah

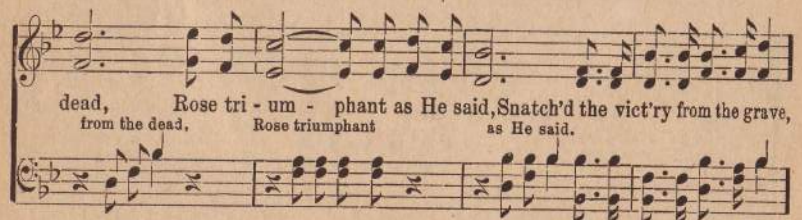


to the Lamb! The boast - ed vic - t'ry of the grave is gone,
to the Lamb! By the Spir - it's pow - er as He dwells with - in,
to the Lamb! Where joys ce - les - tial nev - er, nev - er fail,
to the Lamb! Nor mind the troub-les met on ev - 'ry hand,
to the Lamb! Till then shall death be but a calm re - pose,

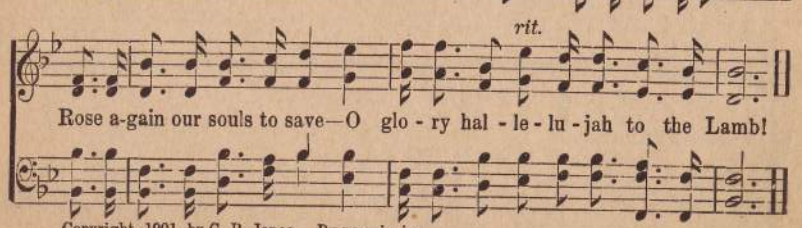
CHORUS.



O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Je-sus rose from the
Je-sus rose



dead, Rose tri - um - phant as He said, Snatch'd the vict'ry from the grave,
from the dead, Rose triumphant as He said.



Rose a-gain our souls to save—O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

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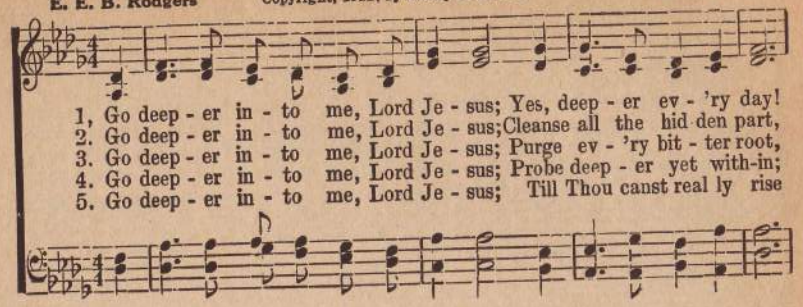
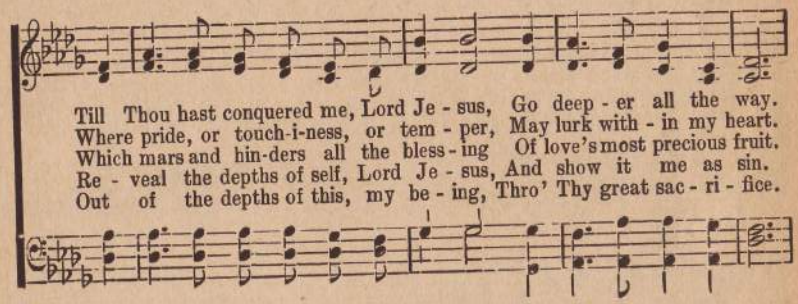
158 Go Deeper

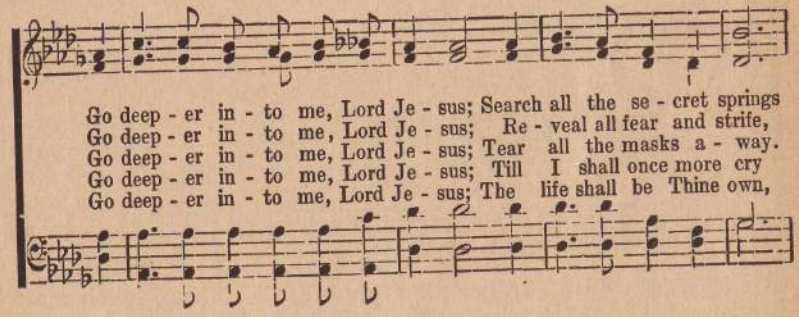
E. E. B. Rodgers Copyright, 1922, by Seeley D. Kinne Lottie May



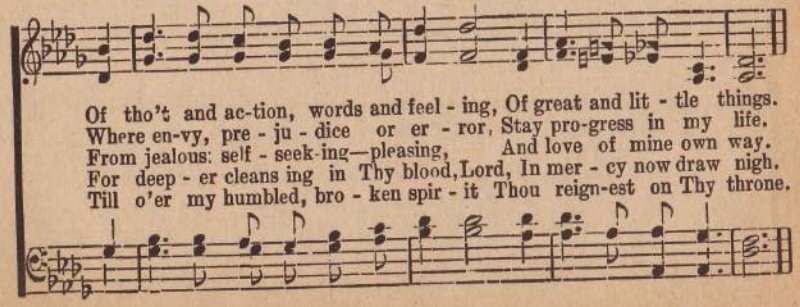
1, Go deep - er in - to me, Lord Je - sus; Yes, deep - er ev - 'ry day!
2. Go deep - er in - to me, Lord Je - sus; Cleanse all the hid-den part,
3. Go deep - er in - to me, Lord Je - sus; Purge ev - 'ry bit - ter root,
4. Go deep - er in - to me, Lord Je - sus; Probe deep - er yet with-in;
5. Go deep - er in - to me, Lord Je - sus; Till Thou canst real ly rise



Till Thou hast conquered me, Lord Je - sus, Go deep - er all the way.
Where pride, or touch-i-ness, or tem - per, May lurk with - in my heart.
Which mars and hin-ders all the bless - ing Of love's most precious fruit.
Re - veal the depths of self, Lord Je - sus, And show it me as sin.
Out of the depths of this, my be - ing, Thro' Thy great sac - ri - fice.



Go deep - er in - to me, Lord Je - sus; Search all the se - cret springs
Go deep - er in - to me, Lord Je - sus; Re - veal all fear and strife,
Go deep - er in - to me, Lord Je - sus; Tear all the masks a - way.
Go deep - er in - to me, Lord Je - sus; Till I shall once more cry
Go deep - er in - to me, Lord Je - sus; The life shall be Thine own,



Of tho't and ac-tion, words and feel - ing, Of great and lit - tle things.
Where en-vy, pre - ju - dice or er - ror, Stay pro-gress in my life.
From jealous: self - seek-ing—pleasing, And love of mine own way.
For deep - er cleans ing in Thy blood, Lord, In mer - cy now draw nigh.
Till o'er my humbled, bro - ken spir - it Thou reign-est on Thy throne.

159 Somebody Looking For Jesus in You

M. L. M. Copyright, 1922, by Seeley D. Kinne Lottie May

1. There is some - bod-y look-ing for Je - sus in you! Let this sink in your
2. Yes, some-one is look-ing with searching gaze For that life is scarred
3. And one close be-side you, so tempted and tried Just be-gin ning the
4. There's noth-ing that comes in your life or in mine Needs to dark-en the

1. heart if you've found Him true And your life is all His and you long to do
2. by the world and its ways; And the un-rest of souls thro' the wea - ry days—
3. journey, with Je - sus as Guide, Is look-ing to see if you *real-ly a - bide*
4. face; for the pow'r di - vine Of the Mas-ter with-in who can make it shine

CHORUS

1. What will please Him most of all.
2. Does the seacher find Jesus in you?
3. In His sun - shine, hour by hour. In your words, your actions, the
4. With His ra-diance warm and true.

deeds that you do Man - y are look-ing for Je - sus in you; Oh, let them not

miss as the world you pass thru The charm of His love - li - ness there.

160 Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John 15: 3.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak-ing, When sun-light thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry "ho-san-na," from heav-en de-scend - ing, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with-out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no

dark - ness and shad - ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the black-ness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

rit.

turn-eth, hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le - lu - jah! A-men.

161 March of Zion's King.

May be used as march for any occasion. Let Bass or Tenor voice sing Solo if possible.

C. P. J. "Behold He cometh with clouds."—Rev. 1: 7. C. P. JONES.

Con espressione.

1. List to the sound of the trum-pet, 'Tis the com - ing of the King!
   Lift up your heads ye pil-grims, There's a mes - sage from the sky;
2. O what a weep - ing and wail - ing, From a - mong the sin - ful throne!
   It is their hour of judg-ment and the judge of earth and sky,
3. List to the sound of the trum-pet! 'Tis the year of ju - bi - lee!
   It is the march of the Sav - ior come the church's tears to dry,

List how the saints are shout - ing, and the ver - y heav-en's ring;
They have no part for - ev - er in the saint's re-demp-tion song;
And this old earth from op-pres-sion shall a thou - sand years be free;

'Tis the hour of your re - demp - tion, And the King is nigh.
Cloth'd in the robes of ven-geance Draw - eth nigh, yes, nigh.
'Tis the hal - le - lu - jah morn - ing, For the King is nigh.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

Lo, He comes! Lo, He comes! Lo, He comes! Com-ing to
Hear the glad cry! Lo. He comes! Be-hold Him nigh!

earth a - gain! Shout ye ransomed! hail the com-ing of the King!
of the King!

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162 Arise, my Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. Old Norman Melody. Arr. by S. L. SQUIRE.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry:
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One,
5. With God I'm rec - on - ciled; His pard-'ning voice I hear:

The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead;
They pour ef - fect - ual pray'r's, They strong - ly plead for me;
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son:
He owns me for His child; I can no long - er fear:

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands,
His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace,
"For - give him, O for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die,
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God,
With con - fi-dence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Ab - ba, Father!" cry,"

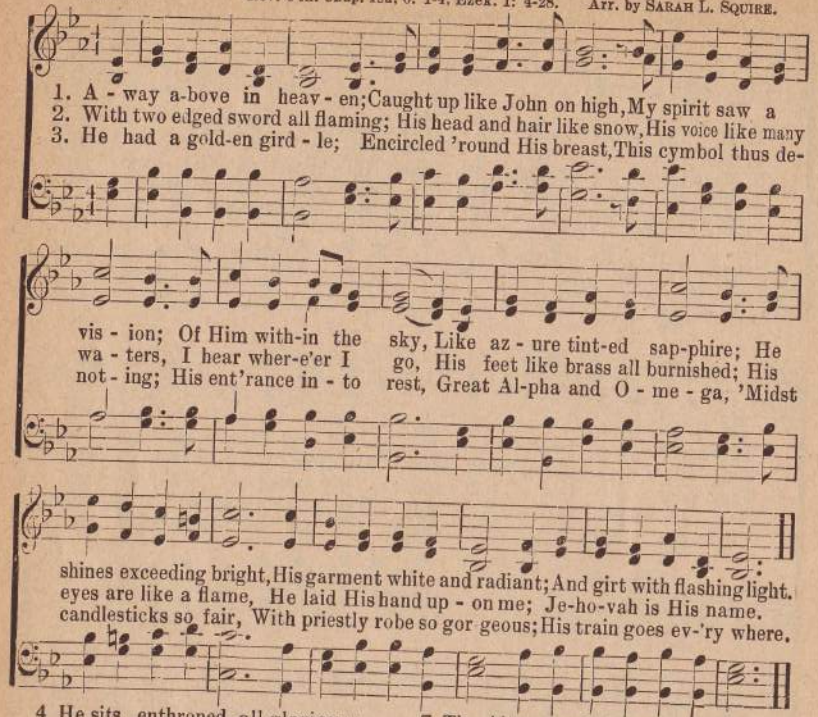
CHO.—*His Spir - it an-swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God,*

My name is writ - ten on His hands.
And sprink - les now the throne of grace.
Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."
And tells me I am born of God.
And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.

And tells me I am born of God.

163 My Vision.

S. L. S. Rev. 4 th. Chap. Isa. 6: 1-4. Ezek. 1: 4-28. Arr. by SARAH L. SQUIRE.



4 He sits enthroned all glorious;
Upon a crystal sea,
With glass and fire all mingled,
More real than earth to me.
The sea like velvet carpet;
With golden fringe so fine,
The angels tread so softly;
With saints unnumbered there.

5 And spirit's seven streaming;
With life and health they went,
Like torches brightly gleaming;
And northern lights are sent.
Down to this world in blessing;
As fiery streams they came,
To lighten up its darkness;
In Ishi's blessed name.

6 A rainbow is reflected;
From colors bright and fair,
Which shines from gems so costly;
Abundant over there.
And Elders robed in linen;
With crowns and harps of gold,
Were seated round the Father;
As prophets have foretold.

7 The Altar standeth ever;
And incense floweth there,
The Angel swings the censor;
Its scent goes ev'ry where.
Above the throne are cherubs;
All full of eyes within,
Like coals of fire now swinging;
Jehovah's praise begin.

8 Their faces turn toward Father;
With swiftness they do fly,
With wings of power travel;
To Jesus they come nigh,
Their movements are like cycles;
And up and down they go,
Like flashing wheels of light'ning;
As seen in saints below.

9 Like many waters flowing;
Their voices blend in one,
They now fall down to worship;
With hosts before the Son,
Their cry is Holy, Holy;
To the great Three in One,
The glory they are giving;
To Him above the sun.

"My Vision" may be sung to "Stand up. Stand up for Jesus." (Key of B flat.)
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164 Christ Arose!

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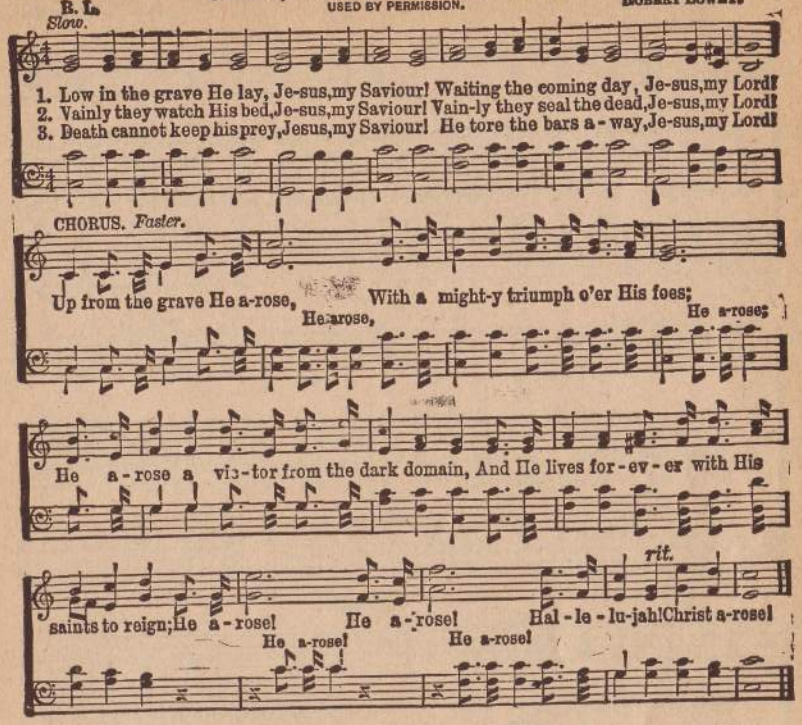
B. L. ROBERT LOWRY.



165 Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

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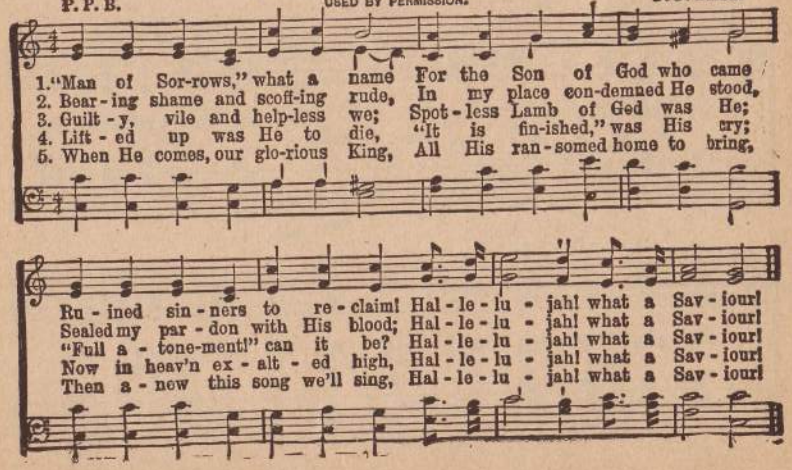
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.



166 Jesus Will Give You Rest.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 96 = ♩

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor bro-ken heart, Bur-dened and
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth-ing to pay; Je - sus who
4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His

sin - op - pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - ior and Lord,
ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on His name,
loves you best, By His death on the cross pur-chased life for your soul,
lov - ing breast; And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will give you rest. O hap - py rest, sweet, hap - py rest,

Je - sus will give you rest; Oh! why won't you come in hap - py rest;

sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

167 Jesus Shall have it All.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. In lov - ing con - se - cra - tion, Lord, let me bring my heart;
2. All of my life I pledge thee, All of my ran-somed pow'rs,
3. Noth - ing shall be with - hold - en; Noth - ing will I re - call;
4. My hands for thee to la - bor, My feet to walk thy ways,
5. I should have served thee bet - ter, I should have loved thee more;
6. Here, at this ho - ly al - tar, Now, while in tears I bow,

All its af - fec - tion shall be thine; None else shall share a part.
All of my serv - ice and my love, All of my days and hours.
All shall be on the al - tar laid; Je - sus shall have it all.
My life to mag - ni - fy thy grace, My lips to speak thy praise.
Now I will live for thee a - lone, Hence-forth and ev - er - more.
Seal thou the cov - e - nant I make, Hear and ac - cept my vow.

CHORUS.

My all I now sur - ren - der, Lord, Give it be - yond re - call;

None else shall share a part, No! Je - sus shall have it all.

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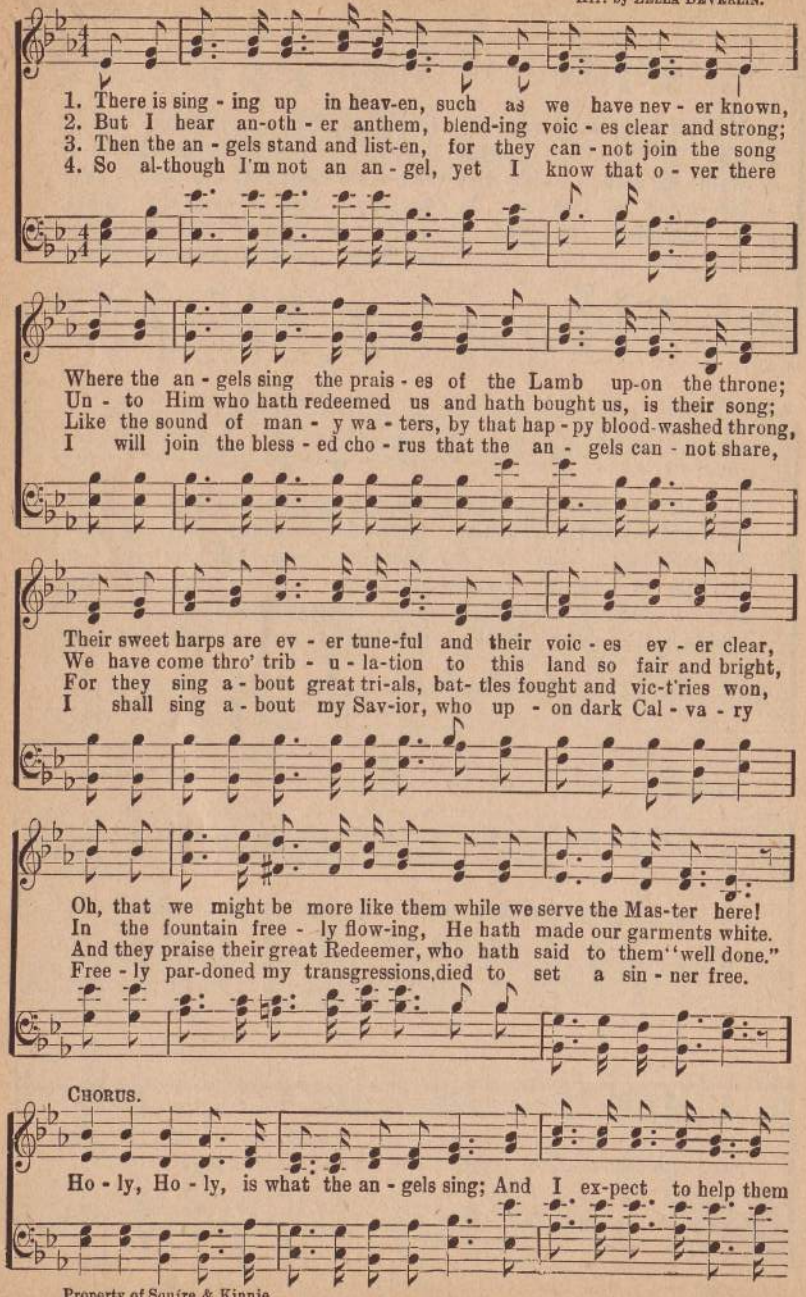
168 Holy! Holy!

Arr. by Zella Beverlin.



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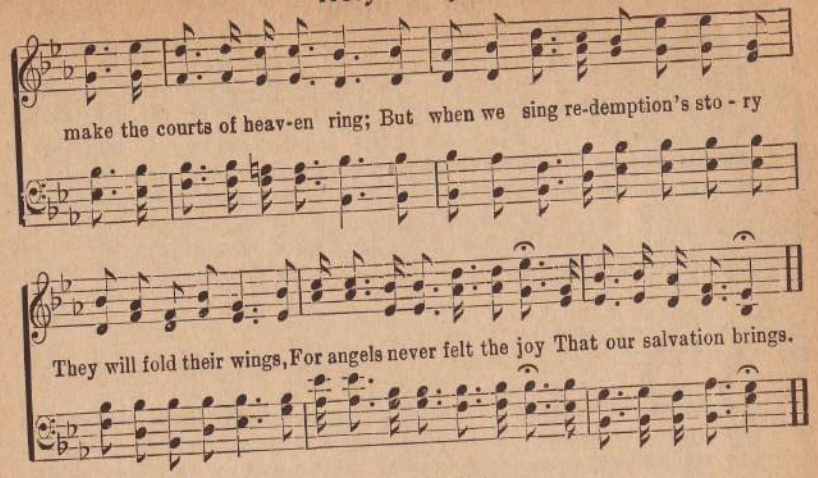
Holy! Holy!



169 Far Away Voices.

(Tune, Mountain Railway. Key of A.) Williams.

1 From the valleys o'er the mountains,
From the rivers far away,
Comes a cry, O come and help us
In the night of our dismay.
Gloom and fear are all around us,
Tell of Him you love so well;
Can He give us light in darkness?
Tell us of Emmanuel.

Cho.—Hear the cry, O come and help us,
From the weepers o'er the sea,
Waiting, waiting till you tell them
Of the Lamb of Calvary.

2 Where the morning breath of roses
Fills the air with sweet perfume,
There are human hearts the saddest,
Pinning in their walls of doom;—
Doom of doubt and helpless sorrow,
Where sweet freedom is unknown;
In the cold and silent terror
Of the idols made of stone.

3 O ye daughters of our Zion,
Voiced with gladness everywhere,
Lift, O lift your hearts and voices
In one long and tender prayer.
For your sisters in their hiding,
In the score of years untold,
Waiting, waiting till you tell them
Of the promise made of old.

4 By the valleys o'er the mountains,
Tell the story o'er and o'er:
Sing the song of love and mercy,
Songs they never heard before,
Go and sow beside all waters,
And the harvest you shall see,
In the joy of millions saying,
"Jesus died for me, for me."

170 Send the Light.

(Tune, Sweet by and by. Key of G.)

1 There are lands far away o'er the sea
Where in darkness are souls seeking light
And the call comes to you and to me,
Who have learned of the way pure and right.

Cho.—Send the light all the way
That the marvellous glory Divine
Turn the darkness to day,
Till the whole world for Jesus shall shine.

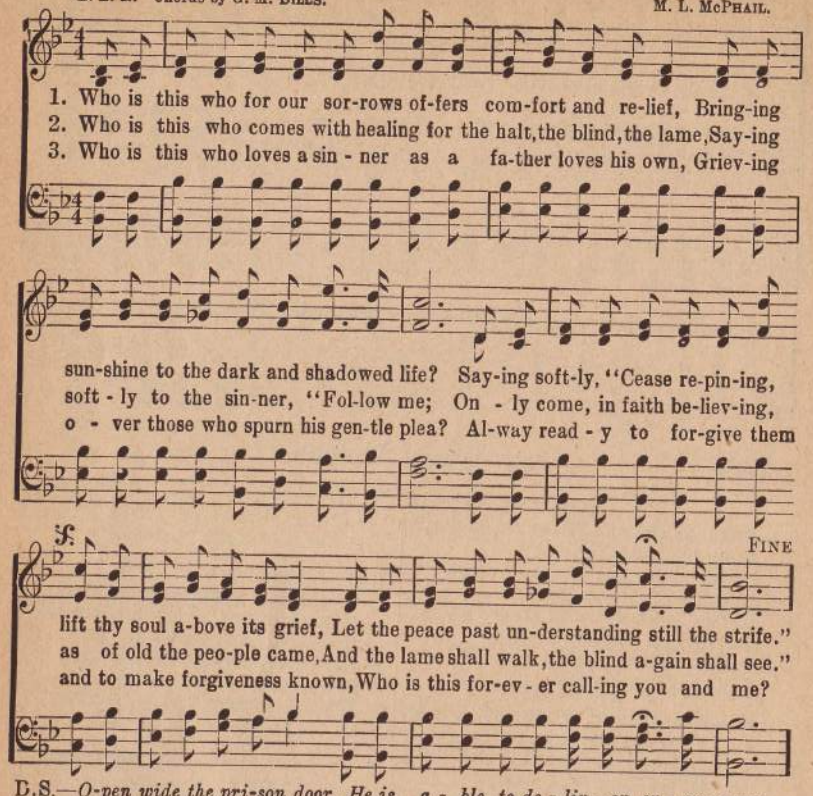
2 In the darkness of error they grope
And the Savior in whom we abide
Cannot cheer with one bright ray of hope,
Till we teach them to walk by His side.

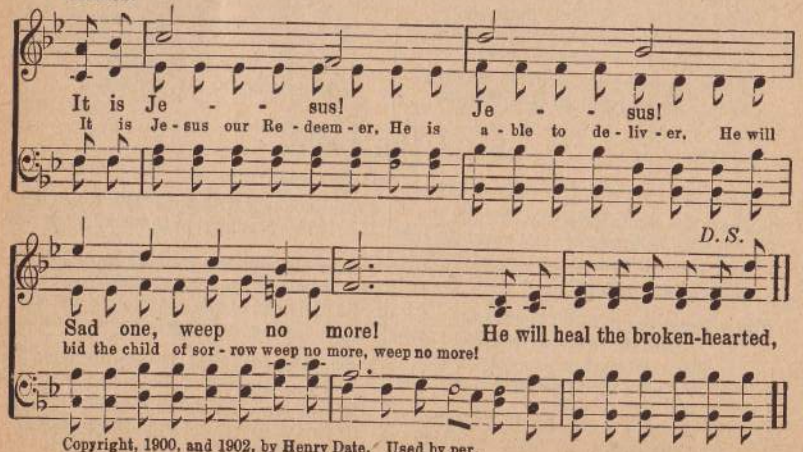
3 Bearing light is a part we may do,
Holding light that its beams reach afar,
So the light of the truth shine anew,
Gleaming forth from the bright morning star.

4 Those who lead souls by light all Divine,
Those who tell of God's wonderful love
As the stars evermore they shall shine
In the glory and brightness above.

171 It is Jesus.

E. E. R. Chorus by G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.





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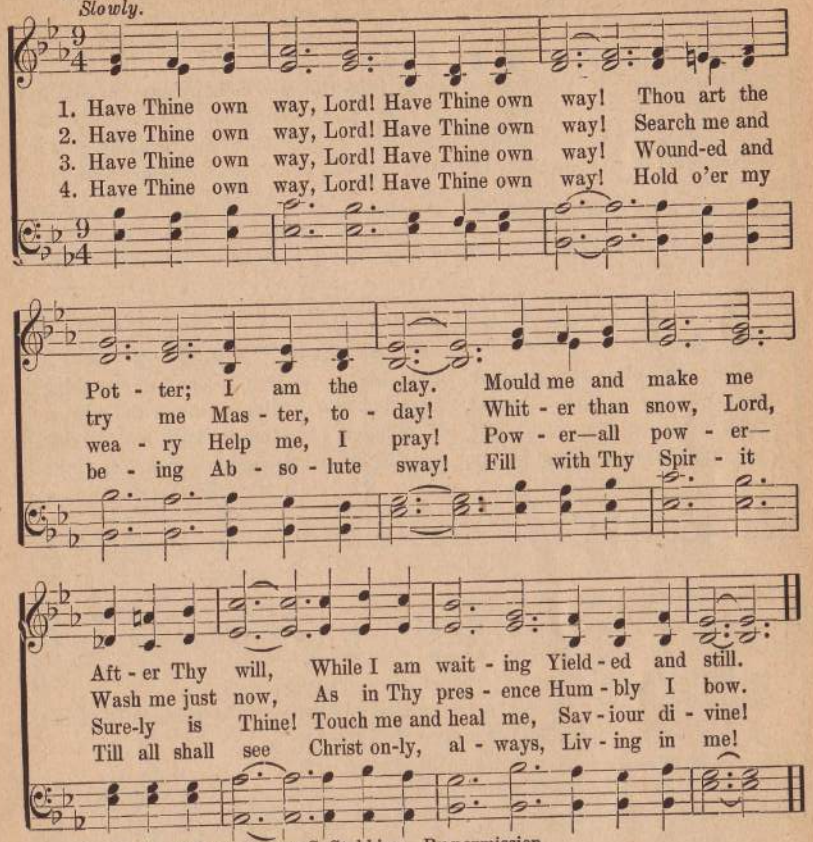
172 Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

A. A. P. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.



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173 Zion's Song of Deliverance.

Psa. 32: 7. John 4: 25-26. Joel 2: 23-32. Mark, 13: 28-29. Obad. 17. Jer. 10: 7.

Tune:—"How Firm a Foundation."

1 Ye daughters of Zion, no longer be sad,
In Christ your Messiah, rejoice and be glad,
Jehovah has promised, His Spirit shall come,
Delivering Zion, from bondage and gloom,
O come, captive daughter, He'll dry ev'ry tear
His Love and His mercy will banish all fear;
In sorrow and anguish, no longer repine,
With songs of deliv'rance "Arise now and shine"

Cho.—"With songs of deliv'rance" Arise now and shine,
Rejoice in the Savior, no longer repine,
O! shout Hallelujah, till the heavens ring,
With praises to Jesus, the Nation's true King.

2 All ye who are thirsty, to Calvary turn,
Behold the true Cross, holy love will now burn
By faith you believe in the Lamb that was slain,
And trust your dear Savior who died not in vain,
For you the Lord Jesus was nailed to the tree,
His blood hath redeemed you, and now you are free,
He bore all your sorrows and sicknesses too!
His merciful goodness will carry you thro'.

3 Praise God! O ye chosen, of Israel's race,
Soon God's Holy power and out-pouring grace,
Will fall upon Zion in full Pentecost!
And God shall sustain them by His Holy Ghost,
A remnant, He'll gather, in these "latter days,"
And come in resplendent and glorious blaze!
The fig tree is tender, soon Zion will say,
The long night is over, 'tis dawning of day.

4 The three, Hebrew children, in old Bible time,
Were tried in the furnace and there were refined,
His own chosen people, must be purified,
For Christ the Redeemer has been Crucified.
Arise O ye daughters! In Jehovah's light!—
Put on now your beautiful garments of white.
Go spread the glad tidings, at home and abroad,
For Jesus has sanctified you unto God.

By Mrs. R. B. Young.

174 Looking Unto Jesus.

D. W. GRIFFIN. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. Look-ing un - to Je - sus and a-way from things of sight When your soul is
2. Look-ing un - to Je - sus for a dis - po - si-tion kind, For a thank-ful
3. Look-ing un - to Je - sus when your feelings all seem wrong, Counting that in
4. Look-ing un - to Je - sus, ev - 'ry doubt will flee a - way, Troub-les dis-ap-

pressed, till all is dark as night, Look-ing un - to Him a-lone, de - pend-ing
heart, and for a hum-ble mind, Look-ing un - to Him a-lone with not a
Christ, they don't to you be-long, Look-ing un - to Him in faith and striking
pear, and darkness change to day, And His blessed strength and light will girdle

CHORUS.

on His might, And there is cer-tain vic - to - ry.
fault to find, And He will give you vic - to - ry. The bless-ed Lord has
up a song, Tak-ing hold of present vic - to - ry.
all your way, In His own pre-cious vic - to - ry.

died for all the race, And rose a-gain, and promised all His grace, To

help us out in ev-'ry time and place, And give us cer-tain vic - to - ry.

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175 We'll Girdle the Globe.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."—Isa. 60: 5.

V. A. DAKE IDA M. DAKE.

1. Behold the hands..... stretched out for aid,.... ..... Darkened by
2. In hea-then lands..... they watch and wait..... And sigh for
3. Oh, flash the ti - - dings! shout the sound,..... In dark-est
4. The watch fires kin - - dle far and near,..... In ev - 'ry

Be-hold the hands stretched out for aid.

sin..... and sore dis - mayed;..... Oh, will you
help..... which comes so late,..... And grope in
lands..... the world a - round,..... Till all the
land..... let them ap - pear,..... Till burn - ing

Darkened by sin. and sore dismayed.

rit.

to..... their res-cue go,..... Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?
sin..... and nature's night,..... For-ev - er vain - ly seek-ing light.
earth..... from pole to pole,..... Shall full Sal-va-tion ech-oes roll.
lines..... of gos-pel fire,..... Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

Oh, will you to their res-cue go, Lost wand'rers down to end - less woe?

CHORUS.

We'll girdle the globe with sal - va - tion, With ho - li-ness un - to the Lord;

And light shall il - lu-mine each na - tion, The light from the lamp of His word.

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176 I'll Praise the Lord Forever.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. In Je - sus I am trust-ing, He keeps me ev-'ry-where; In Je-sus
2. The fet-ters that once bound me, A - sun - der have been torn, My soul, one
3. I'm in the land of Beu - lah; The sun is shin-ing bright, I'm walking

I am rest-ing, From ev-'ry weight of care; In Je - sus I have
time in dark-ness, Now rev-els in the morn, My heart, once heav-y-
with my Sav - ior, Pro - tect-ed by His might; I'm drink-ing at the

vic t'ry, Yes, o - ver ev - 'ry foe, So why should I not praise Him
la den, Grows lighter day by day, I love to praise my Sav ior
fountain Of God's e - ter - nal peace, With praises to my Sav - ior

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry-where I go?
All a - long the way
I shall nev - er cease.
I'll praise the Lord for - ev - er, for-ev - er

and for-ev-er, I'll praise the Lord for-ev - er, He's done so much for me.

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I'll Praise the Lord Forever.

I'll praise the Lord for - ev - er, for - ev - er and for - ev - er,

I can - not help but praise Him Since He set me free.

177 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arr. by R. K. CARTER.

FINE.

1. Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kindling, flam - ing, glow-ing,
High - er still and ris - ing high-er, All my soul o'er - flow-ing;
D.C.—I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
2. Now I am from bon-dage freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en;
Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as heav - en:
D.C.—I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

D. C.

Life im-mor - tal I re - ceive; O the won-drous sto - ry!
'Tis a glo - rious lib - er - ty; O the won-drous sto - ry!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Withessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation;
Now I know its full and free,
O the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvatiou nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

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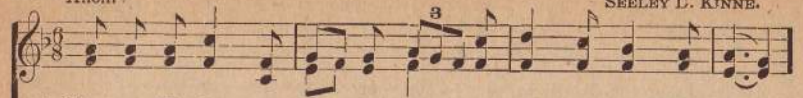
178 Show Me Thy Face.

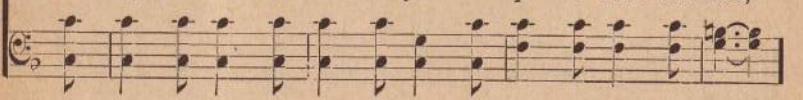
Anon. SEELEY D. KINNE.



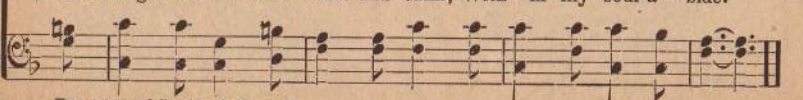
1. Show me Thy face, one tran - sient gleam Of lov - li - ness Di - vine,
2. Show me Thy face, I shall for - get The wea - ry days of yore;
3. Show me Thy face, the heaviest cross Shall then seem light to bear;
4. Show me Thy face, my faith and love Shall hence-forth fix - ed be;

And I shall nev - er think or dream, Of oth - er love save Thine.
The fret-ting ghosts of vain re - gret Shall haunt my soul no more.
There will be gain in ev - 'ry loss, And peace with ev - 'ry care.
And noth - ing here have pow'r to move My soul's se - ren - i - ty.

All les - ser love shall dark - en quite, All low - er glo - ries wane:
My life shall seem a trance, a dream, And all I feel and see;
With such light feet the years will fleet Life seem as pure as blest,
All hopes and fears for fu - ture years In qui - et trust sub - side,



The beau - ti - ful of earth shall ne'er Seem beau - ti - ful a - gain.
Il - lu - sive, vis - ion - a - ry: Thou The one Re - al - i - ty.
Till I have laid my bur - den down, And en - tered in - to rest.
And naught but blest con - tent and calm, With - in my soul a - bide.



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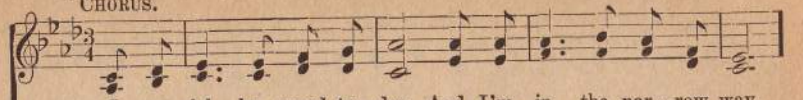
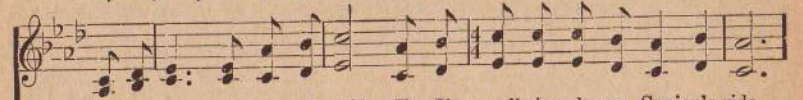
179 Fully Saved Today.

As sung by St. Louis Pentecostal Home. Arr. by ZELLA BEVERLIN.

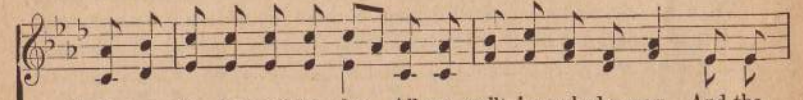
CHORUS.



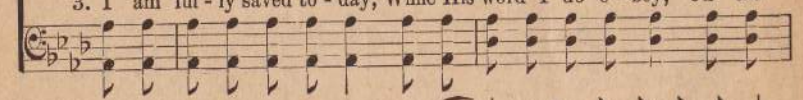
I am ful - ly saved to - day, And I'm in the nar - row way,



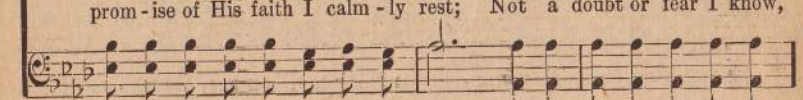
And no e - vil can be - tide, For I'm walk-ing by my Savior's side.



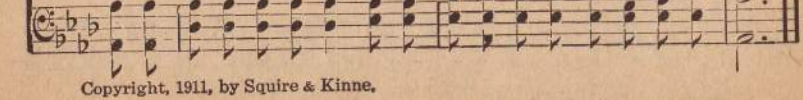
1. I am ful - ly saved to - day, All my guilt is washed a-way And the
2. I am ful - ly saved to - day, And I'm in the nar-row way, Walk-ing
3. I am ful - ly saved to - day, While His word I do o - bey, On the



love of God is flood-ing all my soul, For his grace a - bides with - in,
with my bless-ed Sav-ior hour by hour, Tho' the way seems some-times drear,
prom - ise of His faith I calm - ly rest; Not a doubt or fear I know,



Since I've been redeemed from sin, And the precious blood of Jesus makes me whole.
And the hosts of hell ap-pear, I shall ev-er conquer by His might-y power.
While I walk with Him below, For I'm leaning on my Sav-ior's lov-ing breast.



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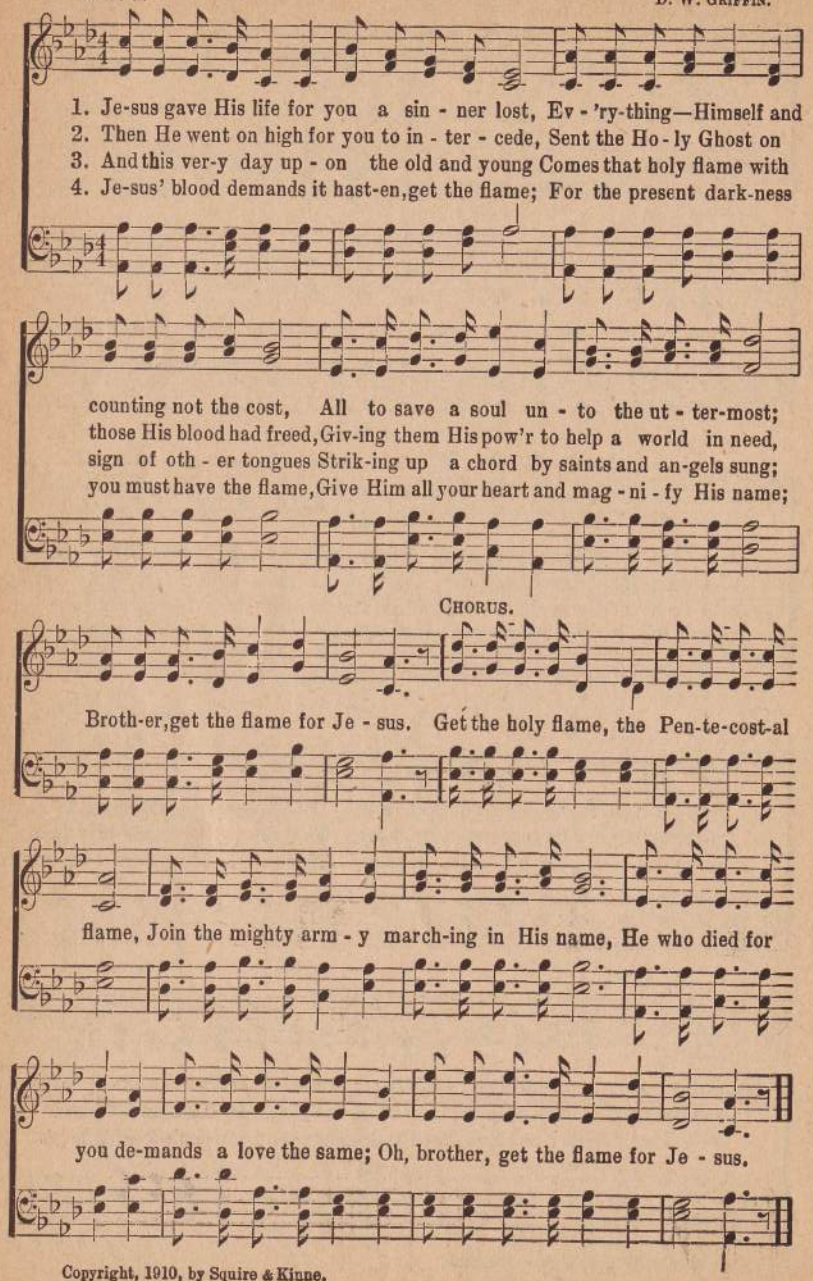
Brother, Get the Flame.

D. W. G. D. W. GRIFFIN.



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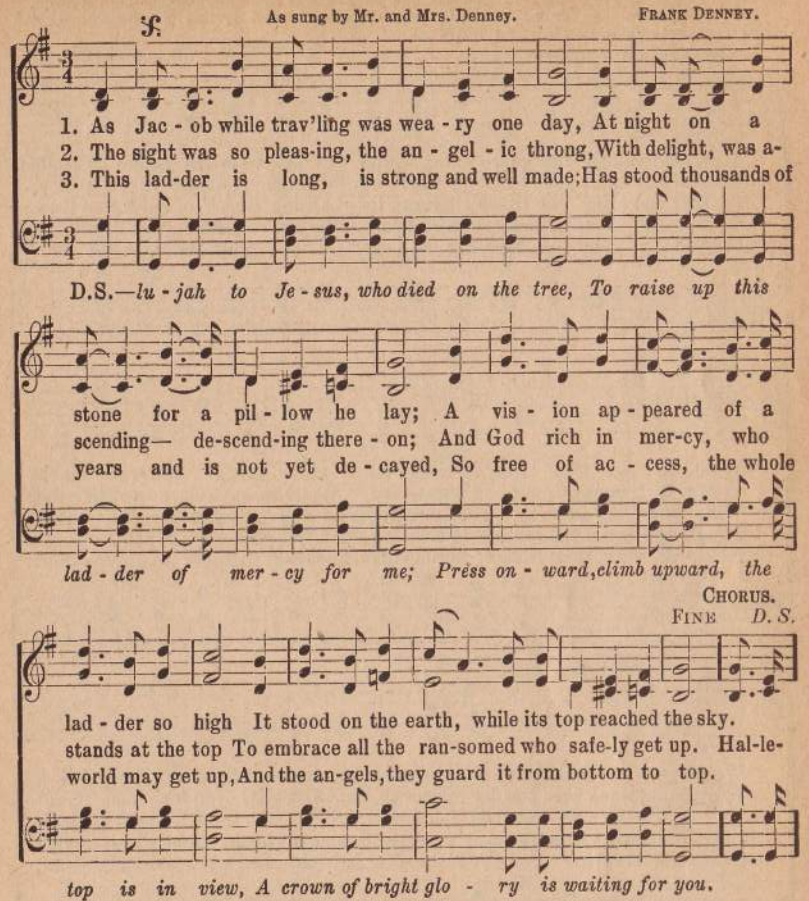
Jacob's Vision.

As sung by Mr. and Mrs. Denney. FRANK DENNEY.



4 Then let us ascend it, be bold, never fear,
It's stood every tempest and always will bear,
For millions have climbed it, and have reached that blest hill,
And thousands upon it are climbing up still.

5 This ladder is Jesus, the glor'ous God-man,
Whose blood freely flowing from Calvary ran
In streams of salvation so full and so free—
'Tis Jesus, your Savior, says, "Look unto Me."

6 There we'll see Father Abra'm, the faithful and true,
And Isaac and Jacob and Isaiah, too;
There we'll see John Wesley whose name Satan hates,
And Fletcher and Cookman, who swept thro' the gates.

7 Our loved ones have climbed it and mounted to God,
They've finished their labors and reached their reward;
And we're climbing after and soon will get there,
To join with our loved ones, their happiness share.

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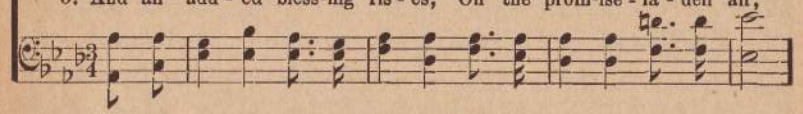
182 Windows of Heaven.

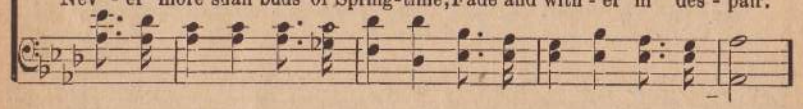
"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Malachi 3: 10.

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY. SEELEY. D. KINNE.

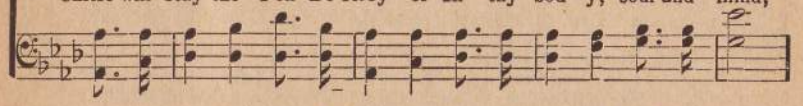
1. Would you see the gold - en win-dows O - pen wide in beau - ty bright;
2. Precious heart your Sav - ior wait - eth, With the love-light in His face,
3. Will you bring the tithes He longs for, "All the tithes" of hal-lowed love,
4. Je - sus is the Fa-ther's store-house, Long you've robbed Him of your love,
5. And an add - ed bless-ing ris - es, On the prom-ise - la - den air,



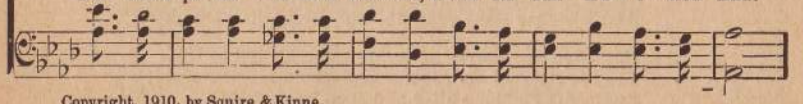
Would you see them pour in bless - ing, Dazzling floods of heaven's light?
Waits to "pour you out a bless - ing," Waits to have you prove His grace,
Will you bring them in His store-house In the love - lit land a - bove?
Long de - layed the prom-ised bless-ing, At the Mer - cy Seat a - bove.
Nev - er more shall buds of Spring-time, Fade and with - er in des - pair.



Would you feel that tide of glo - ry, In its warmth of life and love,
Waits and pleads with ten-der mer - cy, That His gifts you may not miss,
He will emp - ty out His full - ness, All the wealth of heav-en's King,
But the sweet en - treat-y ev - er Sound-ed forth on an - gel tongue:
Christ will stay the Fell De-stroy - er In thy bod - y, soul and mind,



Quick-en all your wea - ry be - ing With the full-ness from a - bove?
Waits with all a Fa-ther's long - ing, To be - stow His sweetest bliss.
And will fill to o - ver-flow - ing Ev - 'ry ves - sel you may bring.
Je - sus waits your full sur - ren - der Ere the gold - en gates are swung.
All the hope of vine and harvest, Shall its full fru - i - tion find.



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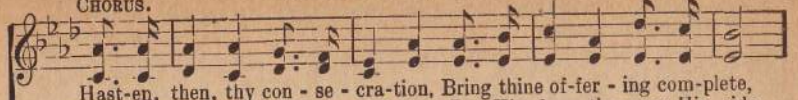
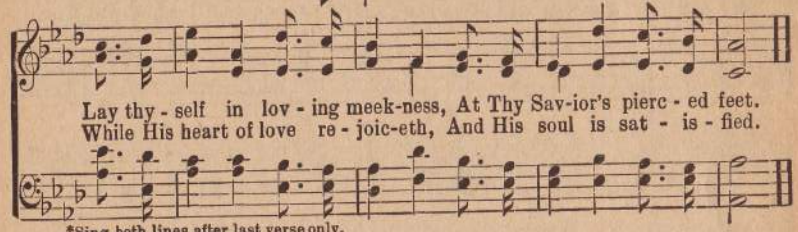
Windows of Heaven.

CHORUS.



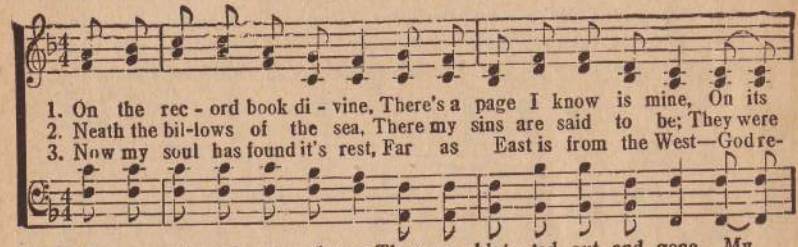
Hast-en, then, thy con - se - cra-tion, Bring thine of-fer - ing com-plete,
*Let Him make and let Him mould thee, Let Him keep thee near His side,



Lay thy - self in lov - ing meek-ness, At Thy Sav-ior's pierc - ed feet.
While His heart of love re - joic-eth, And His soul is sat - is - fied.

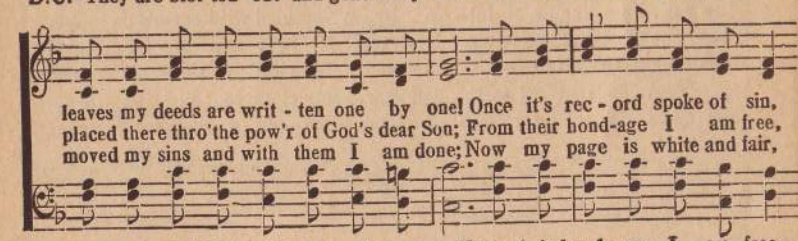
*Sing both lines after last verse only.

183 Blotted Out and Gone

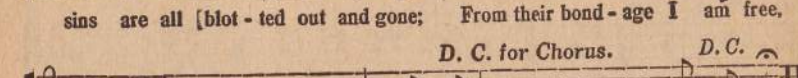


1. On the rec - ord book di - vine, There's a page I know is mine, On its
2. Neath the bil-lows of the sea, There my sins are said to be; They were
3. Now my soul has found it's rest, Far as East is from the West—God re-

D.C.-They are blot-tod out and gone. They are blot - ted out and gone, My

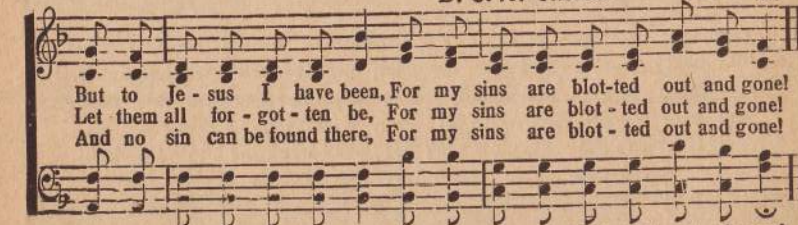


leaves my deeds are writ - ten one by one! Once it's rec - ord spoke of sin,
placed there thro'the pow'r of God's dear Son; From their bond-age I am free,
moved my sins and with them I am done; Now my page is white and fair,

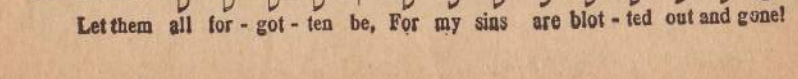


sins are all [blot - ted out and gone; From their bond - age I am free,

D. C. for Chorus. D. C.



But to Je - sus I have been, For my sins are blot-ted out and gone!
Let them all for - got - ten be, For my sins are blot - ted out and gone!
And no sin can be found there, For my sins are blot - ted out and gone!

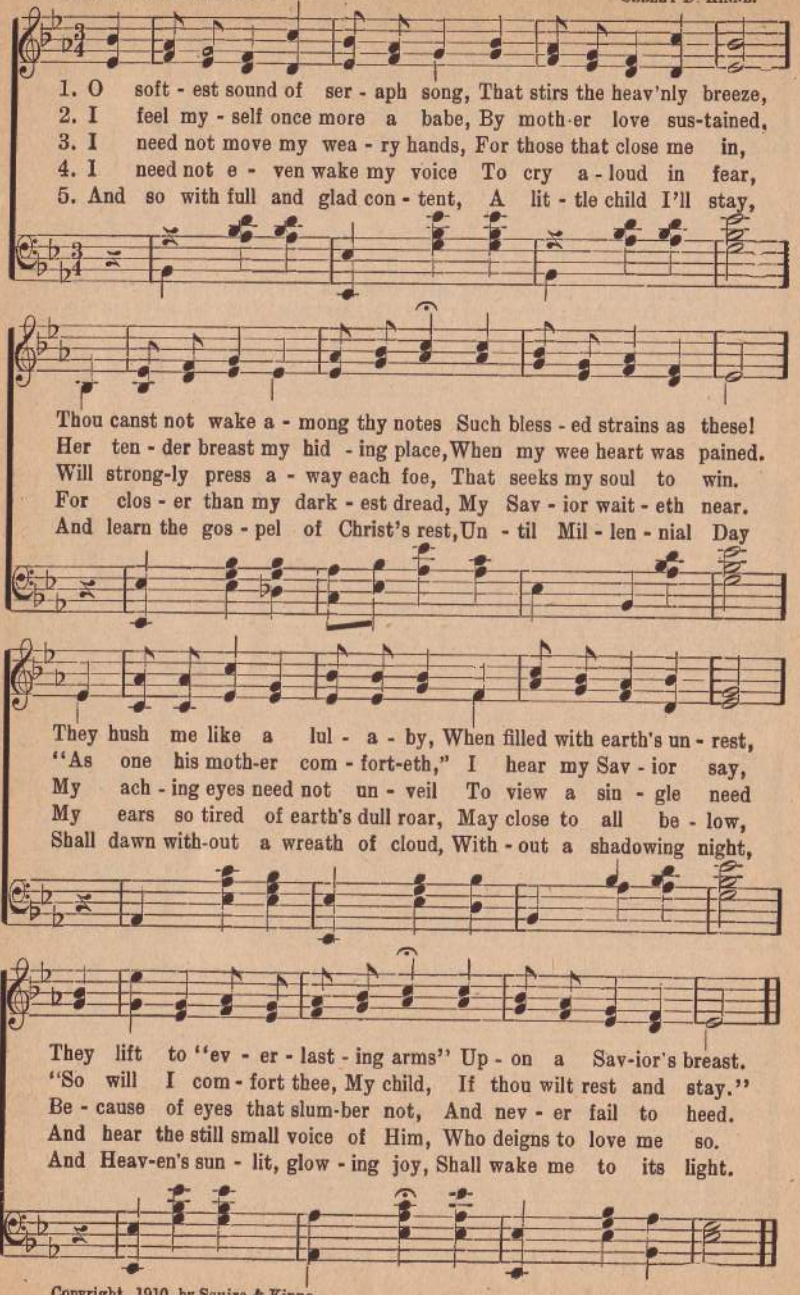


Let them all for - got - ten be, For my sins are blot - ted out and gone!

184 Hushed to Rest.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11: 28.

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY. SEELEY D. KINNE.



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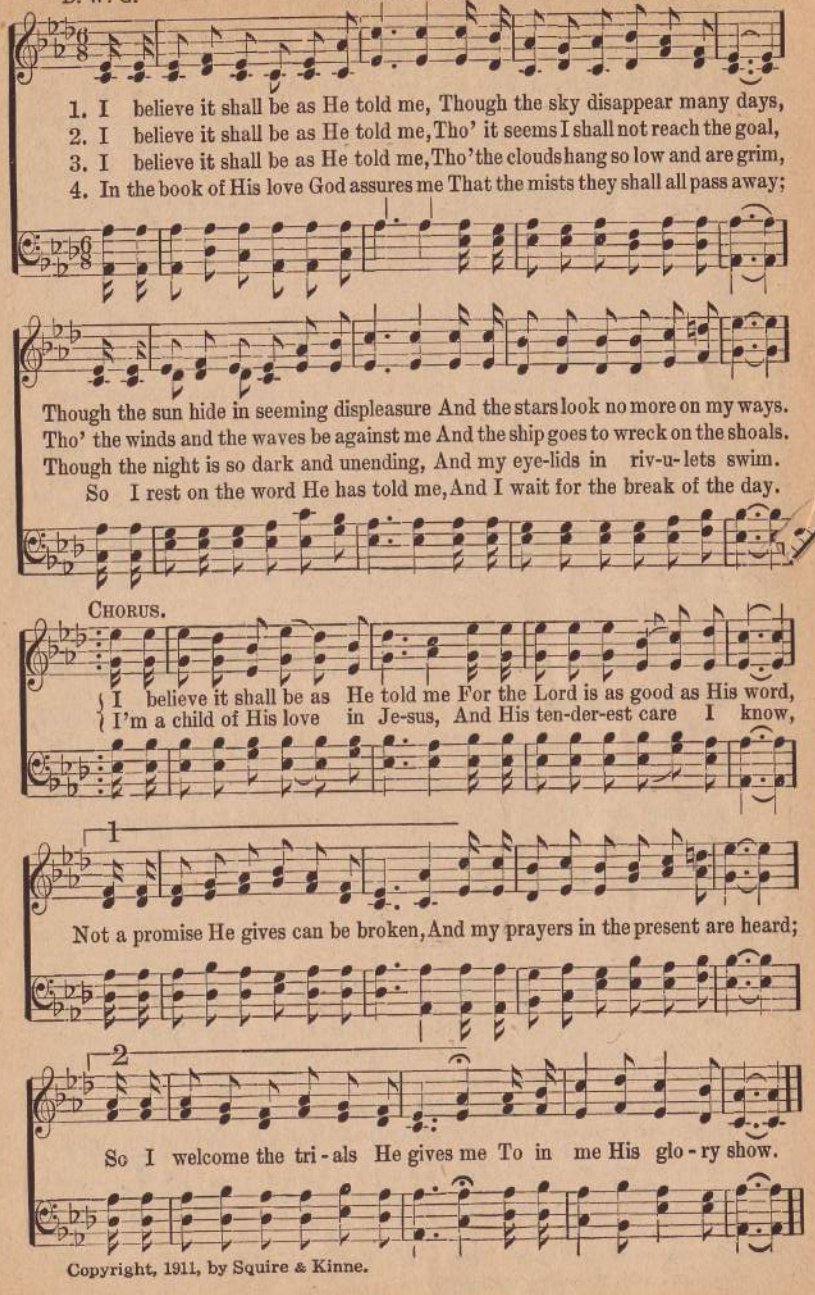
185 "I Believe it Shall be as He Told Me."

D. W. G. Acts. 27: 25. D. W. GRIFFIN.



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186 Be Not Afraid.

L. B. C. — Mrs. Littie B. Colver.

1. When the waves of sor - row roll, And sur-round my troub - led soul:
2. Oh that voice, that voice Di-vine, "I've re-deemed thee, thou art mine,
3. When the prom - ise long de - lays Ma - ny, ma - ny wea - ry days,
4. When some earth-ly friendship fails, And the en - e - my as - sails:
5. When thro' testings fierce I go, And dis-ease would lay me low

Then my Fa-ther's voice I hear I am with thee, do not fear
I will guide thee with mine eye And thy needs I will sup - ply
And I fear 'twill be too late Still He bids me trust and wait,
Then a - gain that voice I hear, I am with thee, do not fear;
When that voice so dear to me, "I'm the Lord that heal-eth thee."

I will strengthen thee, my child And up - hold through tempest wild,
When in troub-le, call on me And I will de - liv - er thee,
Yes, He says, de - light in me Thy de - sires I'll give to thee,
I will be thy tru - est friend Will sus - tain thee and de - fend,
If thou on - ly canst be - lieve Per - fect health thou shalt re - ceive,

:S: Fine.

Let thy mind on me be stayed, Trust in me be not a - fraid.
I for thee thy ran - som paid, Trust me then, be not a - fraid.
When in faith thy pray'rs are made, I will hear, be not a - fraid.
Though all earth-ly joys should fade; Trust me still, be not a - fraid.
Though the prom-ise be de - layed; Doubt me not, be not a - fraid.

D.S.—*I thy God will give thee aid, Trust me child be not a - faid.*

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Be Not Afraid.

Chorus. — D. S.

Do not fear, do not fear, I am with thee, do not fear,

187 That Sweet Voice.

E. M. D. G. — Mrs. E. M. D. Gould.

1. In the wide wil - der - ness, in the dark realms of sin, In the
2. By the blood of the Lamb, of the dear Lamb of God, Tell the
3. In that sweet Spir - it life for both bod - y and soul, He vouch-
4. Praise to God's bless-ed Son, who our par - don hath won; Praise his

din of the world's jostling crowd; Thou may'st hear that sweet voice
won - der-ful sto - ry a - broad: We are saved, we are healed,
safes to his own 'neath the blood, We are kept in the joy,
name, all the earth in ac - cord; Let all heav'n thrill with praise

plead-ing, "Come un - to me, And be hid - den with Christ in God."
we are cleansed from our sin, By the blood of the Lamb of God.
in the strength of his love, By the pow'r of the Son of God.
which to Je - sus be-longs; Glo - ry be to the Lamb of God!

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188 Deeper, Closer, Farther

In the blood of the cross
I have been washed from sin;
But to be free from dross
Still I would enter in.

CHORUS

Deeper yet, deeper yet,
Into the crimson flood;
Deeper yet, deeper yet,
Under the precious blood.

2 Day by day, hour by hour,
Blessings are sent to me;
But for more of his pow'r
Ever my pray'r shall be.

3 With my Christ I would live,
Walking with Him each day;
What I ask He will give
So then with faith I pray.

4 Now I have peace, sweetest peace,
Though in this world of sin;
But to pray I'll not cease,
'Till I am filled with Him.

5 By Thy power, mighty power,
I shall be filled with Christ:
So I'll rest, and I'll trust
Fully possessed of Him—
CHO: Closer yet, closer yet,
Into the clefted Rock;
Nest'ling close, closer still,
Under the shel'tring wings.

6 Now with Christ crucified
Dead to myself and sin;
But I live, yet not I,
Jesus Christ lives within.
CHO: Higher yet, higher yet
Into the realms of bliss;
Farther yet, farther yet,
Into the holiest place.

—First four verses by J. Oatman, Jr. (changed)

189 Take Me As I Am.

J. H. St — J. H. Stockton.

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name'ssake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,

D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

take me as I am. Take me as I am,.... Take me as I am;.....
Take me, take me as I am. Take me, take me as I am;

190 The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. — Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. { Oh, now I see the crim-son wave The fountain deep and wide; / Je- sus, my Lord, might-y to save, } Points to His wounded side.

{ The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me; / Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me, } yes, cleans-eth me.

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! polluted nature dies,
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

191 O! To Be Like Thee.

T. O. CHISHOLM. — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O! to be like thee, bless- ed Re-deem - er, This is my con-stant
2. O! to be like thee, full of com- pas- sion, Lov- ing, for - giv - ing,
3. O! to be like thee, low - ly in spir - it, Ho - ly and harm-less,
4. O! to be like thee, Lord, I am com - ing, Now to re-ceive th' a -
5. O! to be like thee, while I am plead- ing, Pour out thy Spir - it,

long- ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for - feit all of earth's treasures,
ten - der and kind, Help-ing the help - less, cheer-ing the faint - ing,
pa - tient and brave; Meek-ly en - dur - ing cru - el re- proach - es,
noint-ing di - vine, All that I am and have I am bring- ing,
fill with thy love, Make me a tem - ple meet for thy dwell- ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, thy per - fect like-ness to wear. O! to be like thee,
Seek-ing the wand-'ring sin - ner to find.
Will-ing to suf - fer, oth - ers to save.
Lord, from this mo - ment all shall be thine.
Fit me for life and heav- en a - bove.

O! to be like thee, Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as thou art; Come in thy

Rit. . . . .

sweetness, come in thy full - ness; Stamp thine own image deep on my heart.

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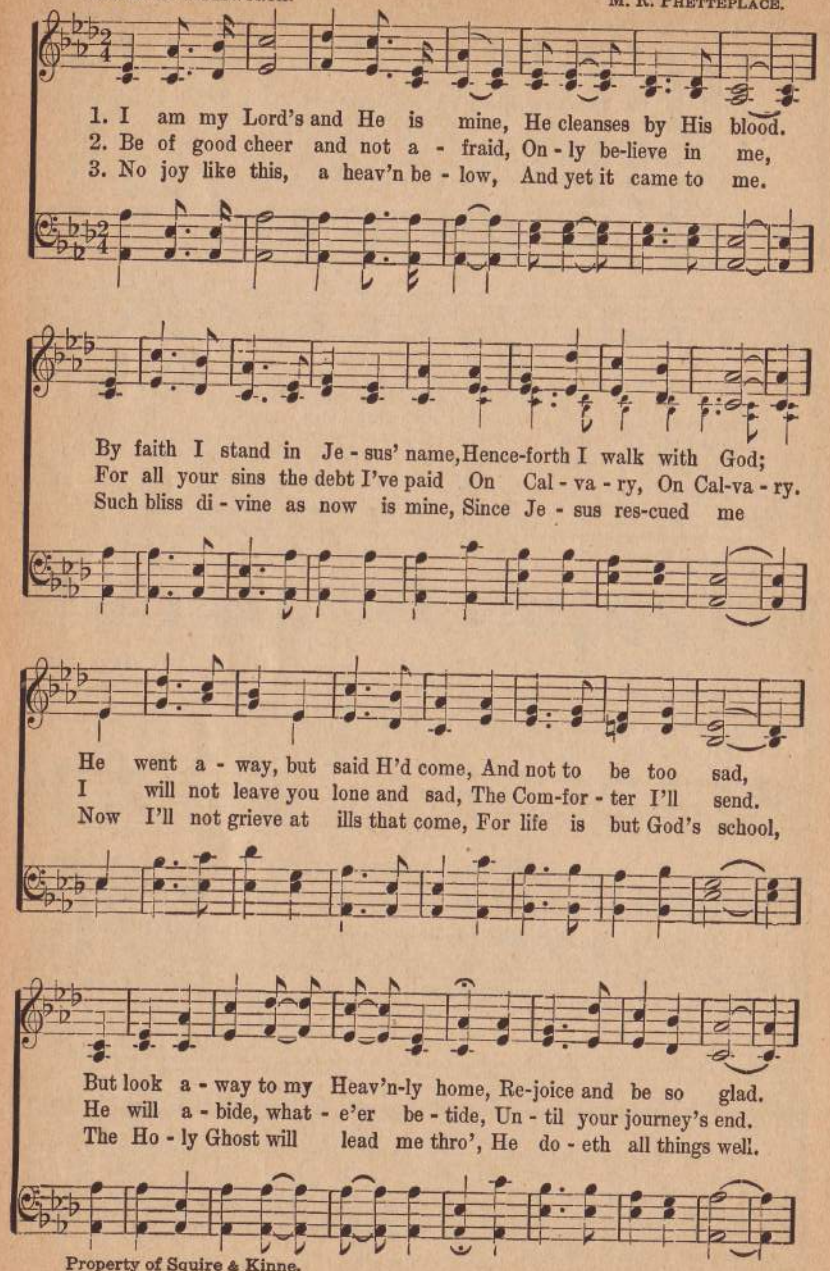
192 I Know I'm Saved.

Words and Melody
Mrs. M. D. TITTSWORTH.

Given in the Spirit.

Harmonized by
M. R. PHETTEPLACE.



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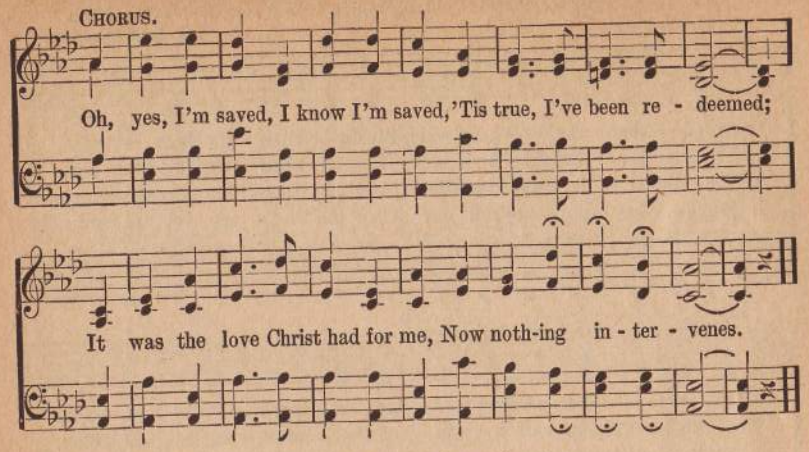
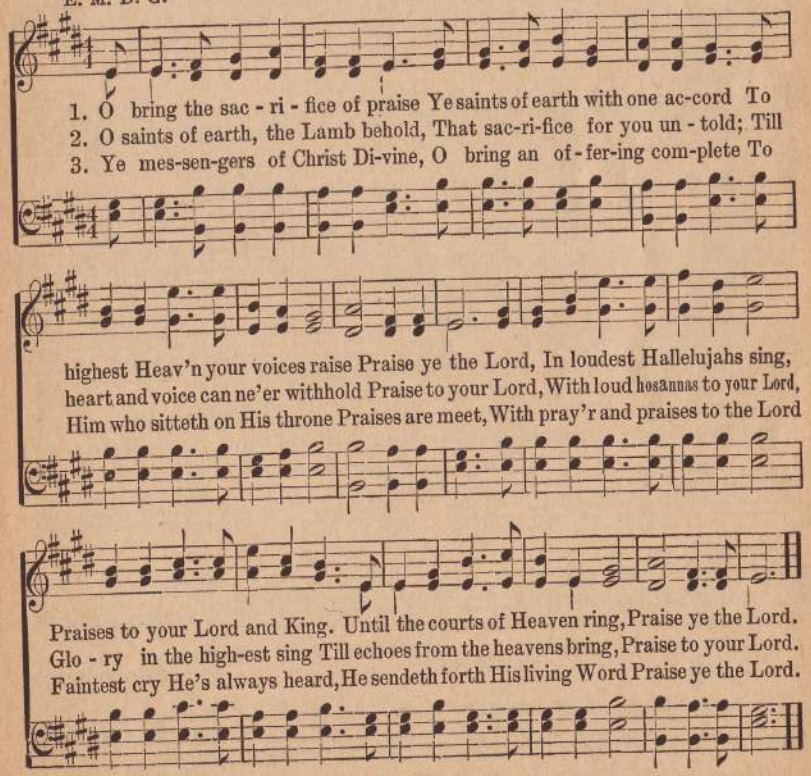
I Know I'm Saved.



193 Adoration.

E. M. D. G.

Mrs. E. M. Gould.



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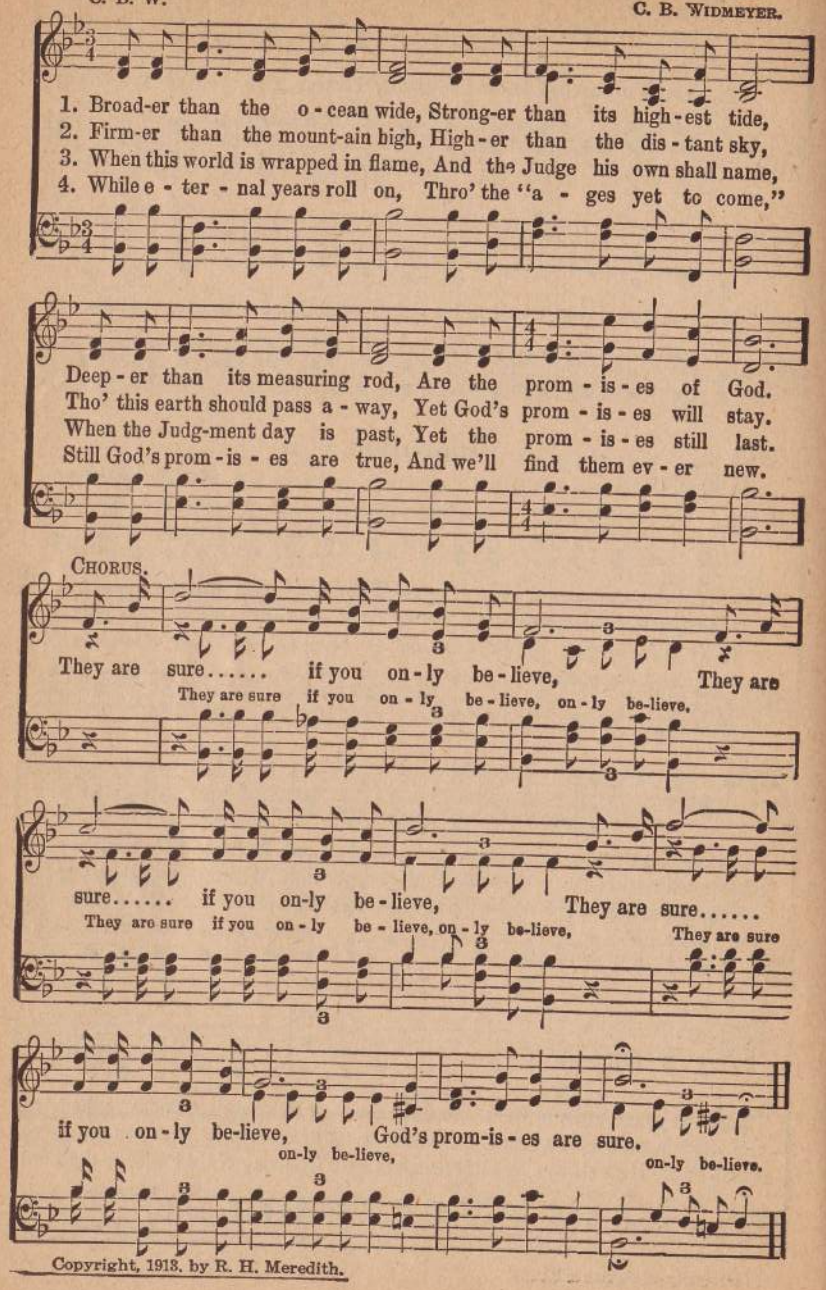
194 God's Promises are Sure.

"They are sure—they are sure if you will only believe."—Last words of Gen. Wm. Booth.

C. B. W. C. B. WIDMEYER.



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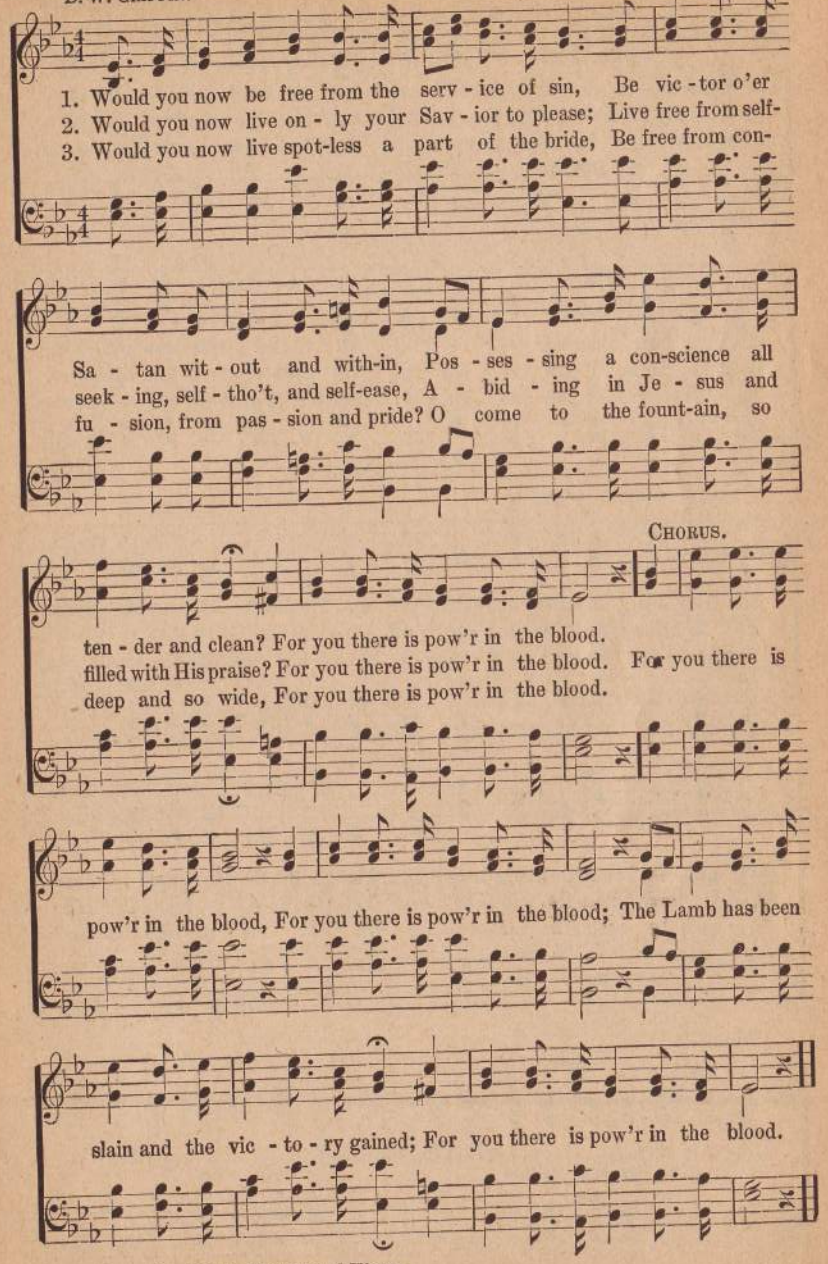
195 For You There is Power in the Blood.

D. W. GRIFFIN. SEELEY D. KINNE.



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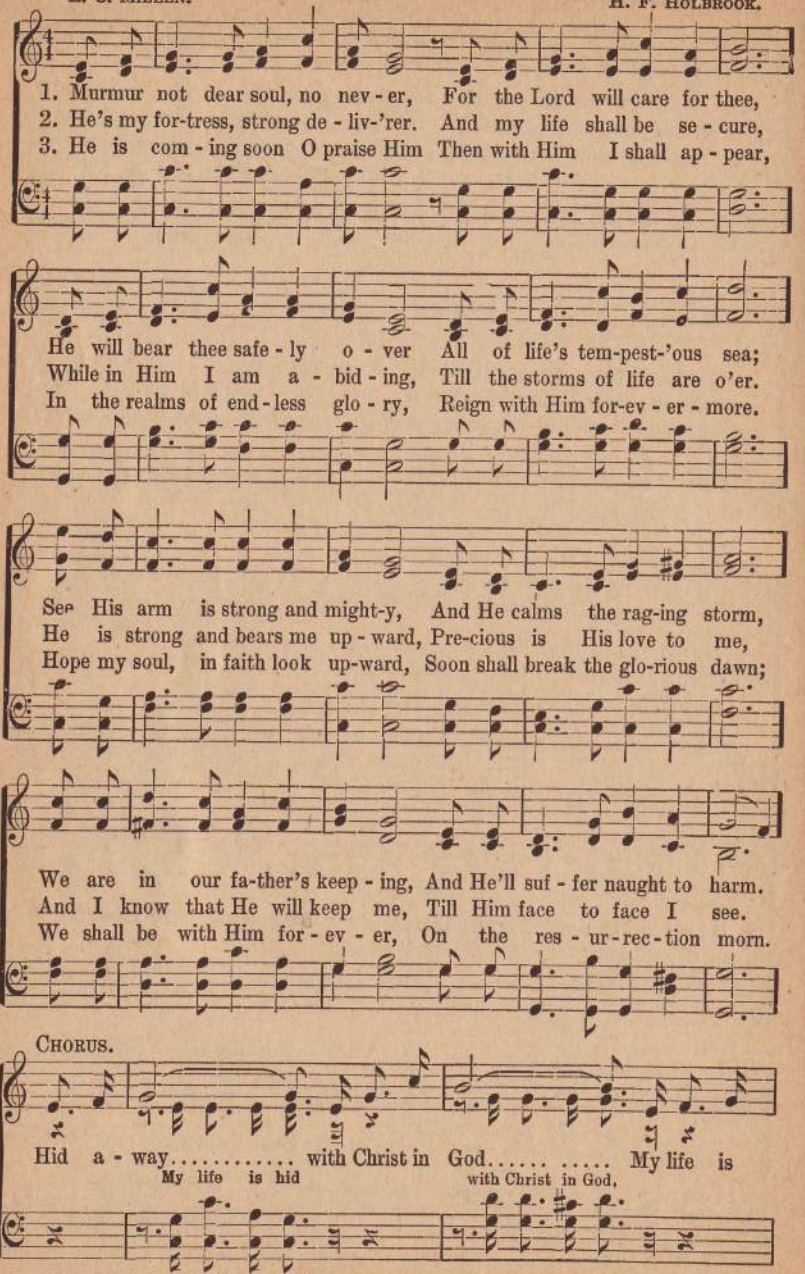
196 Hid With Christ in God.

E. C. MILLEN. H. F. HOLBROOK.



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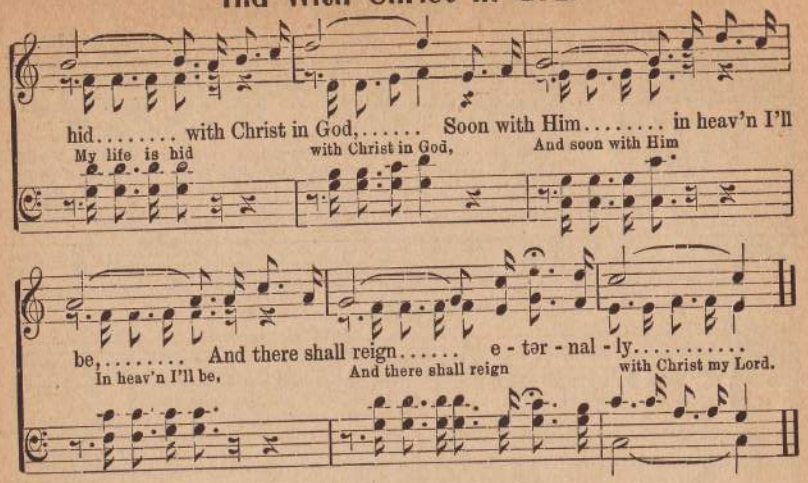
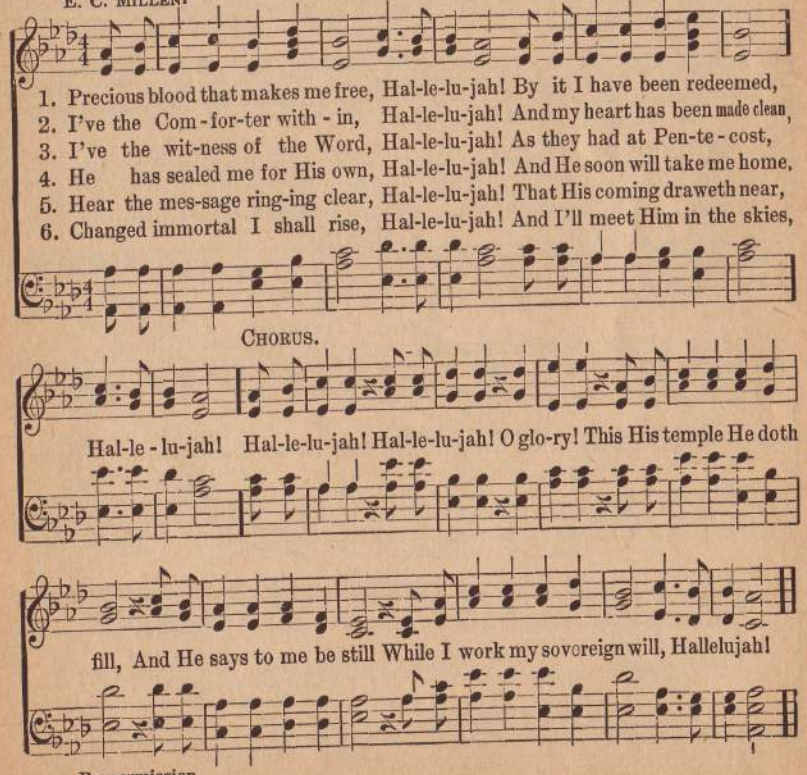
Hid With Christ in God.



197 Precious Blood.

E. C. MILLEN. Miss M. E. OBERHOLTZER.



By permission.

198 When I Pass Over the Tide.

ELD. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. R. E. WINSETT.

1. I'll hear the songs..... the an-gels sing,..... When I, when
2. Loved ones I'll meet..... on that bright shore..... When I, when
3. I'll help to swell..... the vic-tor's song..... When I, when
4. I'll drop my burd'n..... and all my care..... When I, when
5. I hope to have..... my race well run..... When I, when

1. I'll hear the songs the an-gels sing,

I..... pass o-ver the tide..... I'll hear the
I..... pass o-ver the tide..... Then we'll re-
I..... pass o-ver the tide..... I'll join the
I..... pass o-ver the tide..... And nev-er
I..... pass o-ver the tide..... Then Christ will

When I, when I pass o-ver the tide,

f.

harps..... of an-gels ring,..... When I, when I..... pass
hearse.....these old times o'er,..... When I, when I..... pass
choir.....then loud and strong,..... When I, when I..... pass
know..... a sor-row there,..... When I, when I..... pass
say..... to me "well done,"..... When I, when I..... pass

I'll hear the harps of an-gels ring, When I, when I pass

FINE. REFRAIN.

o-ver the tide, (pass o-ver the tide.)
o-ver the tide..... Then let the years..... Then let the years bring

bring what they may, There's naught can steal
what they may,..... There's naught can steal..... my peace a-

Owned by R. E. Winsett, E. Chattanooga, Tenn. From "Pentecostal Song Evangel."

When I Pass Over the Tide.

D. S.

my peace a-way, For night will end..... in fadeless day.....
way, For night will end in fade-less day.

199 Place Me On the Heavenly Side.

"I will trust and not be afraid." ISA. 12: 2.

S. M. R. Miss SALLIE M. RATHER.

1. If you in heav'n would stay thro'out eternal day, Self and sin must be de-nied;
2. O! sinner, come just now, and un-to Jesus bow, Give up all your sin and pride;
3. And when my days are done, and I my race have run, I must cross the chilly tide;

To Jesus we must plead, He'll make us free indeed, And place us on the heav'nly side.
For Jesus is the way, just look to Him and say, Lord, place me on the heav'nly side.
But Jesus will be there, I have no need to fear, He'll land me on the heav'nly side.

CHORUS.

I'll trust Him what-so-e'er be-tide, I'll trust Him, He has ne'er de-nied;
trust Him, trust Him, trust Him, trust Him.

To Jesus I will plead, He'll meet my ev'ry need, And keep me on the heav'nly side.

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200 The Son Hath Made Me Free.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. W. A. STEWART.

1. I was once..... in E-gypt's bond-age, (E-gypt's bondage,) But de-
2. I was once..... a slave to Sa - tan, (slave to Sa-tan,) And he
3. Ere I en - tered in - to Ca-naan, (in - to Ca-naan,) In - bred
4. All my fear,..... all con - dem - na - tion, (con-dem-na-tion,) All that

liv - 'rance came to me, (came to me,) And I'm liv - ing now in
worked.. his will in me, (yes, in me,) But I'm bound.... by sin no
sin..... re-mained in me, (yes, in me,) But from it..... I've found a
stood.... 'twixt God and me, (God and me,) Praise His name!.. are left be-

Ca-naan, (now in Ca-naan,) For the Son.... hath made me free.
lon-ger, (bound no lon-ger,)
cleansing, (found a cleansing,)
hind me, (left be-hind me,)
made me free.

REFRAIN.

I am dwell-ing now in Ca-naan, now in Ca-naan,
I am dwell - ing now in Ca - naan, Je-sus'

Je-sus' blood a-vails for me, yes, for me, I am free from con-dem-
blood.... a-vails for me; I am free;.... from con-dem-

Owned by R. E. Winsett, East Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Son Hath Made Me Free.

na-tion, con-dem-na-tion, For the Son hath made me free. (hath me me free.)
na-tion, For the Son ..... hath made me free.

201 Glory to Jesus.

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL. Har. by CAROLINE WICHERN. and ELLA MACGILL.

1. Je - sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
4. Je - sus will crown me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will

CHO.—*Glo - ry to Je - sus— won - der - ful Sav - ior, Glo - ry to*

loved me, I can - not tell why;..... Came He to res - cue
saved me, I can - not tell how;..... All that I know is
lead me, I can - not tell where,..... But I will fol - low
crown me, I can - not tell when;..... White throne of splen-dor

Je - sus, the One I a - dore; Glo - ry to Je - sus—

D. C. Chorus.

sin - ners all worth-less, My heart He conquer'd for Him I would die.
He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on Calv'ry with thorns on His brow.
thro' joy or sor - row, Sun-shine or tem-pest, sweet peace or de - spair.
I hail with glad-ness, Crown'd 'mid the plau-dits of an - gels and men.

won - der - ful Sav - ior! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

202 Jesus Will Not Turn Us Away.

Seeley D. Kinne, owner. 1928. All rights reserved.

S. D. K. Seeley D. Kinne.

1. When sor-rows great so press the soul And cares and toils our hearts do weigh;
2. When friends for-sake and we a - lone To Je - sus turn for sol - ace sweet;
3. Dark storms may roll a-cross our path. No ha - ven safe where we may flee;
4. Some day up - on the tre tso g d From cares and toils we'll flee a - way;

On Him who loves us we may call, Je - sus will not turn us a - way.
We'll find in Him the Ten - der One, Je - sus will not turn us a - way.
Je - sus will then an-swer our faith, Un - der His wings we safe shall be.
Shelt'red safe in the heav'n-ly fold, Je - sus has not turned us a - way.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will not turn us a - way, Je-sus will not turn us a - way. Our prayer He will hear, The an-swer is sure, Je - sus will not turn us a - way.

203 Present Faith.

D. W. GRIFFIN. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. If I live in the fleet-ing to - mor - row, On - ly trust-ing it may or shall be, There is ev - er a moan and a sor - row For the
2. In the book of God's love He as - sures me That my strength it shall be as my day, That for each pres - ent need I shall find Him My sup- "now" of His Word, For His prom-ise can nev - er be brok-en, All my
3. I be-lieve it shall be as He tells me, And re-joice in the life in the Son, And not at the things that are temporal, Where the
4. I will look at the things in the Spir - it, Where there's in-stant-ly bless-ing that nev - er I see.

CHORUS.

ply ev - 'ry step of the way. I'm the child of God's love in Christ
pray'rs in the pres-ent are heard.
cur - rent of faith is not on.

Je - sus, And His ten-der - est care now is mine; I am sure ev-'ry test that He gives me Is to bring out the im - age Di - vine.

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202 Jesus Will Not Turn Us Away.

Seeley D. Kinne, owner. 1923. All rights reserved.

S. D. K. Seeley D. Kinne.

1. When sor-rows great so press the soul And cares and toils our hearts do weigh;
2. When friends for-sake and we a - lone To Je - sus turn for sol - ace sweet;
3. Dark storms may roll a-cross our path. No ha - ven safe where we may flee;
4. Some day up - on the tre ts o g d From cares and toils we'll flee a - way;

On Him who loves us we may call, Je - sus will not turn us a - way.
We'll find in Him the Ten - der One, Je - sus will not turn us a - way.
Je - sus will then an-swer our faith, Un - der His wings we safe shall be.
Shelt'red safe in the heav'n-ly fold, Je - sus has not turned us a - way.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will not turn us a - way, Je-sus will not turn us a - way. Our prayer He will hear, The an-swer is sure, Je - sus will not turn us a - way.

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3. I be-lieve it shall be as He tells me, And re-joice in the "now" of His Word, For His prom-ise can nev - er be brok-en, All my
4. I will look at the things in the Spir - it, Where there's in-stant-ly life in the Son, And not at the things that are temporal, Where the bless-ing that nev - er I see.
ply ev - 'ry step of the way.
pray'rs in the pres-ent are heard.
cur - rent of faith is not on.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of God's love in Christ Je - sus, And His ten-der - est care now is mine; I am sure ev-'ry test that He gives me Is to bring out the im - age Di - vine.

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204 Shelter in the Blood of Jesus.

S. D. K. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. When storms around you fiercely beat, Then shel-ter in the blood of Je - sus,
   The might-y Christ is safe re - treat, O, shel-ter in the blood of
2. Temp-ta-tion's fierce and fie-ry blast May dim thy hope and ex-pec-ta-tion,
   Old Pharoah's ar-mies driv-ing fast May ush - er in the trib - u-
3. A - wak - ened by the Spir-it's call, Convictions strong and deep roll o'er thee,
   Thou scarce can yield to Christ thine all, The hopes and cares of life al-

Je - sus, The pow'rs of hell we'll soon defeat, If shel-tered in the blood of
in the Lord stand all com-plete,
la - tion, The world wax old and fade a - way, We'll upward sail in clouds of
Christ be bold, soon breaks the day,
lure thee; O be thy heart sub-dued by Him, And bro-ken by the Spir-it's
life with grace filled to the brim,

CHORUS

Je-sus, And When sheltered in the precious blood.
glo-ry, In We're sheltered in the precious blood; O, shelter in the blood,
pow-er, Thy And sheltered in the precious blood. From tempest and from tide

The pre-cious cleansing flood, O, shel-ter in the blood of Je - sus;
Come safe-ly now and hide, O, shel-ter in the blood of Je-sus.

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205 He was Nailed to the Cross for Me.

F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.

Duet, Tenor and Alto.

1. What a won-der-ful wonderful Sav-ior, Who would die on the cross for me!
2. Thus He left His heavenly glo-ry, To ac-com-plish His Father's plan;
3. He was wounded for our transgressions, And He car - ried our sor-rows too:
4. So He gave His life for oth-ers, In re-deem-ing this world from sin;

Free - ly shed-ding His pre-cious life-blood, That the sinner might be made free.
He was born of the vir - gin Ma-ry, Took up-on Him the form of man.
He's the Heal-er of ev - 'ry sickness, This He came to the world to do.
And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at last we may en - ter in.

CHORUS.

He was nail'd to the cross for me, He was
He was nail'd to the cross,
nail'd to the cross for me; On the cross cru - ci-fied,
He was nail'd to the cross,
for me He died; He was nail'd to the cross for me.

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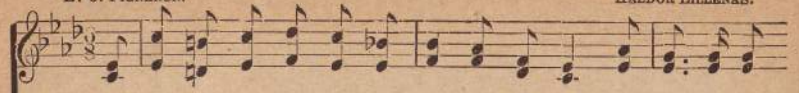
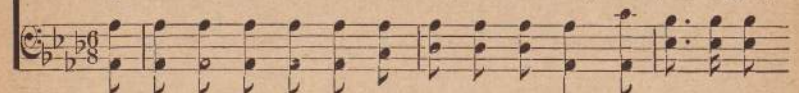
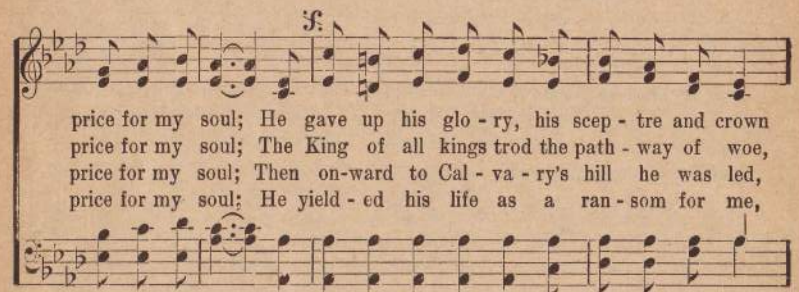
206 He Paid a Great Price.

H. C. Pigneron. Haldor Lillenas.



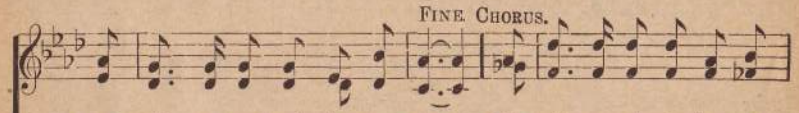
1. When Je - sus the Sav - ior from heav - en came down, He paid a great
2. As poor as the poor - est, he walked here be - low, He paid a great
3. They spat on his face and put thorns on his head, He paid a great
4. My bless - ed Re - deem-er was nail'd to the tree, He paid a great





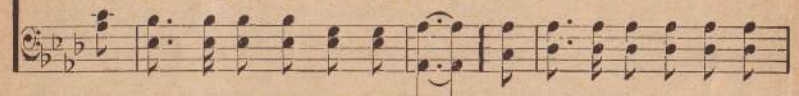
price for my soul; He gave up his glo - ry, his scep - tre and crown
price for my soul; The King of all kings trod the path - way of woe,
price for my soul; Then on-ward to Cal - va - ry's hill he was led,
price for my soul; He yield - ed his life as a ran - som for me,

D.S.—*Je - sus the Sav - ior from glo - ry came down,*

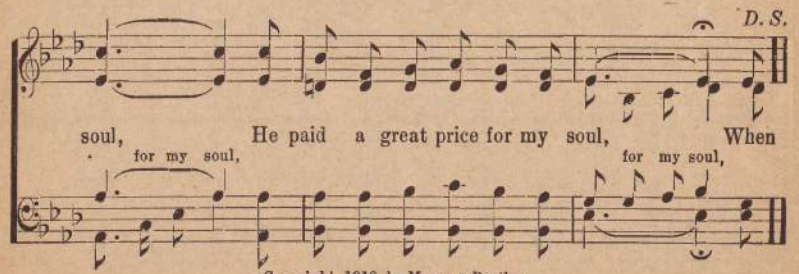


Fine. Chorus.

1. And paid a great price for my soul. He paid a great price for my
2-4. He paid a great price for my soul.



He paid a great price for my soul.



D. S.

soul, He paid a great price for my soul, When
for my soul, for my soul,

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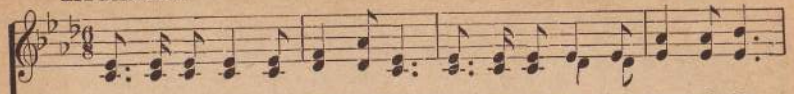
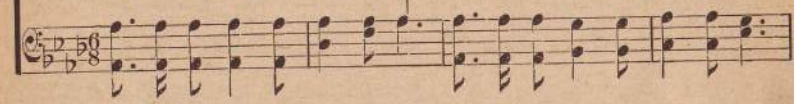
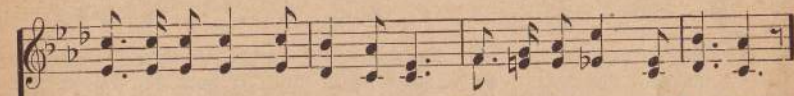
207 Who Can it be But Jesus?

Ada Blenkhorn. E. E. Meyer.

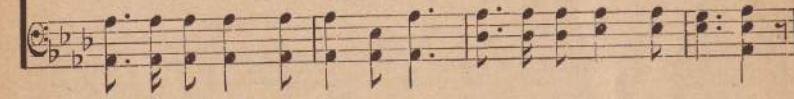


1. Some-bod - y stands out-side the door, Ten-der - ly call - ing o'er and o'er,
2. Day aft - er day that voice of love, Whispered to me of joys a - bove;
3. Now on my life his light doth shine, Sweet-ly he whispers, "Thou art mine;"
4. Broth - er, he's knocking at thy heart, Bid him come in lest he de-part;
5. Now at his feet your bur-dens cast, He will forgive and cleanse the past;

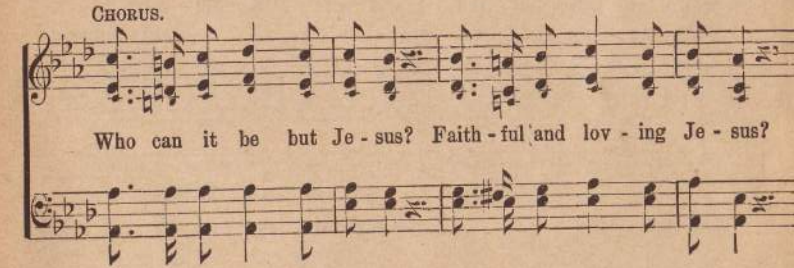




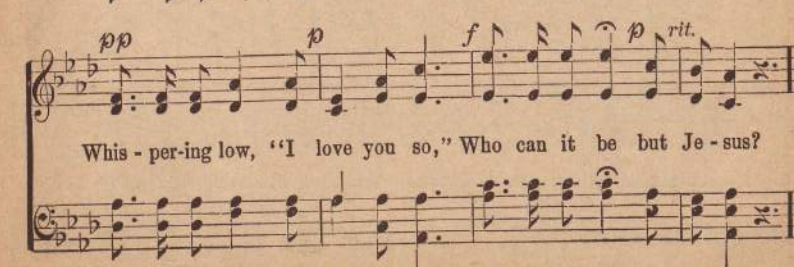
Plead - ing the wounds for me he bore, Who can it be but Je - sus?
Till I said, Come, thou Heav'nly Dove, Come in, O bless - ed Je - sus.
Lov - ing me with a love di - vine, Who can it be but Je - sus?
A - ble to save thee as thou art, Who can it be but Je - sus?
Come, lest this call may be your last, Come to your Sav - ior Je - sus.



Chorus.



Who can it be but Je - sus? Faith - ful and lov - ing Je - sus?



pp p f p rit.

Whis - per-ing low, "I love you so," Who can it be but Je - sus?

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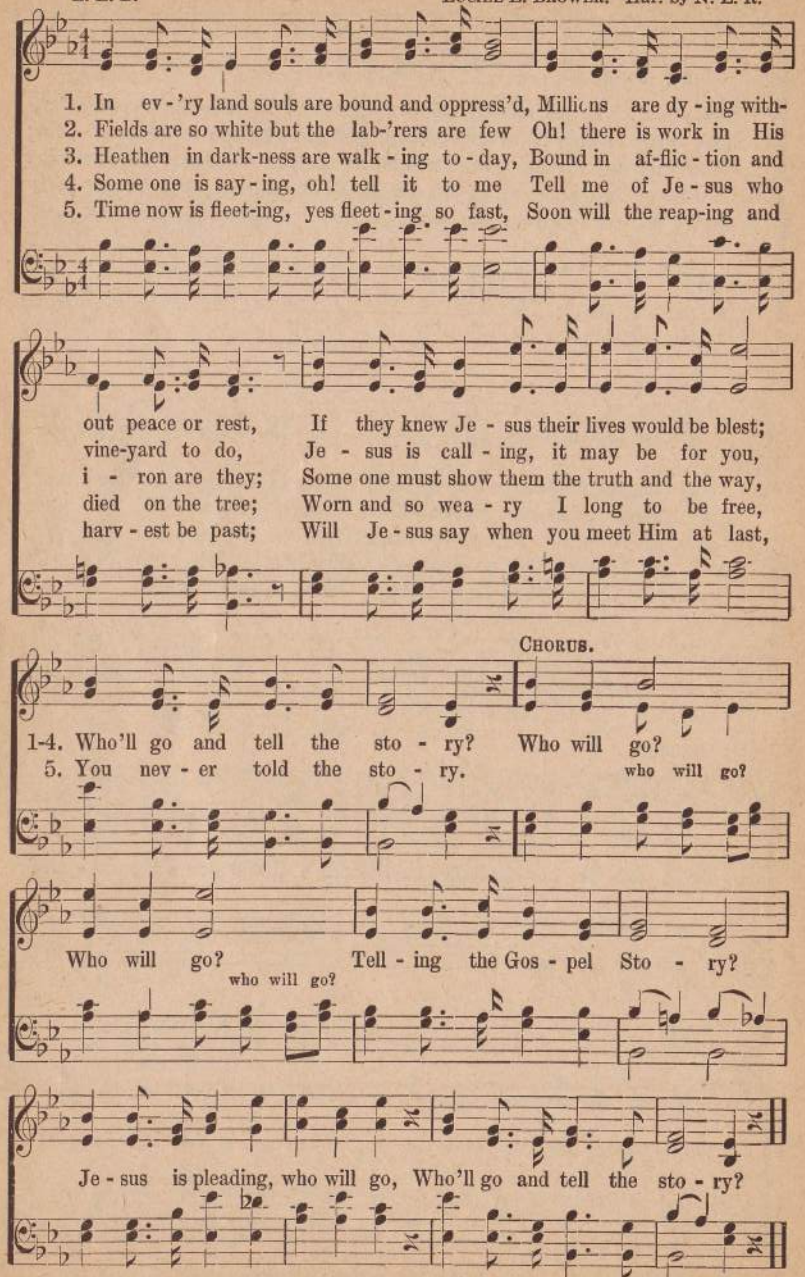
208 Who Will Go?

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every nation."—Mark 16: 15.

L. E. B. LUCILE E. BROWER. Har. by N. L. R.



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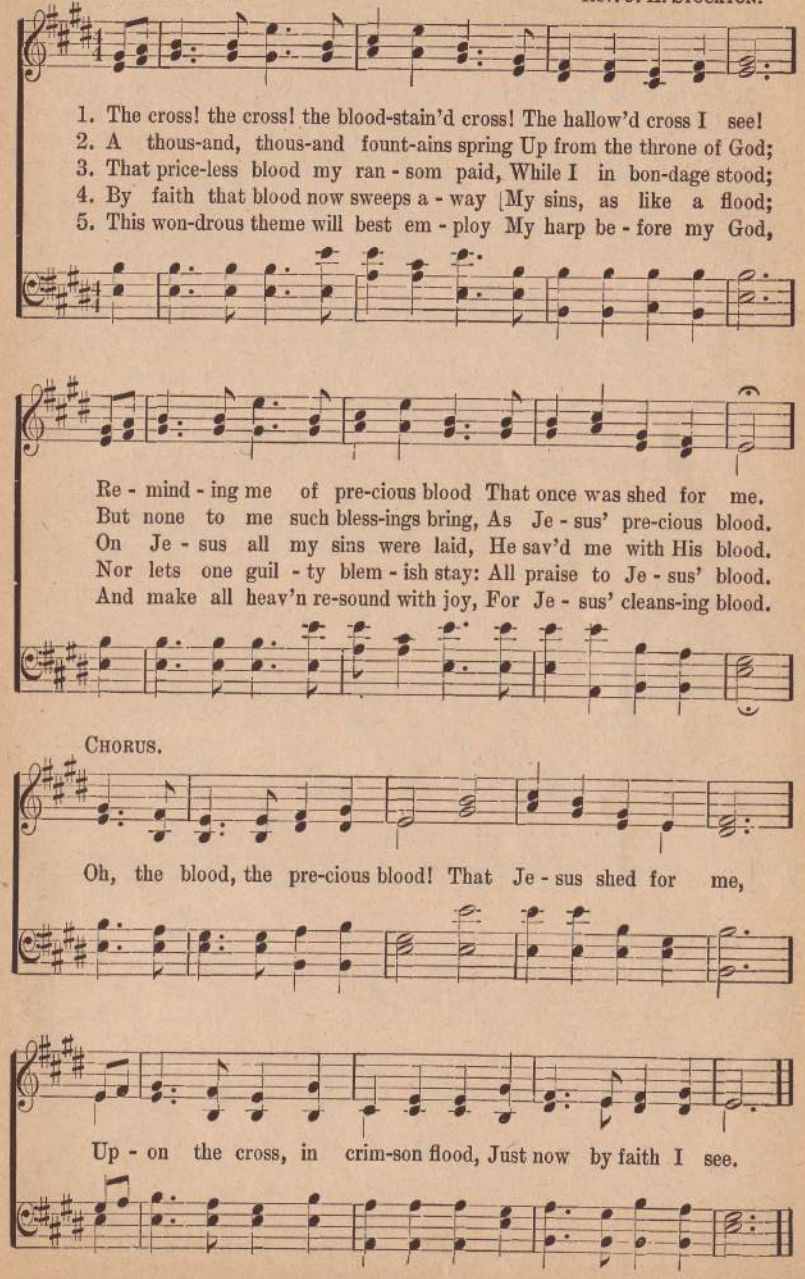
209 The Precious Blood.

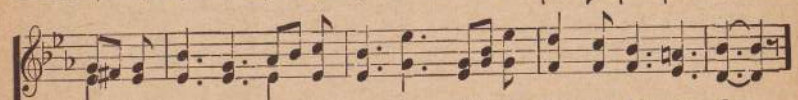
Words, except 1st verse by Rev. W. McDONAND. Music and Chorus by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



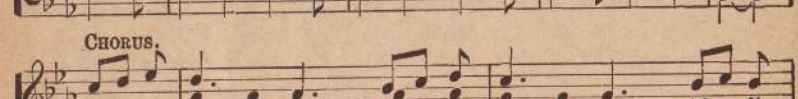
210 Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Leav-ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn-ing from the world a - way,
2. Naught-re-serv-ing, on the al - tar All I lay, and wait the hour
3. Tak-ing up the cross of Je - sus, Glad for him to suf - fer shame,
4. Praise his precious name for-ev - er That his blood hath made me free!



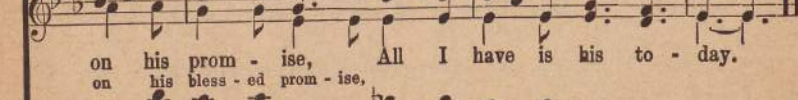
Step-ping out up - on the prom-ise, All I have is his to - day.
When the fire from heav'n de-scend-ing Shall at - test his glo-rious pow'r.
All my gain I count but loss - es For the glo - ry of his name.
Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.

Leav - ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn - ing
Leav - ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,

from the world a - way,..... Step - ping out up-
Turn - ing, turn - ing from the world a - way, Step - ping out up-



on his prom - ise, All I have is his to - day.
on his bless - ed prom - ise,

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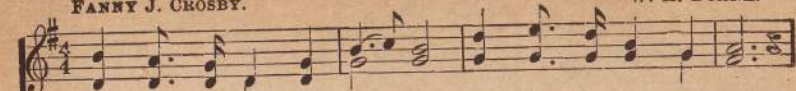
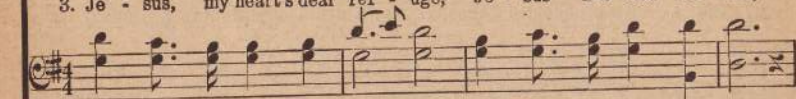
211 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

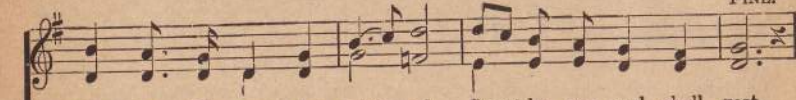


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

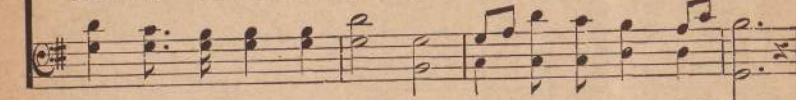


CHO.-*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

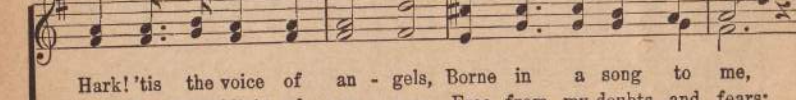
FINE.



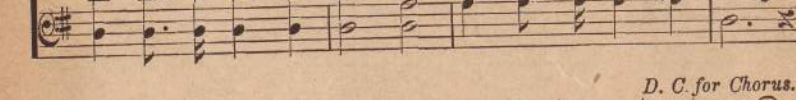
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.



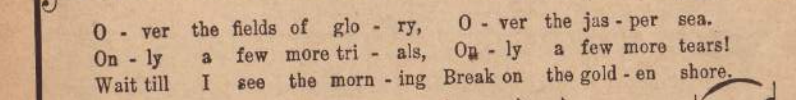
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.



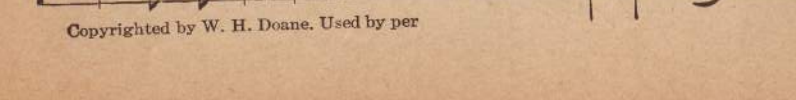
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;



D. C. for Chorus.



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.



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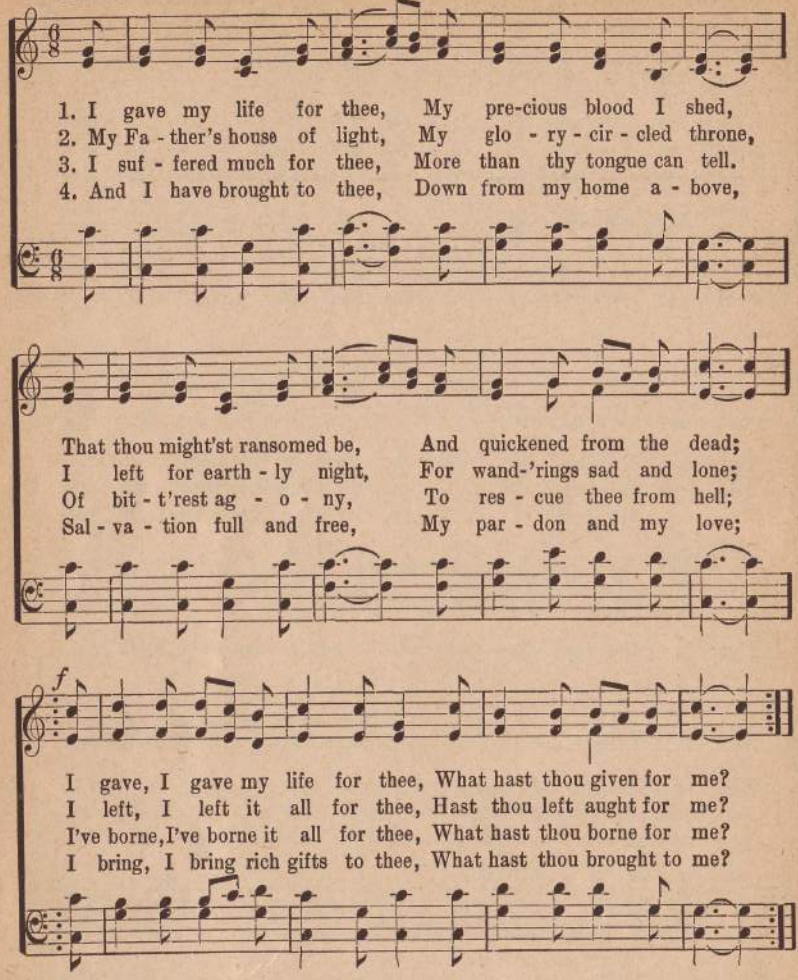
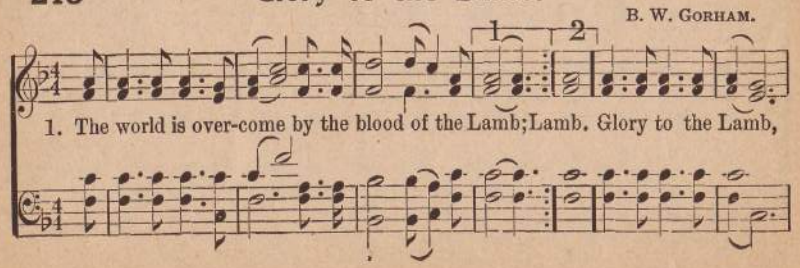
212 I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.



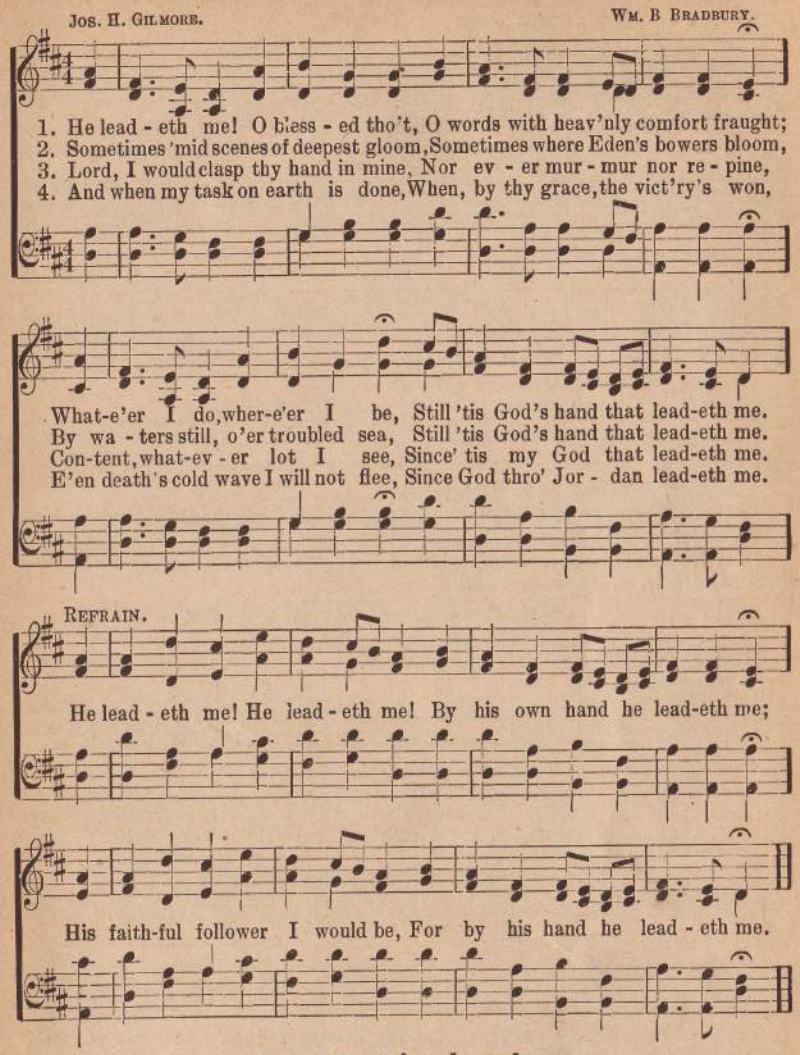
213 Glory to the Lamb.

B. W. GORHAM.

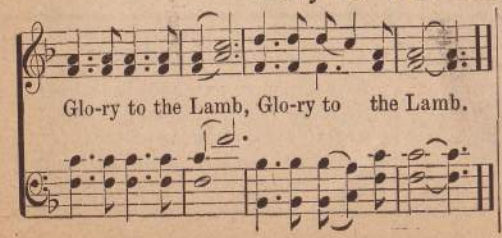


214 He Leadeth Me.

JOS. H. GILMORE. WM. B BRADBURY.



Glory to the Lamb. Concluded.



2 My sins are wash'd away,
In the blood of the Lamb.

3 I've wash'd my garments white
In the blood of the Lamb.

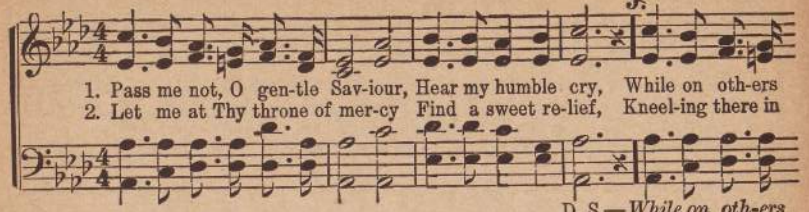
4 The martyrs overcame,
By the blood of the Lamb.

5 I soon shall gain the skies,
Thro' the blood of the Lamb.

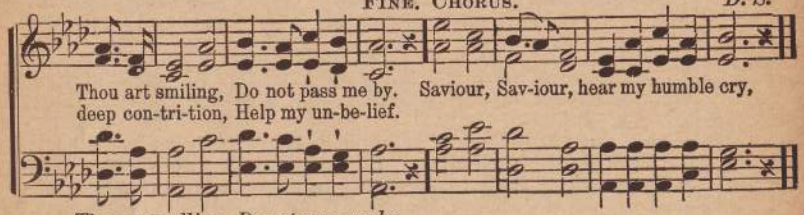
215 Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—ACTS 2: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1868. W. H. DOANE.



FINE. CHORUS. D. S.



3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—CHO.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort
More than life to me.
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?—CHO.

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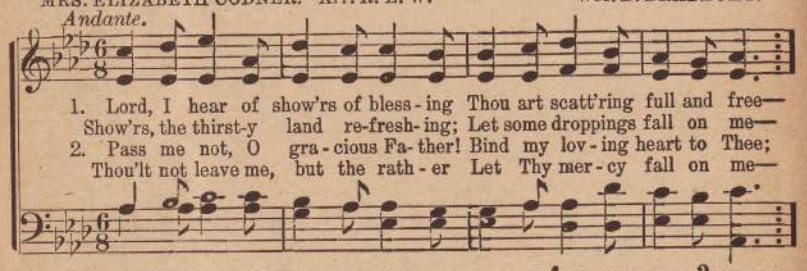
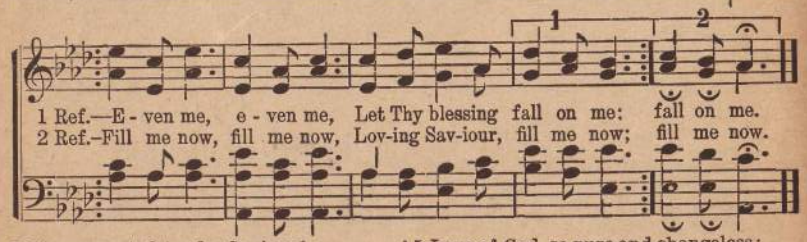
216 Even Me.—Fill Me Now.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER. Arr. R. E. W. WM. B. BRADBURY.





3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Make me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—Even me.

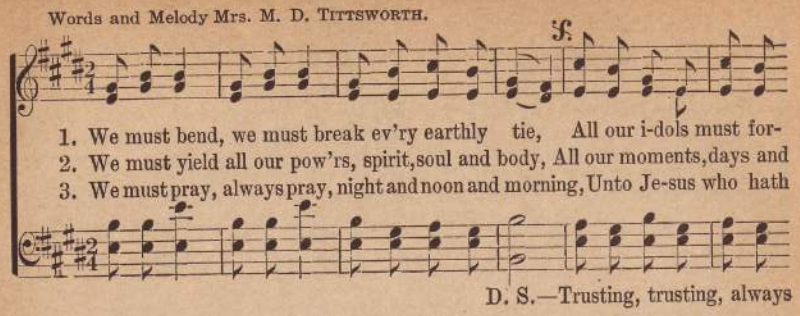
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou dost make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me.—Even me.

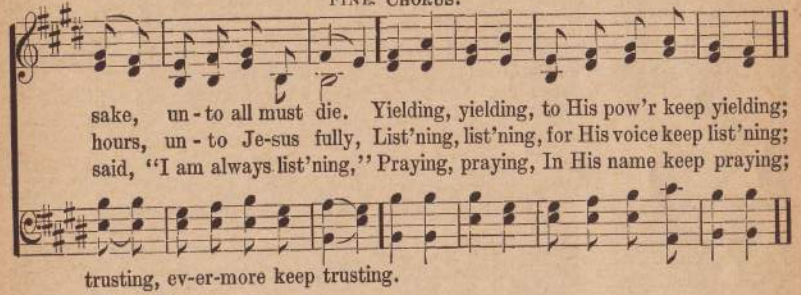
6 Thou hast blessed me, filled my longing,
Thou hast bound my heart to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
There has one sprung up in me.—Even me.

217 Yield Thine All to Him.

Words and Melody Mrs. M. D. TITTSWORTH.



FINE. CHORUS.



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218 Heal Even Me.

Tune—Even Me. No. 216

1 Lord I hear the throngs are pressing
Till they touch Thy garment's hem;
Wilt Thou hear my humble crying?
Heal me too, as Thou did'st them.
Even me, Even me,
Heal me too, as Thou did'st them.

2 Lord, Thou seest my brow is throbbing,
Aching limbs and heaving chest,
And my heart with sorrow sobbing,
Touch me now, oh, give me rest.
Even me, Even me,
Touch me now, oh, give me rest.

3 Blessed Jesus, Thou art hearing,
Lay Thy healing hand on me,
While to Thee I am appealing,
Come, oh come and set me free,
Even me, Even me,
Come, oh come and set me free.

4 Resurrection life now granted,
Flowing life and springing health,
Till this mortal all transfigured,
Glows with Thine eternal wealth.
Even me, Even me,
Fill with Thine eternal health.

S. D. Kinne.

219 Holy Spirit, Fall on Me.

Tune—Even Me. No. 216

1 Showers of blessing now are waiting,
To descend as we may call,
Holy Spirit, come and fill us,
And baptize us one and all.
Even me, Even me,
Holy Spirit fall on me.

2 O the pow'r just now is falling,
Are you ready to receive?
'Tis the Spirit's blest assurance;
You have only to believe.
Even me, Even me,
Holy Spirit falls on me.

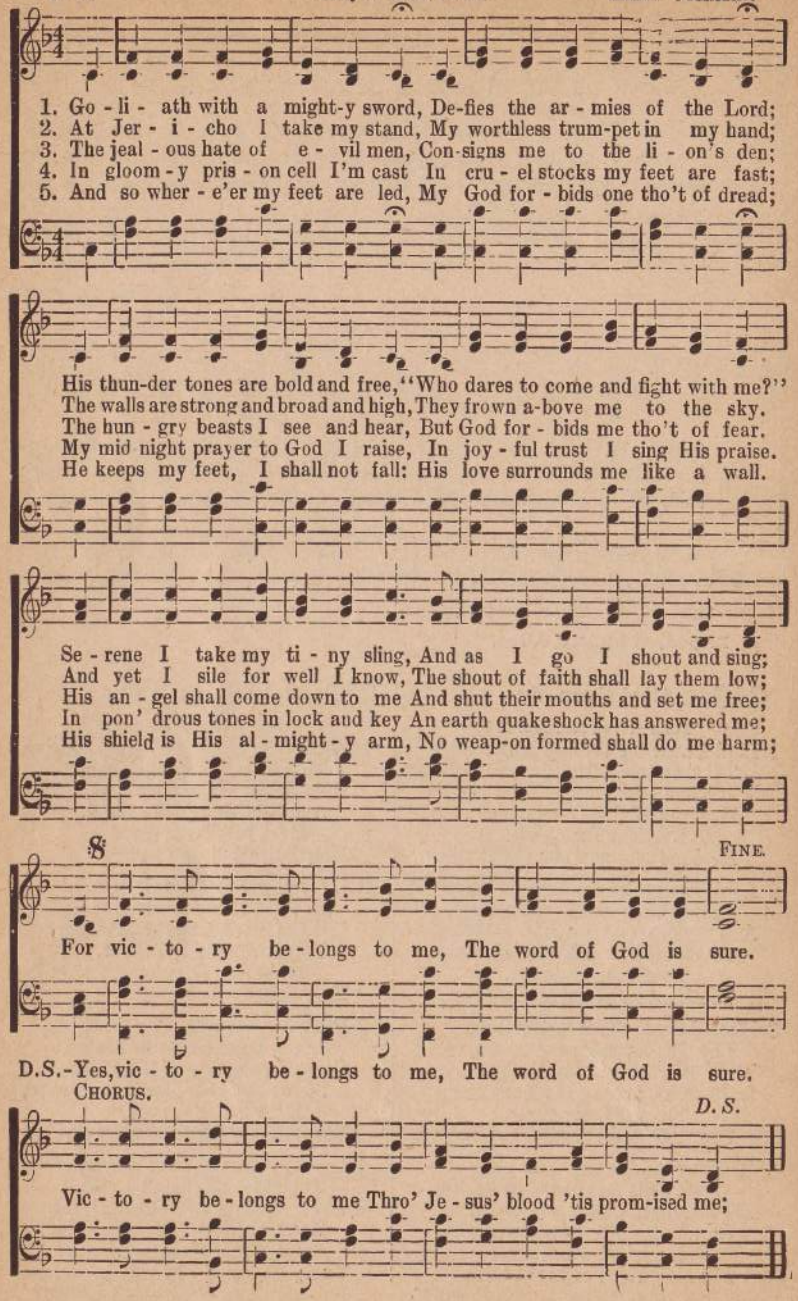
3 Blessed Jesus wilt Thou teach me,
In the Holy Ghost to keep;
Constant pleasure of the Father,
Speak thro' sing thro' or to weep.
Even me, Even me,
Speak thro', sing thro' pray thro' me.

4 Draw me nearer, ever nearer;
Till Thy blessed face I see;
Every thought be fixed on Jesus,
Take, oh take, Thy way in me.
Even me, Even me,
Take, oh, take, Thy way in me.

Grace Hanmore.

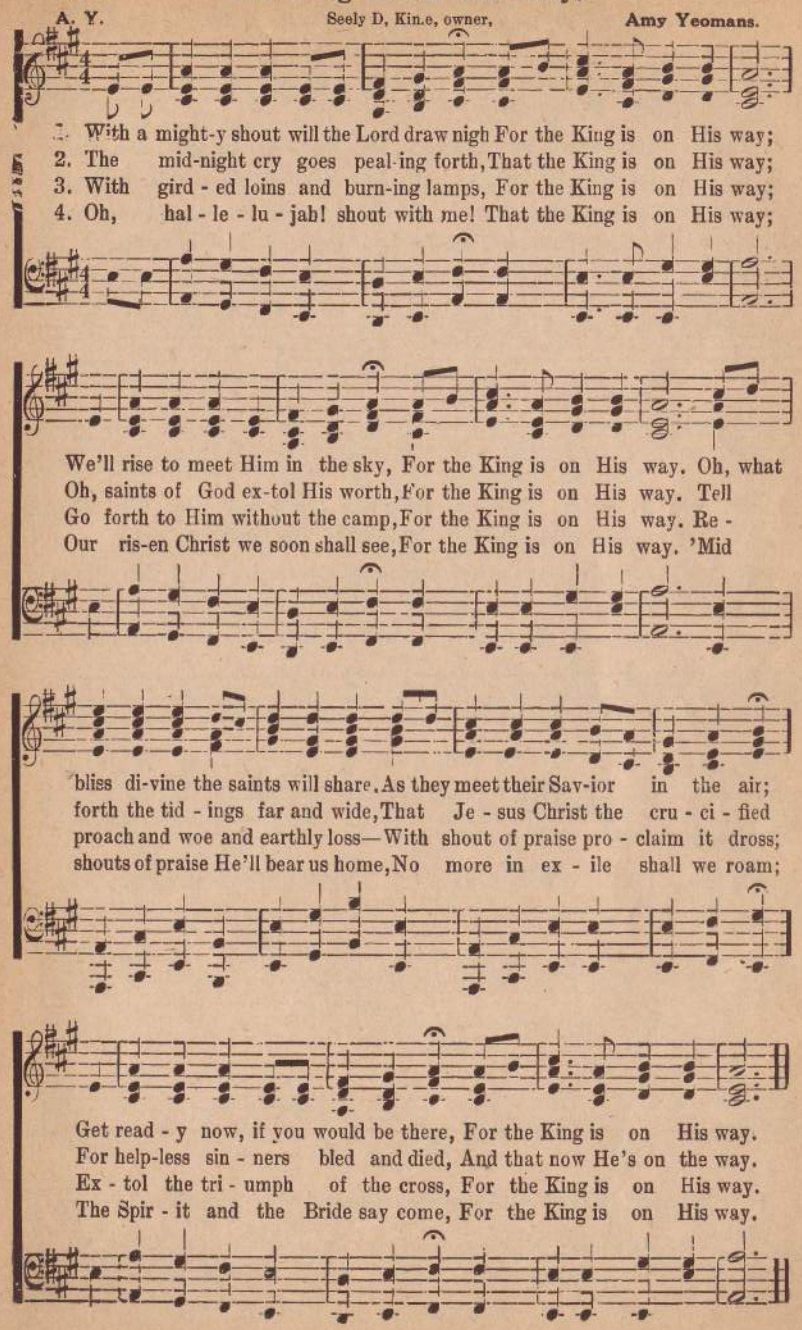
220 Faith.

L. Y. Seely D. Kin.e. owner. Lillian Yeomans.



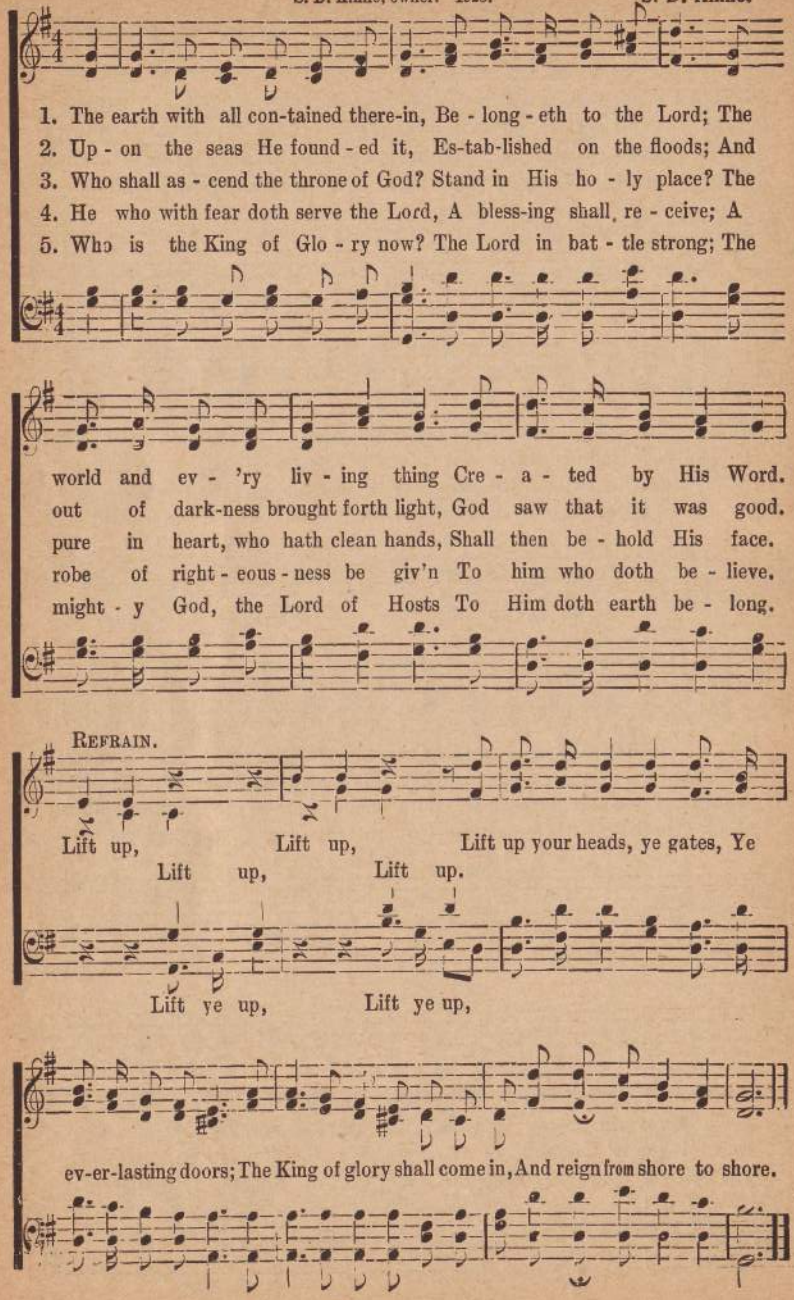
221 The King is On His Way.

A. Y. Seely D, Kin.e, owner. Amy Yeomans.



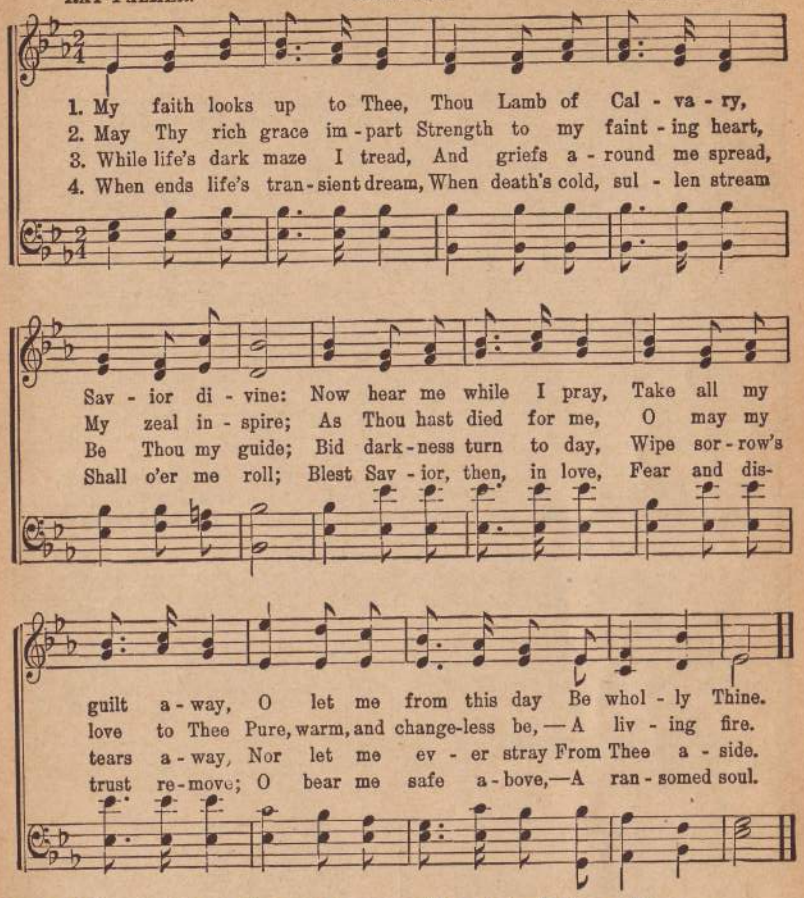
222 Psalm 24.

S. D. Kinne, owner. 1923. S. D. Kinne.



223 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Olivet 6, 4. LOWELL MASON.



223½ May Thy Sweet Health Flow Down

1 May Thy sweet health flow down,
My poor heart to crown
With life Divine.
Take weakness all away,
Give strength this very day:
Nor let me ever fail
Of virtue Thine.

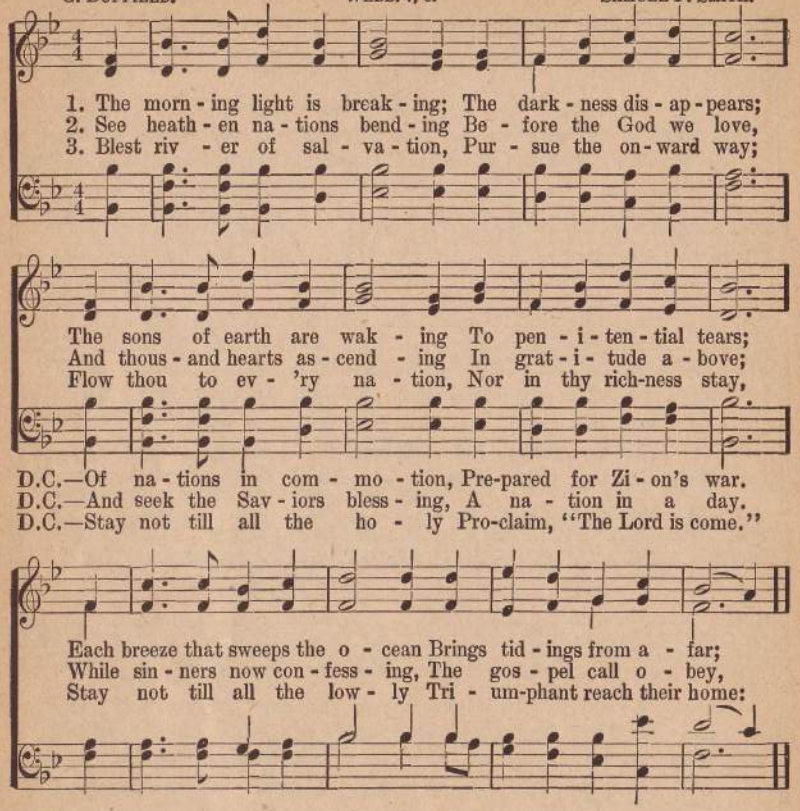
2 Or if on wings of light,
We soar to Heaven's height—
Archangel's trump;
In twinkling of an eye,
Brot' to my Bridegroom nigh,
Oh bear me swift on high—
Transported soul.

3 To banquet rich and grand,
Love, wine and rich viand,
Feast with my Lord;
With saints and worthies great,
Kings, prophets, queens, ornate,
Peasant, and lowly—late,
From every land.

4 Loud anthems to the King,
Now all the redeemed sing
Praises on high;
David's sweet harp once more,
With strains as 'twas of yore,
Leads on the heav'nly choir—
Wedding Divine.

224 The Morning Light.

G. Duffield. Webb. 7, 6. Samuel F. Smith.



225 Working

1 Work, yes, the Lord is coming
To work in our every heart:
Working His love and glory,
In our every part.
Work! yes, the Lord is working
Believe it, my soul with joy:
Working to make me lowly;
All my powers to 'mploy.

2 Works He in all my nature
With transforming power;
Till He hath fully changed me
To live in Him each hour.
Working in waiting silence,
Working the while we praise;
Just that I may be holy,
Just to lead me in His ways.

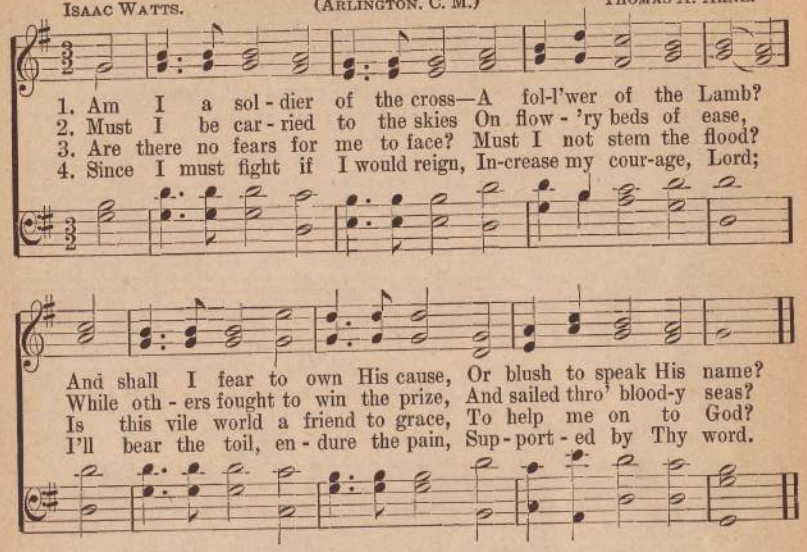
3 Works while you rest and trust,
Works while you pray and see:
Works while you run to obey Him
Works while you lie at His feet.
Working to make me ready:
Vessel prepared for use:
Cleansed, sanctified, made holy,
'nointed with the Spirit's power.

4 Works tho your heart have sorrows
Works 'mid springing joy.
Works while your hope is fading,
Works to remove alloy
Chastens, refines and prunes you,
With a loving watchful care
Yes, He is working to make you,
In His kingdom an heir.

SEELEY D. KINNE.

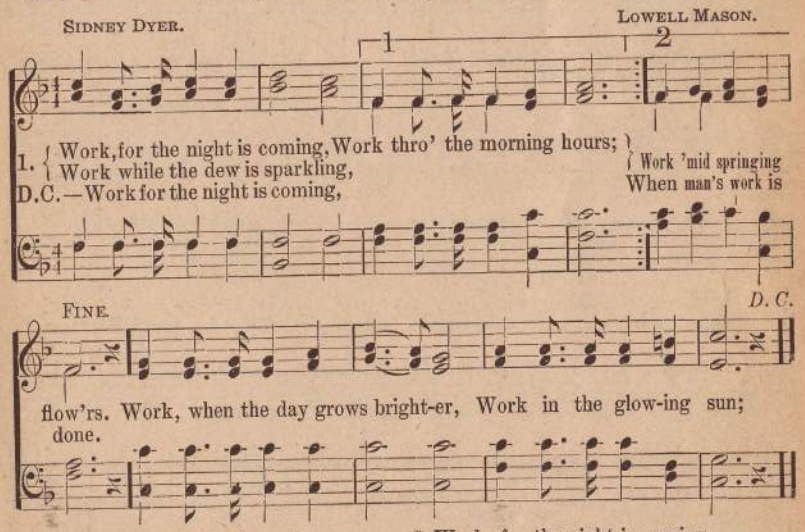
226 Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

Isaac Watts. (Arlington. C. M.) Thomas A. Arne.



227 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Sidney Dyer. Lowell Mason.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Praise the Lord.

J. V. R. JAS. V. REID.

1. There's a foun-tain flow-ing for the heal-ing of the soul, Praise the Lord!
2. There's a ta-ble set-ting where each hungry soul may eat,
3. By His strong right hand Je-ho-vah lift-eth up the weak,
4. Let us serve the Lord with gladness, make a joy-ful noise, Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord! I have plunged beneath and now His blood has made me whole,
And the Lord will fill thee with the fin-est of the wheat,
And with full sal-va-tion He will beau-ti-fy the meek.
Praise the Lord! Blessed is the peo-ple that know the heav'n-ly joys,

CHORUS. *With vigor.*

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the peo-ple praise the
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the people sing and

Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!
praise the Lord, Praise His ho-ly name, spread a-broad His fame,

Sing ye all with one ac-cord, Sing a-loud and praise His
Sing ye all His saints with one ac-cord, Sing aloud and praise His

Praise the Lord. Concluded.

name, Sing His glo-ry, tell the sto-ry Of His won-drous love to

men, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Let us spread abroad His fame.

229 Arm of the Lord.

Anvern. Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Arm of the Lord! a-wake, a-wake, Put on thy strength, the
2. Say to the heath-en from Thy throne, "I am Je-ho-vah—
3. No more let hu-man blood be spilt, Vain sac-ri-fice for
4. Al-might-y God! Thy grace pro-claim, In ev-'ry land de-

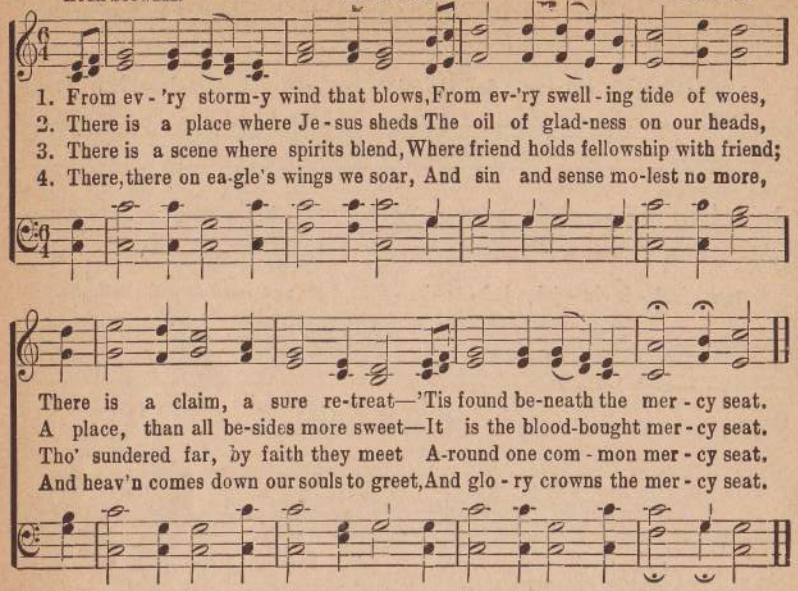
na-tions shake, And let the world a-dor-ing see Tri-umphs of
God a-lone;" Thy voice their i-dols shall con-found, And cast their
hu-man guilt, But to each con-science be ap-plied The blood that
clare Thy name, Till ad-verse pow'rs be-fore Thee fall, And crown the

rit.

mer-cy wrought by Thee, Tri-umphs of mer-cy wrought by Thee.
al-tars to the ground, And cast their al-tars to the ground.
flowed from Je-sus side, The blood that flowed from Je-sus side.
Sav-iour Lord of all, And crown the Sav-iour Lord of all.

230 The Mercy Seat.

HUGH STOWELL. RETREAT. L. M. T. HASTINGS.

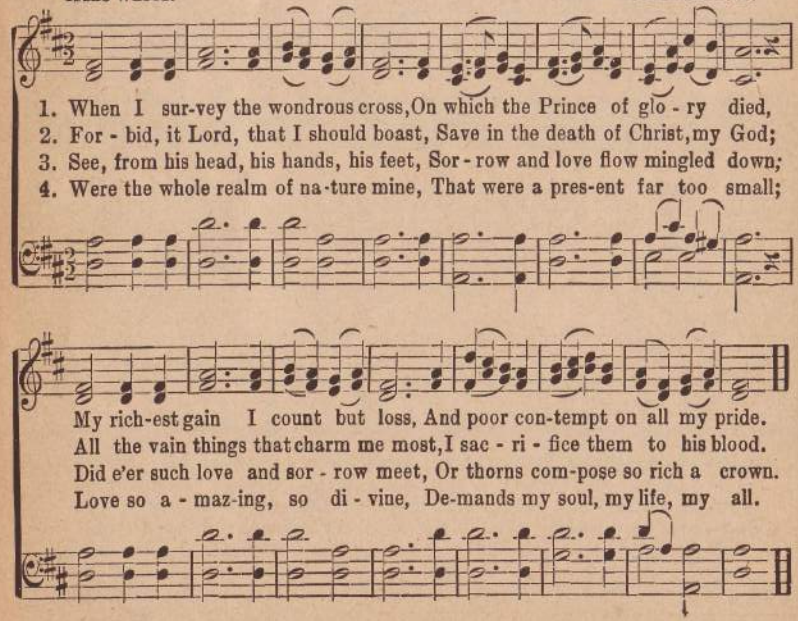


1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on ea-gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more,

There is a claim, a sure re-treat—'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
A place, than all be-sides more sweet—It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one com - mon mer - cy seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat.

231 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISSAC WATTS. *Tune:*—EUCHARIST. L. M.

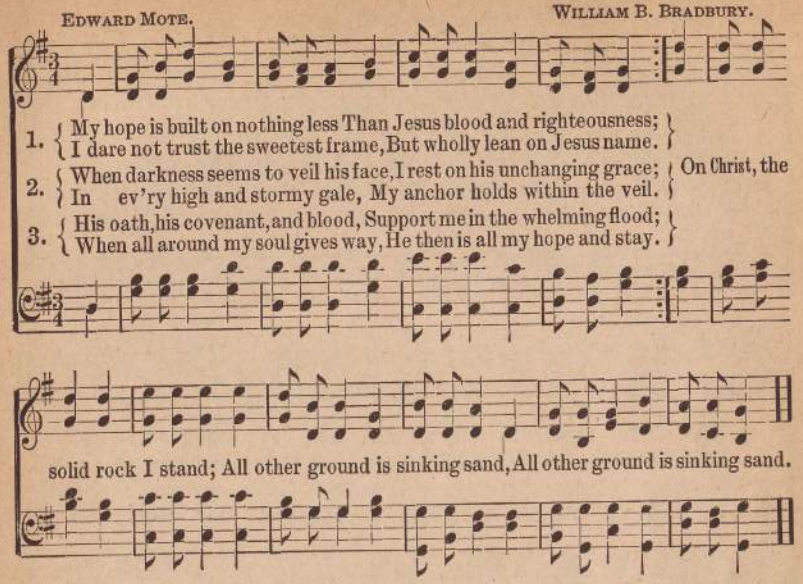


1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid, it Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And poor con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown.
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

232 On Christ, the Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

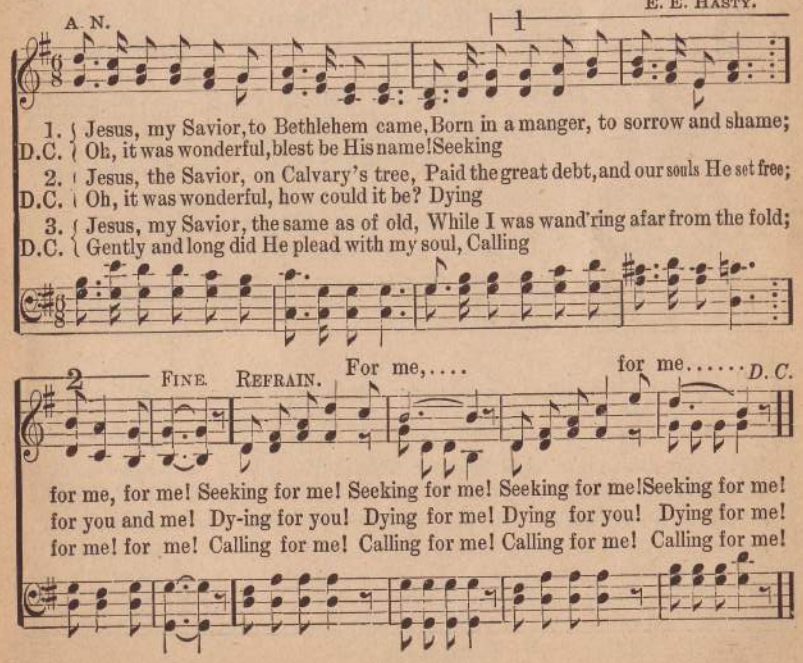


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus blood and righteousness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus name.
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace;
   In ev'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.
3. His oath, his covenant, and blood, Support me in the whelming flood;
   When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

On Christ, the solid rock I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.

233 Seeking For Me.

A. N. E. E. HASTY.



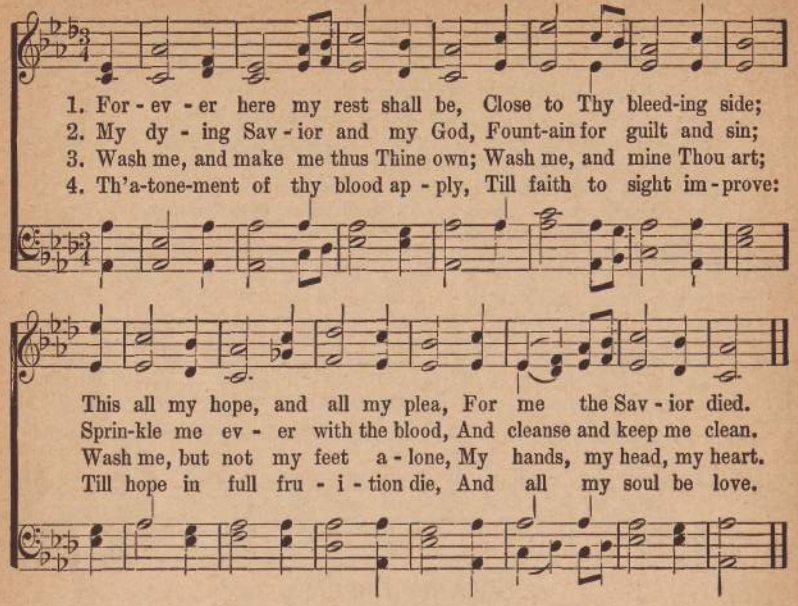
1. Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger, to sorrow and shame;
   D.C. Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His name! Seeking
2. Jesus, the Savior, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt, and our souls He set free;
   D.C. Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dying
3. Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring afar from the fold;
   D.C. Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling

FINE. REFRAIN. For me,.... for me..... D. C.

for me, for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
for you and me! Dy-ing for you! Dying for me! Dying for you! Dying for me!
for me! for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!

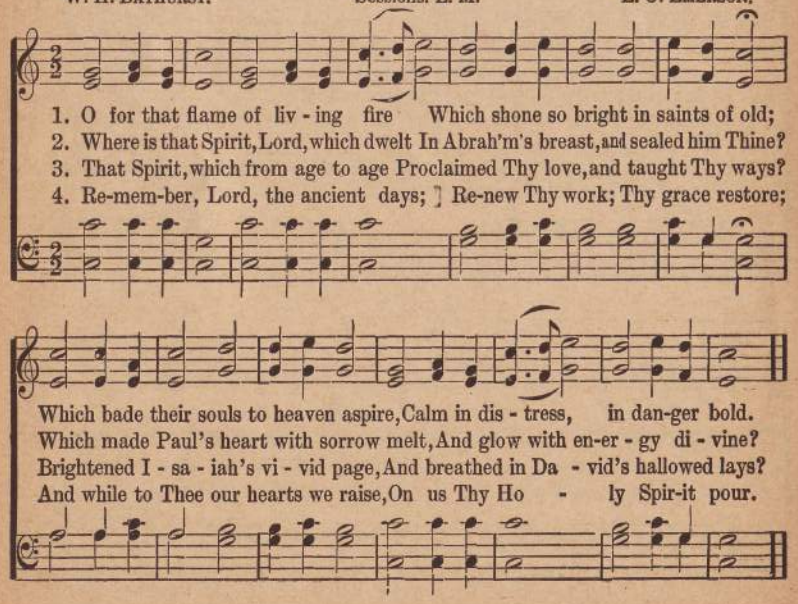
234 Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.

C. Wesley. Avon. C. M. Hugh Wilson.



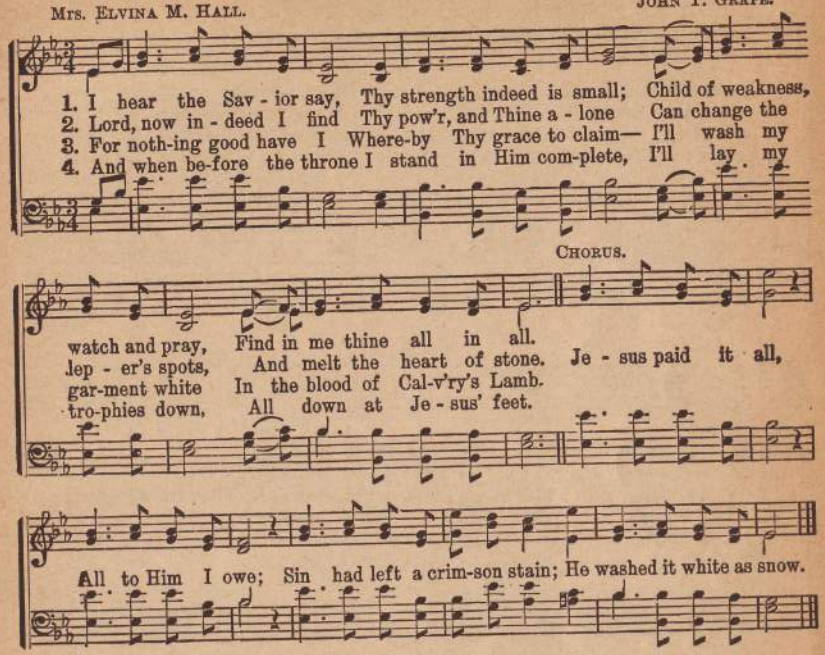
235 O For That Flame.

W. H. Bathurst. Sessions. L. M. L. O. Emerson.



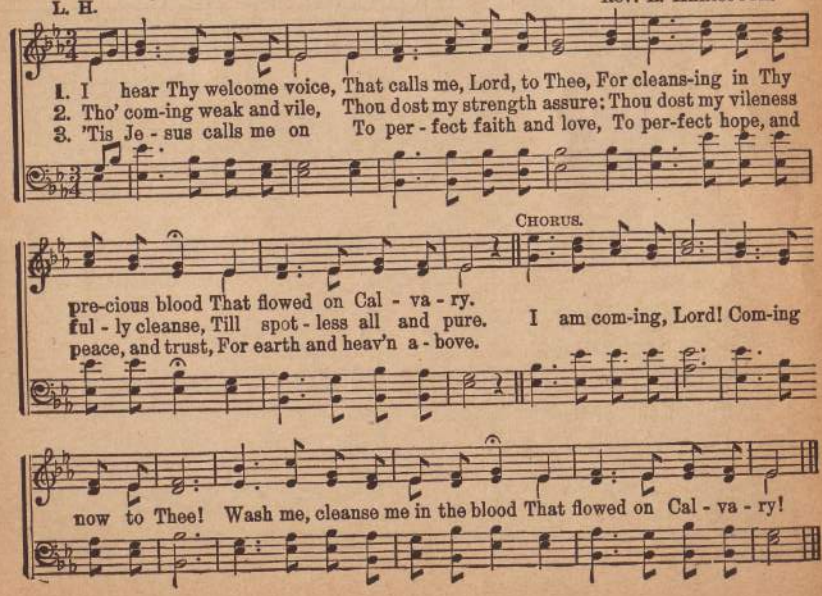
236 JESUS PAID IT ALL.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall. John T. Grape.



237 I AM COMING, LORD.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



238 He Was Found Worthy.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. When none was found to ran - som me, He was found wor-thy. To set a
2. To take the book and loose the seal, He was found wor-thy. To bruise the
3. To bridge the gulf 'twixt man and God, He was found wor-thy. And save the
4. To o - pen wide the gates of heav'n, He was found wor-thy. To Him all
5. To reign o'er all the ran-somed race, He was found wor-thy. I've tast - ed
6. His blood has washed me white as snow, He was found wor-thy. And all His

CHORUS. REFRAIN.

world of sin - ners free, He was found wor-thy.
head that bruised His heel. He was found wor-thy.
re - bels by His blood, He was found wor-thy. Oh, the bleedin Lamb!
ma - jes - ty is giv'n, He was found wor-thy.
of His sav - ing grace, He was found wor-thy.
full - ness I shall know, He was found wor-thy.

Oh, the bleed - ing Lamb! Oh, the bleed - ing Lamb! He was found wor-thy.

239 Did Ghrist O'er Sinners Weep?

BENJ. BEDDOME. Boylston. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The won - d'ring an - gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de - mands a tear; In

Did Ghrist O'er Sinners Weep?

tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
thou as - ton - ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

240 The Gall for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.

1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of ri-pened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;

Far and near their gold is gleam-ing, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain,
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve - ning wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.

CHORUS.

Lord of har-vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

Send them now the sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

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241 Send the Fire.

mp *f* 1

1. { Thou Christ of burning, cleansing flame, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!..
   Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim, Send the fire, send the fire, send the [*Omit*
2. { God of E - li - jah, hear our cry, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!..
   He'll make us fit to live or die, Send the fire, send the fire, send the [*Omit*
3. { 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!..
   The fire will meet our ev-'ry need, Send the fire, send the fire, send the [*Omit*

2 *cres.* *f* *mf*

fire; Look down and see this waiting host, Give us the promised Ho-ly Ghost, We
fire; To burn up ev-'ry trace of sin, To bring the light and glo-ry in, The
fire; For strength to ev-er do the right, For grace to con-quer in the fight, For

want an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
rev - o - lu - tion now be - gin, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
pow'r to walk the world in white, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!

242 In the Cross of Christ.

J. Bowring. Tune, Rathbun. 8, 7.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

In the Cross of Christ.

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

243 All Hail the Power!

Edward Perronet., alt. Coronation. C. M. Oliver Holden.

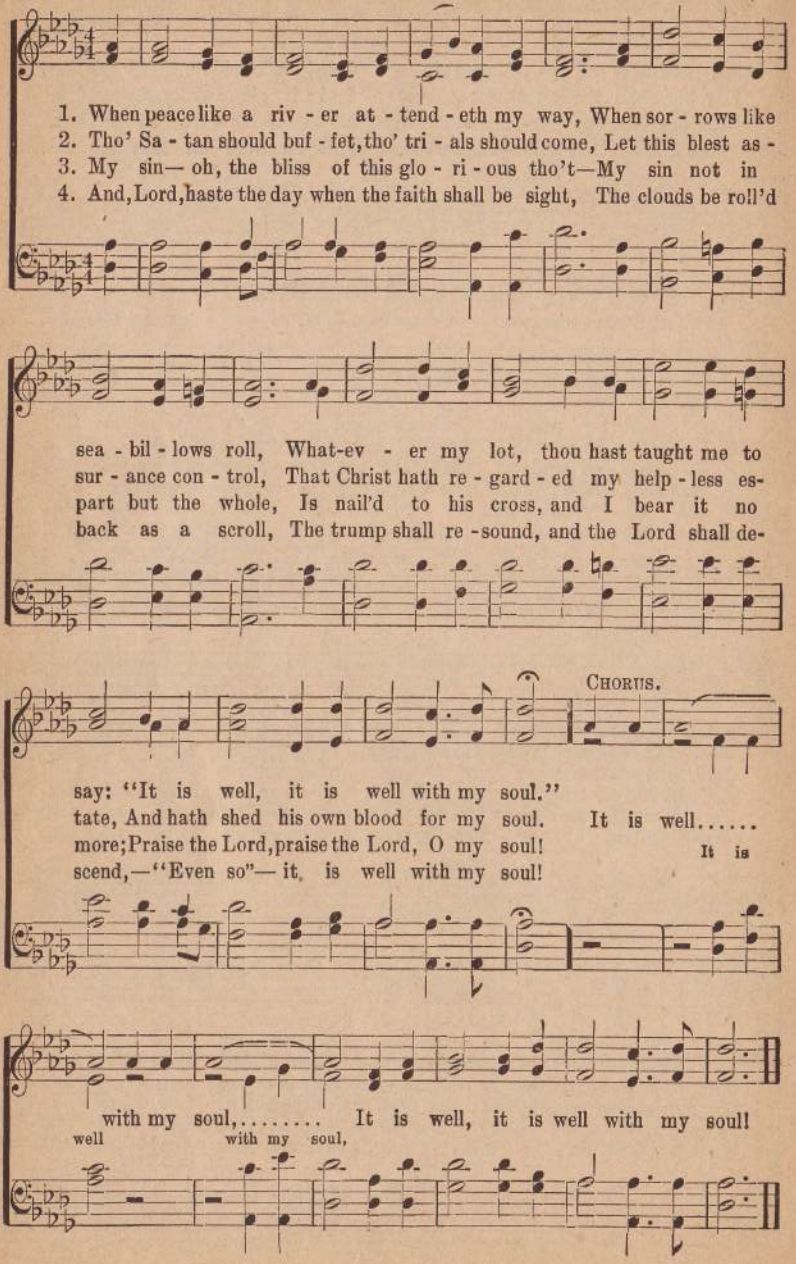
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - got The worm-wood and the gall;
5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
6. O that with yon - der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him Lord of all;
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saved you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go spread your troph-ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

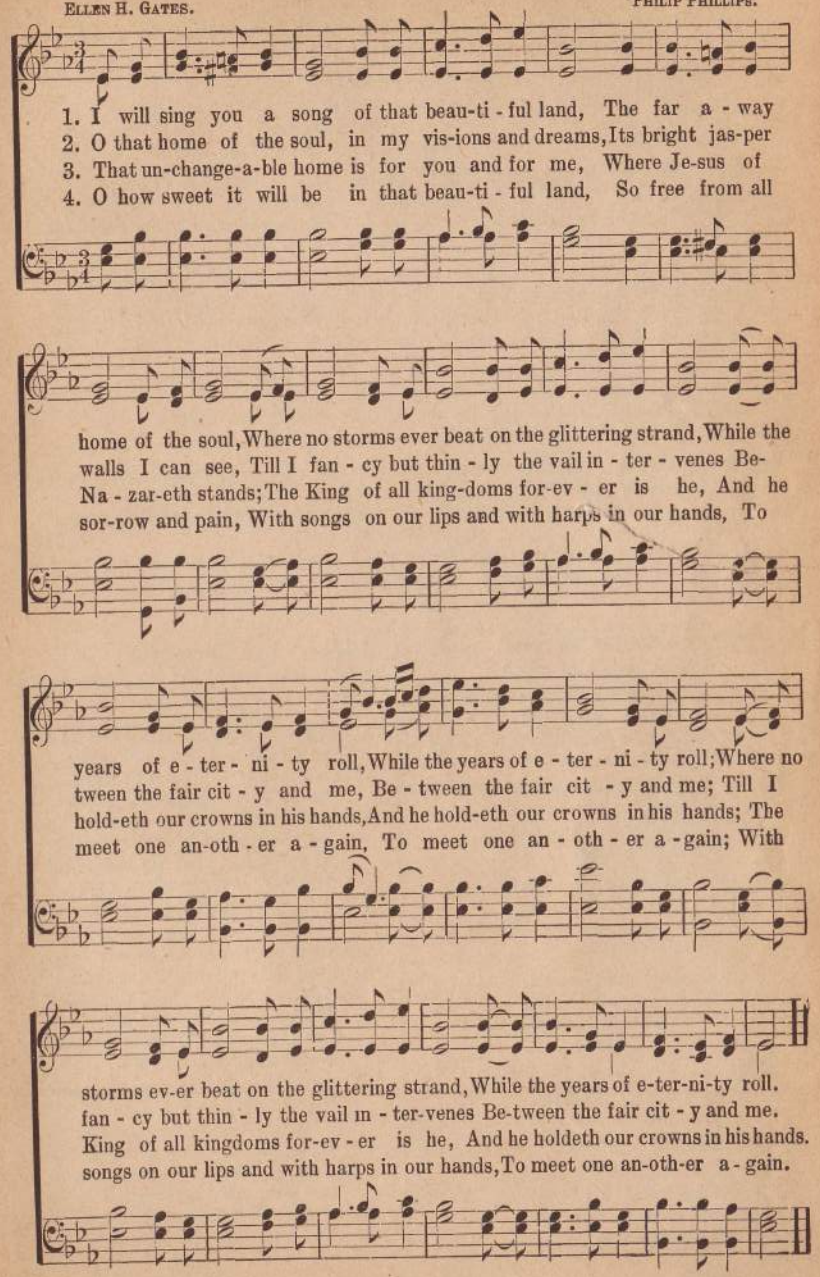
244 It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Stafford. P. P. Bliss.



245 Home of the Soul.

Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips.



246 The Blood-Washed Roll-Call

1 On the resurrection morning, when we rise to meet our Lord
When His glory and His victory we shall share
With unnumbered blood-washed millions we'll go shouting to the skies
As His Bride ascends to meet Him in the air.

CHORUS When the roll is called up yonder,
We'll be filled with joy and wonder,
When we see the blood-washed number,
Some from every tribe and nation will be there.

2 Up from India's blighted cities, dusky Afric's heathen clime;
Comes a host that's been redeemed by Jesus' blood
Those who went to tell the story, those who prayed and gave their all,
Will be with them bringing trophies home to God.

3 When from China's countless millions and the islands of the sea,
Comes the mighty host that's saved from endless woe,
Will we ever think of partings, will we ever count the cost?
As we, with our Jewels, up to Jesus go.

4 Will we ever think of trials, will we ever think of pain,
Or the crosses we've endured for Jesus' sake?
On that Hallelujah morning as we gather round the throne
And with Jesus, of the marriage feast partake.

5 Let us hasten with the message, which He said was meant for all,
To the black, the white, the yellow and the brown;
Of one blood He made all nations, we must win them all for Him,
Precious Jewels to adorn the Savior's crown.

Tune—"When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder." May be sung to sound "The Dear Old Bugle Boys." May be sung to "Old Lang Syne."

247 He is All I Need.

TUNE:—All I Need. Key G.

1 On the cross my Savior died,
All I need, all I need;
I with Him was crucified,
He is all I need.

Cho.—"Wisdom, righteousness and power,
Holiness forevermore,
My redemption full and sure,
He is all I need.

2 Jesus gives His life to me,
All I need, All I need;
Making me from sickness free,
He is all I need.

3 Jesus sanctifies my soul,
All I need, all I need;
Thro' His blood He made me whole,
He is all I need.

4 He's the treasure of my heart,
All I need, all I need;
In me never to depart,
He is all I need.

5 Jesus always is the same,
All I need, all I need;
Glory, glory to His name,
He is all I need.

D. W. Griffin.

248 Let Christ In.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock"—Rev. 3:2
"Christ in you the hope of Glory."—Col. 1:27.
TUNE:—No. 129.

1 Let the Word of Christ dwell in you,
In all wisdom, love and power;
'Tis the only source of comfort,
In each tempting, trying hour.
Let the peace of God dwell in you,
As you tread life's narrow way,
And you'll find that He is faithful—
Guiding, keeping every day.

2 Let the love of Christ dwell in you,
It will prove a living well;
Always sending forth pure water,
And His fruit will always tell.
Let Him lead you thro' the valley
Where alone Himself hath trod;
There He bore your sin and sickness
Reconciling you to God.

3 Let His risen life flow thro' you—
It will flow just like a flood;
For 'tis He who hath redeemed you,
Who hath bo't you with His blood.
Let the Christ of God reign in you,
Let Him mold and form His clay,
God will fashion, prune and keep you,
Safe "unto the perfect day."

Mrs. R. B. Young.

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